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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JULY 1, 1864.

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SINGED MOTHS.

A CITY ROMANCE.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Sackville Chase," "The Man in Chains," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HONEYMOON—THE RED PETTICOAT.

THE nabob carried his beautiful bride to Paris to spend the honeymoon, and the newly-wedded pair were accompanied by a very extensive retinue, quite princely in its character; so that the daughter of the sheriff felt that she was not in fancy only, but in fact, a princess. They were conveyed—this magnificent wedding party and suite—to Folkestone by a special train, thence across the Channel by a boat, whose steam was expressly generated for the occasion, and paid for accordingly, and again from the French port of debarkation by another express train to Paris. So everything was done right regally, and when they arrived in the brilliant capital which is now a city of palaces, the nabob and his bride became a feature in that brilliant scene that truly constitutes a *Champs Elysée*. The equipage and the retinue of the nabob for some days were the chief topic of conversation, and the name of Darsham Typos Ghurr became familiar in the mouth of the boulevard promenaders. Great as was the glory of the sheriff after the august ceremony which had taken place in Streatham—sublime as was the importance with which he performed his civic duties at the Mansion House subsequently, it would have been still more exalted if he could but have seen the manner in which his son-in-law and daughter appeared in the stream of fashion in Paris, and the admiration with which they were everywhere received. The nabob was as a brilliant comet in the firmament of fashion that may be said to canopy the life of Paris. I perhaps should be more accurate in the simile, if I said that he appeared in that bright scene as a meteor. Indeed, such simile is the more applicable because, as coming events will, in all probability, sufficiently demonstrate, he was evanescent both in his appearance and in his impulses. Brief was the wooing of the nabob before he won his bride. He came—he saw—was a conqueror, and was conquered.

But brief as was his wooing, briefer still was his connubial bliss. Not that his love waxed less after the knot connubial had been tied—rather should I say that it increased; such increase, however, leading to the destruction of that, anomalous as it may seem, upon which it was based. Desdemona said that she saw Othello's visage in his mind; but Mary Smugglefuss could scarcely have said so, because the time of her wooing was so brief that no opportunity was afforded her of studying what sort of mind her future lord possessed. She saw the mind of Darsham Typos Ghurr in his person, which was as fine in figure, and a great deal lighter in colour, than was Othello's. She had had no opportunity of studying its subtleties before marriage, although they forced themselves upon her immediately afterwards. She, too, soon discovered that the nabob was easily wrought upon, and especially not only was he fearfully jealous, but the merest trifles would influence his mind towards that terrible passion. Within a week of their brilliant appearance in Paris did she discover this terrible failing.

The nabob, like all Asiatics, was fond of brilliant colours for personal adornment. His own wardrobe would have filled a moderate-sized warehouse, and his marriage was an event that was scarcely likely to diminish it. Mary, the wife of the nabob Darsham Typos Ghurr, had robes of every hue and of the most costly kind for outward show and personal adornment. Her dusky lord was pleased that she should appear every day in some fresh colour—at all events, in some colour differing from the shade of that which adorned her figure on the previous day. The grand nabob, however, was as strong in his antipathies as he was in his predilections; one of these was an abhorrence of a red petticoat, and as that was a prevailing fashion, of course many of his wife's petticoats were of the brightest red. The lady, however, it is but right to say, was unaware of her husband's objection to the colour of this necessary garment until after they had been married more than a week, when the know-



ledge was forced rather unpleasantly on her mind. That red petticoat may be said to have brought out the true colour of his character, which was something more than impulsive, for he was easily roused to maddening passion, during the paroxysms of which he became perfectly ferocious. Poor Mary Smugglefuss had had no opportunity of observing this characteristic of her lord previous to her marriage. She had had, indeed, no opportunity of studying his character at all. The variegated moth had seen the glitter of the brilliant light, and had impetuously dashed with outspread wings full into its scorching glare.

"The happy couple," as they were designated by "the fashionable reporter," when describing the raptures into which he was thrown in being honoured with "a peep" at the wedding *déjeuner*, are seated at breakfast in the noblest room of the noblest hotel in Paris—for it is a monument of palatial splendour. There is a scowl upon the tawny brow of the brilliant Asiatic whose happiness has so recently been completed. At first this is not observed by Mary, the wife of his bosom, who is full of spirits. She feels herself in the full glare of her new happiness, and is thinking of the sensation she will in all probability create when, at the end of the honeymoon, the nabob, her husband, will convey her back to the vortex of fashion in London. She is seated on a luxurious *fauteuil*, and beneath the flounces of her rich purple morning dress—it is purple to-day—her tiny feet peep out enslavingly. In the freedom which her new position justifies, she draws the rich purple upon her knees, and thus not only are the tiny feet, in their elegant encasings, displayed fully, but the finely and chastely sculptured ankles also; and in their contemplation the swarthy Asiatic might, and would, have found unspeakable delight, but for that which had produced the frown upon his dusky brow. Above the tiny feet, and above the sculptured ankles, and rolling round beneath the flow of the purple robe, like a deep fringe, appeared the glaring colour of the obnoxious petticoat.

"Mary!" cried the nabob, in a loud and rather stern voice, after pursing his brow for about five minutes—the operation of pursing in this case being the accumulation of wrath beneath it.

"My darling!" responded the wife of

his bosom, in a loving tone, and starting from her reverie.

"I don't like that!" exclaimed the nabob, in the same tone as before.

"Don't like what, dear?" inquired the lady of the nabob, in a tone of surprise.

"That thing!" he said, in a louder tone than before, and pointing down at the ankles of his bride.

Mary instantly cast her eyes towards the locality indicated, and said—

"Which, dear? the stockings or the slippers?"

"Neither!" shouted the nabob. "That thing there," and he pointed with his finger full upon the odious petticoat.

"What, do you mean this petticoat?" she cried, laughing, and drawing up the purple robe so as to exhibit the obnoxious garment in its full breadth before the irate eyes of the impetuous nabob.

"Yes, Mary—off with it!" shouted Darsham Typos Ghurr, his eyes glaring with passion.

"Why, my dear husband, what can you mean?" inquired Mary, a little frightened.

"I hate 'em!" roared the infuriated nabob.

"What! red petticoats, dear?" said Mary, trying to laugh.

"To h— with red petticoats! Off with it, I say!" and the eyes of the nabob glared with passion.

It will have been observed, probably, that Mary had a will of her own. She was one of those in whom opposition creates opposition, and so this outburst of the nabob, although it frightened her as much by its abruptness as its fury, was rather calculated to produce retaliation than compliance and obedience.

"Why, Darsham, what can have suddenly come upon you?" inquired the lady.

"I'm not to be fooled, I can tell you," he cried; "so I say, off with it, and never let me see it upon you again."

"Oh, now I see that you are trying a harsh joke upon me, but I think it is very cruel of you, Darsham, that I do," and she tried to speak in a tone of offended affection; but the tone was not real, for there was apprehension mixed with it.

"I say that I will have it off!" he cried.

"Why, Darsham? at least tell me that."

"I have a mortal objection to a red petticoat."

"And why, pray?"

"I am not obliged to give my reasons."

"But you ought in such a case."

"But I shan't in any case."

"Then I'll not take it off!" cried Mary, suddenly plucking up her spirit, and rising from the chair at the same time.

"Then by our sacred Vishnool I'll tear it off with my own hands!" cried the nabob, who bent the fingers of both his hands as though he were preparing for the operation. "I will," he roared; "so aid me, sacred Vishnool!"

"Sacred who?" asked the nabob's wife, placing the breakfast table between herself and her lord.

"Don't ask such a question," the nabob said in a more subdued voice. Now that the red petticoat was out of his sight he seemed to be less violent, and sat down in his chair again.

The wife stood on the other side of the table for a minute or two, and as the nabob rapidly subsided into calmness, she came to the conclusion that the recent extraordinary and anything but gratifying scene was but a rough joke on the part of her lord which she could not at present understand. With the usual curiosity and determination of her sex, she desired to solve the apparent mystery on the spot.

"Now tell me, Darsham, what is the meaning of this? Are these the jokes that newly-married people indulge in in India?" she said, and she laughed as she did so.

"Do as I tell you, Mary; I must have obedience, understand that—do as I tell you," said the nabob.

But with a very common perversity the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr was determined not to do as her husband told her, and so to test the matter again she very deliberately walked back to her chair, and sitting down exhibited the obnoxious garment full in the eyes of her liege lord again.

"By the Lord, I'll tear it off!" he roared, springing up from his chair and making a rush towards his wife. Mary, however, was prepared, as it would seem, for this second ebullition, for before the nabob could reach her she darted across to the other side of the table, and her husband attempting to follow her, upset the chair upon which she had been sitting, very nearly upsetting himself at the same time, and this for the moment of course arrested his progress.

"Darsham, if you persist in this conduct

I will certainly scream out, and alarm the people," said Mary, from the security of the other side of the table, and in a tone of much alarm.

"Will you take it off?" roared the nabob.

"Yes, I will," quietly answered his wife, trembling with agitation.

"Then go and do it at once," he cried.

The wife of the nabob moved towards the door. "Will you ring the bell, dear, for my maid?" she said in a subdued tone.

He did so, and presently the maid appeared.

"Quick, Mary," cried the nabob, "and come down dressed to go out—do you hear?"

But Mary did not hear, because under cover of her maid she had slipped out of the room as soon as that arch young servitor entered. And there the maid stood astonished at what she had just witnessed, looking first at the nabob and then at the door by which her mistress had gone, in a state of ludicrous bewilderment.

"Go and tell your mistress to dress to go out, and when she is ready come and tell me," said the nabob to the maid, much of his previous excitement gone.

The maid at once quitted the room and followed her mistress whither she had gone, leaving the nabob to his meditations over the breakfast table. Whatever was the subject of those meditations during the absence of the maid, his thoughts were brought back to their former channel by her reappearance.

"How dare you come in here with that thing on?" he cried out in rage.

"Sir!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Look there, you hussey, look down there," and he pointed down in the direction of her ankles.

The girl of course immediately looked down, but she could not see anything peculiar about the region indicated. She did not know that her young mistress had had a motive in requesting her to put up the skirts of her dress a little, and then sending her down with a message to the nabob, although she might have observed that the effect of the request was to exhibit a very considerable hem of a bright crimson garment underneath the outer dress.

"Take it off, or I will have you flung out of the window!" shouted the nabob to the terrified girl.

"Take what off, sir?" she cried, with alarm depicted upon her countenance.

"That red garment that you are wearing down there," and the nabob again pointed down to the ankles of the maid.

The young lady tossed her head and said, "Well, I'm sure, what next?"

"What next!" roared the nabob, seizing a beautiful glass vase for flowers that was standing on the table, and flinging it with determined aim at the girl. Fortunately it missed its aim, and was shattered into a thousand atoms against the door-post. The girl uttered a loud scream, and was about to rush from the room when she was met at the door by her mistress, attired for the morning drive.

"Good heavens, Madge, what is the matter?" exclaimed the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr.

"Oh dear, I really cannot tell, but I wout stop here another hour—no, not another minute, and thankful I shall be to escape with my life. Look there, miss—that is, marm," and the maid pointed to the shattered remnants of the vase that were upon the floor.

"Mary, command her to take that thing off!" shouted the nabob. "Do you see?"

"It is the thing itself then, and not the wearer," thought Mary to herself. "I have often heard that these impulsive Asiatic princes take strange fancies into their heads—and this is evidently one."

This was the thought that coursed rapidly through her mind, as she said aloud to her maid—"Come with me, Madge, immediately;" and she took the terrified maid by the hand, and almost dragged her out of the room, the nabob pacing the apartment, and staring as he did so with his piercing eyes.

The young wife of the impulsive nabob felt considerable relief in explaining to her maid that Darsham Typos Ghurr had an unconquerable aversion to a red petticoat.

"So he may, marm," said the still trembling girl, "but that is no reason why he should knock a poor girl's brains out."

The nabob's wife thought so too, but she did not say so.

"If this is a specimen of Indian princes I'd rather have an English baker," said the girl, sobbing. It was rather a disrespectful remark to make, no doubt—at all events, Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr thought so—but then the girl was labour-

ing under what was certainly an unnatural excitement.

"There, Madge, you've always been a good girl to me, so think no more about it," said Mary, soothingly, but with rather a novel mode of reasoning.

"Lor, marm, I shall always be afraid to go near him," said the girl. "I wish I was back in London, that I do. I thought I should like Paris, and so I do for the matter of that, but if I'm to stop with you, marm, I'd rather it was in London than in Paris."

"Why so, Madge?" inquired Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr.

"Why, there's security for a lone girl there, and I'm told there ain't here."

"What more security there than here?" Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr inquired.

The maid looked round suspiciously, lest she should be overheard, and then said, in an audible and emphatic whisper, "Six months, Miss Mary."

"Why, what do you mean, Madge?"

"Why, this, Miss Mary: that if a nabob, or a no Bob, or any other Bob, was to shy a glass vase at the head of a lady's maid, he'd be liable to six months at the mill, before any magistrate, at any police-court in London."

Mrs. Darsham Typos Ghurr turned quite pale at the intimation. It certainly was calculated to dispel some of those romantic dreams in which, during her short days of courtship, brief as they were, she had indulged and lived. She was much agitated, indeed, but she had presence of mind sufficient to make her maid a handsome present on the spot, and the damsel was almost instantaneously soothed, for she immediately exclaimed—"Drat the thing, if it's the colour he doesn't like, I'll put on a brown one." And, with a dexterity which none but a practised hand intimately acquainted with the intricate machinery of the garment could have exhibited, she had the glaring adjunct to her figure which had been so offensive to the eyes of the nabob, hanging on her arm.

Presently, the wife of the nabob joined her lord, whom she found pacing the apartment with a solemn tread, and still with a frown upon his countenance. As she entered the room, he instantly glanced down to the region of the Balmoral boots, and observing that the petticoat was of the material and pattern of a shawl, he was mollified. He, however, advanced rather mysteriously to his wife, and taking her by the wrist, led her to the

window which looked out into the magnificent courtyard below, and pointing to the splendid carriage that was waiting for them there, he said—"There'll be lots of those fellows hanging about the galleries and the entrances to see us get into the carriage; take care that you don't show your ankles to them, as you did yesterday—I watched you—or I'll strangle you—yes, strangle you to-night."

And this was the last day of the first week of Mary Smugglefuss's wedded life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SHERIFF MAKES HIS APPEARANCE IN THE LEGISLATURE, BUT NOT AS A LEGISLATOR.

THERE are many special privileges claimed by the corporation of the City of London, from swan-hopping to the power of closing Temple Bar against the sovereign. One of the most ancient and valued privileges is that of presenting petitions by the hands of the sheriffs at the bar of the House of Commons. Such a right exists only in the corporation of London. No other body, corporate or other, is allowed to deliver in its petitions personally, and so I suppose the privilege is cherished as one of the bulwarks of the constitution of the corporation of London. At all events, it is a privilege that is very frequently exercised, with a double object in view, probably; the one being that it shall not fall into disuse, and thereby become obsolete; and the other that every sheriff, during his year of office, shall have a little bit of legislative self-glorification; because the presentation of a City petition to the House of Commons is quite an event in the official life of the sheriff, as it brings him in contact with the notabilities of the lower branch of the legislature. The sheriff, therefore, is made up for the occasion—that is, both the sheriffs are, the sheriff of London and the sheriff of Middlesex; for officially they are inseparable, like civic Siamese twins. They go down to Palace-yard in the carriages of state, accompanied by their chaplain, although that ecclesiastical dignitary has nothing to do with the petition in hand; so what he goes for, any more than the bearskin hat, or the city field-marshal, or the recorder, I never could divine, unless it is to be understood that he, being a clerk, draws up the petition, which I do not believe is the case. He, however, invariably accom-

panies the sheriffs to the House of Commons when a petition has to be presented, and he does so in full black canonicals, just as though he were going to read a homily or preach a sermon "to improve the occasion."

The sheriffs themselves are attired in their full-dress crimson robes and their chains of office, and the sheriff of London carries the petition in his hand.

The ceremony of presentation is very simple. The sheriffs and the chaplain approach the door-keeper of the House and politely hand him their card. The door-keeper takes it in to the serjeant-at-arms, who immediately goes to the bar and announces to the Speaker and the House that the sheriffs of London and Middlesex are at the outer door, upon which the Speaker graciously orders the serjeant-at-arms to bring in the sheriffs. For this purpose the serjeant-at-arms advances to the table of the House, and lifting the mace therefrom, shoulders it, and with this fearful emblematic instrument thus displayed he goes to the door and brings the two sheriffs and the chaplain to the bar, bowing three times as they advance. The Speaker then says—

"Mr. Sheriff Smugglefuss, what have you got there?"

At first, Sir Robert Smugglefuss thought this demand was made in a tone of displeasure, and for the moment he was fearful lest somebody had accompanied him who had no right there, or that there was something about his own robes that was not quite *en règle*, and so he looked round him apprehensively.

"Petition, sir"—say, "petition, sir," whispered the serjeant-at-arms.

"Petition, sir," exclaimed Sir Robert Smugglefuss.

"Please to deliver it in," cried the Speaker.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss delivered the petition to the clerk of the House, who had gone down to the bar to receive it.

"You may withdraw," said the Speaker.

And then the two sheriffs and the chaplain withdrew, and the serjeant-at-arms replaced the mace on the table.

It must not, however, be supposed that the ceremony of presenting a petition at the bar of the House of Commons by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex there ends. It may be said to commence only with the handing in of the petition, for to the ceremony of presenting a petition by the sheriffs has been attached a very salutary custom, that of a banquet in the

legislative refreshment-rooms, to which a general invitation to all members of the Lower House is extended. It has, therefore, always been remarked by the parliamentary observer, that whenever the sheriffs present a petition to the House of Commons there is invariably a very thin House after about seven o'clock.

Although the invitation is a general one—or rather, it is understood that the banquet is open to any member who chooses to avail himself of it—yet it is customary for the sheriff personally to invite the members, and he does so as he sees them. Of course, no member goes to the banquet who is not so personally invited. It is not an uncommon thing for the sheriff, on the presentation of his first petition, to give the banquet a political complexion; but it is a dangerous experiment to try, because it is calculated to exasperate the hungry members of the opposing faction, and they have many opportunities of cruel retaliation—notably the terror of “the count-out.” Only fancy this fearful instrument being in the hands of an exasperated uninvited member. He knows to a minute when the soup will be placed on the table, and so he watches the clock, and when the moment of vengeance has arrived—the moment when he knows the soup will be placed in the plate of each guest, he rises and malignantly declares his belief that there are not forty members in the House; and so, just as the first spoonful of soup is lifted to the lips of the guests, the inexorable bell rings, and they have to rush off to make a House, and having accomplished that object they rush back to the soup again. The process by the exasperated uninvited member is repeated with the fish, and the game, and one or two other courses, until the wine and dessert stage, when the count-out bell is utterly powerless, for then members refuse to move, and if the Government are unable to keep a House themselves, the inevitable fiat goes forth and the count-out is accomplished.

There was, however, no such malignity displayed on the occasion of Sir Robert Smugglefuss's first petition, for he was determined to do the extensive and the grand, wholly irrespective of political predilection. Every member, as he came to the lobby, was specially invited, and the invitations were very generally accepted, as Sir Robert Smugglefuss had become quite a celebrity since the marriage of his daughter, and members were

very curious to see and sit down with the City magnate whose daughter had married a nabob.

The House of Commons is very like a large school. It is moved by a good many of the same impulses that a school is. It is pleased with a rattle, and it is easily tickled with a straw, or even by a man thereof. Nothing in the world is easier, for instance, than to make the House of Commons laugh. The more venerable the joke, the more heartily they laugh. When the Speaker is summoned to the bar of the House of Lords, to hear the royal assent given to the bills that both Houses have agreed to, it is quite exhilarating to see the manner in which the honourable members will rush after the right honourable gentleman, and tread upon each others' heels, and jostle each other against the sides of the passages, and press on from behind, as though they wished to trip up the Speaker's trainbearer.

If a great celebrity honours the House of Commons with a visit he is almost mobbed both inside and outside by the House. I recollect when a near relative of a mighty European potentate visited the House of Commons for the first time, and presented that remarkable personal resemblance to the great Emperor which must irresistibly strike the observer, he was stared at as though he had been some most rare natural curiosity. Members went up to the side galleries and scrutinized him with their eye-glasses, and audibly compared their impressions as to his personal appearance. Others, more bold and daring than the rest, walked along the passage way behind where he was sitting, and drew their hands along the back of the bench on which he was seated, so that by accident they might touch the back of his head, while the members down below in the body of the House who were engaged in the discussion then going on, aimed their speeches at him, and metaphorically strewn their flowers of oratory at his feet.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss's daughter had married a nabob whose wealth was something fabulous in amount, and so out of that circumstance he had become a celebrity: just the sort of celebrity that the members of the House of Commons like to make a rush at. Therefore, as it had been noised about the clubs in the morning, and buzzed about the committee rooms during the day, that the

sheriffs intended that afternoon to present a petition in the usual way at the bar, there was more than an average muster of members at petition time in order to see the City magistrate.

I have already intimated how the worthy sheriff got through the presentation, which of course requires no ordinary amount of intellectual capacity satisfactorily to accomplish. His legislative duty having been performed, the invitations for the succeeding banquet were issued, and every member who could possibly be caught was invited. Never had the refreshment room keeper such a strain upon his resources before. His instructions were of the most comprehensive character—he was to omit nothing; and as this exhilarating fact became known early in the evening, the fact that the Government were unable to keep a House is not calculated to create much surprise. The Government yielded to fate and the banquet, and so, on the very first motion for a count, the matter was not resisted, and the House was counted out before the soup was placed upon the table.

And that banquet was quite a legislative happy family. The High Tory wolf sat down with the Liberal lamb, and the supercilious man in office became quite gracious towards the denizens of the legislative arctic regions—the back benches. High Church hob-nobbed with nasal Dissent, and the Papal representatives all smoothed their wrinkled fronts beside their Protestant opponents; and as the wine flowed freely, so the hearts of all were opened, and good fellowship reigned amongst that party, composed as it was of elements so heterogeneous.

Oh, yes! Sir Robert Smugglefuss was much honoured on the occasion of his first appearance at the bar of the House of Commons. Why, members of the Cabinet accepted his hospitality—a most unusual circumstance. Notably was there one grim official, who, though he has nothing to do with the War Department, has, nevertheless, to deal occasionally with momentous questions of life and death. He seems unwontedly urbane, and to be especially well-pleased with the banquet and the sheriff, next whom he sits. By the time the dessert is on the table his stark countenance becomes suffused with what in him must be taken as a smile, although in reality it is simply that facial contortion that a grin produces. He becomes

jocose, and his cold, merciless grey eyes quite lighten up as, with a voice that seems to issue from a cavern, where it grinds over some concrete substance similar to ice, he congratulates the sheriff on the scene around him, and upon the fortunate events that have characterized his tenure of office.

And he jokes, too—he, that grim official, on whose mandate sometimes hangs the question of irrevocable death—he jokes with hard facetiousness upon an event that in a few days is to be celebrated in the City—an event, he is pleased to say, in which he takes an especial interest. He regrets that he cannot be with the sheriff in his especial department in connexion with the ceremony to which he refers. He, however, rubs his hands almost gleefully as he says he will be there.

And what is the ceremony to which the grim official alludes?

Simply the public strangulation of a culprit—the sudden dropping into eternity of a guilty soul amidst the ribald jesting of a ferocious mob; that ceremony which is a cherished portion of our advanced civilization, which so eloquently symbolizes the frequent close proximity of extremes.

The grim official does not observe that the proud sheriff slightly shudders as this allusion to a portion of the civic functions is made, and as his neighbour seems inclined to pursue the loathsome subject, the sheriff adroitly turns it off by a reference to a rise in the market price of hemp.

Perhaps there is no occasion that so aptly illustrates the almost discordant elements of which the House of Commons is composed, as a banquet given by the sheriff of London when he presents a petition at the bar of the House, especially in the matter of drink. The banquet is not a ceremonial affair, although the sheriff of course is stiff and ceremonious enough; but it is a kind of legislative free-and-easy, and so at the bibulous hour members are not expected to confine themselves, or at all events, do not confine themselves, to wine, as they would at a banquet in the Egyptian Hall, or at any other set affair of a kindred nature. Ardent spirits are introduced as well as wine, and so the representatives from Ireland and Scotland may, in a double sense, illustrate the national strength or weakness, as the case may be, of those portions of the Queen's domi-

nions. How some of them could drink whisky! There is a pervading odour of that spirit associated with the essence of lemon-peel all round the entrance to the chamber in which the assembled legislators are revelling. The clatter of glasses is very general, and there is a confused clamour of conversation; but on this occasion there is no cry of "Divide, divide!" which in "another place" is a precursor to separation. It is a battle of the whiskies—which shall hold out, or rather, perhaps, run on the longest. Hibernia triumphs usually.

It is physically impossible for the sheriff to take wine with all his guests, although the bulk of them are anxious to do so. They are content, however, with the manner in which he has made a show of himself, and they have gazed their fill upon the man who gave that gorgeous banquet down at Ganges Hall, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. Having done that, their duty to the lord of the feast is accomplished, and so they fall to wine and whisky, and gradually resolve themselves into knots or coteries, and the sheriff is then thought no more of than the mover and seconder of the address are at the close of the discussion on the opening of Parliament, when there is no amendment to the address.

Sir Robert Smugglefuss was loth to leave that gay and festive scene—those legislative halls that were of very dazzling light as the evening advanced. It was clear, however, that he could not have continued there all night, as the essential political essence of Ireland and Scotland appeared desirous of doing. He therefore took his departure, his retiring being recognised only by those who were immediately around him. The grim official, however, was very cordial in his adieus, and assured the sheriff that he would make due arrangements for the forthcoming ceremony that is so appropriately celebrated in close propinquity to St. Sepulchre's.

There was a confusion of ideas in the mind of Sir Robert Smugglefuss as he took his solitary way over Westminster Bridge in his gilded carriage to Ganges Hall. Probably he would have been also slightly confused in his speech if he had attempted to address himself to any definite object. The pervading idea in his mind was one of glory. He had a somewhat cloudy notion that he had taken the initiative step to his own admission as a component member of the legislature of

his country. He was a rich merchant of London—he had become sheriff—had been knighted—was father-in-law to a very magnificent Indian nabob, and it was but fitting that he should enjoy the distinction and privilege of appending M.P. to his name. "Sir Robert Smugglefuss, Knight, M.P.," the sheriff rather thickly but solemnly addressed himself as he lolled back in his luxurious carriage crossing Westminster Bridge.

It was a bright prospect, and Sir Robert Smugglefuss mused upon it, and musing thus he fell asleep and snored. And so soundly did he sleep, that the loud snore disturbed him not, but blending with the smooth rattle of the carriage wheels, soothed the slumbers probably of the somnolent sheriff. It was the sleep of bliss and the dream of glory probably, but it was not the breathing of the rude health that he had once owned, and which enabled him to brave the dangers of an Indian residence. It was that kind of breathing which accompanies full habit of body, from which poverty happily is very commonly free.

The carriage stopped at the portal of Ganges Hall, and the sheriff was still sleeping and still giving audible evidence of the soundness of his slumbers. The gentle hand of the officiating dependent behind the carriage was placed upon the sheriff's shoulder, and with a discriminating shake the sleeping magnate was awakened, and he looked about him as though in doubt as to his exact position and present locality. Gradually he realized both, and descending from the carriage, he entered his mansion—spoke no word of any sort to his attendant slaves, who were awaiting the return of their lord and master, but solemnly went off to his own chamber, and in some minutes subsequently snored again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HENRY NETTLEFORD AND GEORGINA.

OF course when the sheriff arrived at home at Ganges Hall from the hospitable table which had been spread in the refreshment room of the House of Commons, his family had retired to rest, for it was late. Lady Smugglefuss had spent the evening out at some friend's—the Splutterbugs probably—in Streatham, and young Smugglefuss and Georgina were left alone at home at Ganges Hall. But they did not remain all the evening

alone. It will be remembered that young Robert Smugglefuss had declared to his sister Mary, now the wife of Darsham Typos Ghurr, that, spite of the rag-shop that had been discovered on Tower Hill, he should still stick to his friend Harry Nettleford.

The declaration of this determination was received by the two sisters with widely different feelings. By Mary it was received with scorn and sarcasm and with taunting. At first she declared she would tell her father, at which Robert Smugglefuss mockingly said—

"You daren't do it."

To which Mary answered, naggingly—

"Daren't I?"

"No, you daren't."

"And why not?" demanded Mary, in a sneering tone.

"Because it would take some of the starch out of you to do it."

"That's just the sort of vulgarity that one might expect from a rag-shop," and Mary thought this was a most biting sarcasm, and left her brother to its enjoyment.

By Georgina the declaration of her brother Robert was received with heartfelt gratification, and the brother and the younger sister were much more frequently together afterwards. And the brother very soon discovered how matters stood with reference to Georgina's feelings towards Henry Nettleford. They were continually talking about the rag-shop on Tower Hill and the owner thereof, and of Robert Smugglefuss's Eton schoolmate; and one morning, shortly after the great wedding, as the two were walking in the garden, Robert suddenly blurted out the conviction which had taken possession of his mind by exclaiming—

"I tell you what it is, Georgy; it's of no use beating about the bush, you know, but you're nuts on Harry Nettleford. Come now, ain't it so?"

Georgina hung her head and did not answer.

"Now, isn't that the fact, Georgy? Come now, tell me."

Georgina still did not answer, and probably a reason for this reticence may be found in the exclamation which immediately followed the last question of Robert.

"Why, what's the use of crying, Georgy?—that's of no good, you know."

And he uttered this in such a tone of voice, that he might have been going to cry also.

They were down amongst the trees, out of sight of the house now, and as they walked slowly along, Robert again said, taking his sister's hand—

"Now, tell me, Georgina, if you don't like Harry Nettleford very much?"

And Georgina fell upon her brother's shoulder, and sobbed out that she did.

"I thought you did, Georgy, and I am devilish glad of it; I am, upon my soul."

And he very affectionately kissed his sister's forehead, and she looked up and smiled through her tears—a smile that did them both good.

"But, I say, Georgy, he never said anything to you, did he?"

"Never," was the faint answer.

"Well, for the matter of that, he never said much to Mary, you know," Robert Smugglefuss observed.

Georgina only sighed in answer.

"But, I say, Georgy, do you mean to say that you should like to have a chap whose father keeps a rag-shop?"

"I liked the appearance of that old man," replied Georgina.

"Right, and so did I."

"So did you, Robert!" exclaimed Georgina, in a tone of surprise. "Have you seen him, then?"

"To be sure I have. Do you think after what Mary had said that I could rest without going to see what sort of a place it was?—and so I went, and I saw old Nettleford, and a very jolly, shrewd old chap he is, I can tell you."

"You went to the shop on Tower Hill, Robert?"

"To the shop on Tower Hill."

"And you told them who you were?"

"Of course I did; what was the use of my going without?"

"And was he very much offended with us, Robert?"

"Nothing of the sort; he laughed when he told me all about your meeting."

Georgina became suddenly thoughtful, and then she said—

"Robert, are you going to town to-day?"

"I am; I am going up by the next train. I shall not bus it to-day."

"Shall I go with you, Robert?"

"With me!—what, to town?"

"Yes."

"Why, what for, Georgy?" inquired Robert, in a tone of surprise.

"Let us go and call upon old Mr. Nettleford together," said Georgina, impulsively.

"A devilish good idea, Georgy,"

answered young Smugglefuss, quickly; "and I'll tell you what, instead of going by the bus we'll go up by the railway—there'll be a train due in a quarter of an hour, so be off and get ready at once, Georgy."

"We needn't let papa and mamma know anything about it?" said Georgy, hesitating, and in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, of course not, they are both out for the day and the night too, so we will go off at once: now then, away with you, Georgy."

And they quickly returned to the house, and in a very few minutes Georgina was ready for walking, and the brother and sister took their way to the railway station.

As they were walking up and down the platform, awaiting the arrival of the train, Robert said—

"I've been thinking of a scheme, Georgy, that I'll carry out as soon as we've been to Tower Hill."

"What is that, Robert?" inquired Georgina, clinging quite close and affectionately to her brother. You might almost have fancied they were lovers.

"Well, it's about Harry Nettleford," he said, laughing knowingly at his sister.

"Yes," she said, with a smile which plainly indicated how pleased she was.

"Can't you guess now, Georgy?" said Robert.

"No, that I can't—how should I?"

"Well, then, when we've been to Tower Hill, I shall see you into the train again, and then I shall go off to the Temple, and whether he will or no, I shall bring Harry Nettleford back with me to dinner at Ganges Hall."

"Oh, Robert!" and in her fervour Georgina clasped her hands.

"Yes; what do you think of that?"

But before Georgina could say what she thought of it, the railway porter on the platform had requested them to take their seats if they were going on; and the next minute they were on their way to London Bridge.

As Robert Smugglefuss and Georgina his sister entered the shop of the marine-store dealer on Tower Hill, the Hunchback, who was seated at a desk making some entries in a book, threw down his pen in astonishment as he looked at the young lady, for he recognised her in an instant. And judging from the expression on his countenance, he was glad to see her, for he probably retained a lively recollection of the contrast she presented to her sister

on the occasion of her first visit to the marine-store shop. He at once descended from the desk at which he was seated, and bowed a welcome to the young lady and her brother, rubbing his hands with gratification as he did so.

"Mr. Nettleford is at home, and I am sure he will be very glad to see you," said the Hunchback, in answer to an inquiry which Georgina had addressed to him.

And he led the way into the large room at the back of the shop, and said to the marine-store dealer as the two young folks were ushered in—"The sheriff's son and daughter, sir."

The marine-store dealer rose from his chair, and said he was very glad to see them. He did not add that he was surprised to see them, but the expression on his countenance sufficiently indicated that such was the fact.

Having requested the young lady and the young gentleman to be seated, and they having taken the seats which the Hunchback placed for them, the marine-store dealer wished to know to what he was to attribute the honour of the visit.

Robert Smugglefuss looked at his sister, and she looked at him inquiringly as to which should state the object of the visit, which neither, now they came to think about it, had any very definite notion of.

At length the young man, who began to see that both he and his sister were in a somewhat ludicrous position, said—

"You were visited, sir, by two young ladies, this one and her sister."

The marine-store dealer bowed, and smiled as he did so.

"I was your son's school chum, sir, at Eton," continued young Smugglefuss, "and so I was very sorry to hear that my sister Mary—not this one—went on so while she was here. My sister here," and he nodded at Georgina, "has told me all about it, and we have had frequent conversations on the subject."

The marine-store dealer again smiled and bowed.

"And, sir, I have always been very much attached to Harry, and I was quite delighted when he used to come down to visit us at our place at Streatham, but since this unfortunate confounded visit here he's quite cut us, and he has never been since."

The marine-store dealer was not at all surprised to hear that. He would have been very much surprised indeed if young Smugglefuss had told him that Henry

Nettleford had visited Ganges Hall as before.

"And we are come to tell you, sir, that we are very sorry for the way in which Mary went on—ain't we, Georgina?" said young Smugglefuss.

"I am sure that it has given us a great deal of pain," said Georgina.

"And we have come here to say so, sir, and tell you that it has made no difference in the feeling towards my old chum," added Robert, "and I should have thought he would have known it."

The marine-store dealer was evidently delighted at hearing this, but he said nothing.

"You must have considered that Mary was very insulting, sir?" said Robert, inquiringly, to the marine-store dealer.

"She made some strong personal observations, certainly," said the marine-store dealer; "but perhaps the fault was not altogether hers. I don't know that Henry was quite justified in bringing her here without any previous intimation. This place is very different to Ganges Hall, you know; this neighbourhood is not so pleasant as Streatham."

"But she had behaved anything but right to Harry, sir," replied Robert, "and although I am her brother, I am quite ready to admit it."

"And as the world goes she, I presume, was right," said the marine-store dealer, seriously. "I perceive that she has made a brilliant marriage."

"Oh yes, she's got all that sort of thing, I know—what she has been sighing for all her life; and the nabob is so rich that it's impossible to estimate his money. But that's no reason why we should cut Harry Nettleford—is it, Georgina?"

Georgina was looking on the ground, and she faintly answered "No."

"And so we are come to-day, sir, to ask you to intercede with him to come and visit us as usual," said Robert, earnestly.

"But suppose he were to consent, what would your sister, the wife of the nabob, say?" inquired the marine-store dealer.

Neither Robert nor Georgina had thought of this. The suggestion therefore struck something like a chill upon them. It suddenly occurred to Georgina's mind that if Henry Nettleford should consent to visit Ganges Hall again, and the wife of the nabob should see him there, she would certainly inform her father of the existence of the rag-shop on Tower Hill and the connexion Henry

Nettleford had with it, which event Georgina contemplated for the moment with a feeling of terror.

The current of Robert Smugglefuss's thoughts was somewhat similar, but it was only for a moment; for, in answer to the marine-store dealer, he said, after a momentary pause—

"Let her say what she likes; there's one thing, she won't have much opportunity, because it isn't often that she'll come down to Ganges Hall, and when she does, why, there'll be two to one. Eh, Georgina?"

The fear, however, of the effect of the possible disclosure to her father was operating upon Georgina's mind; and therefore she could not receive the suggestion of her brother as lightly as he had offered it.

"So, sir, if you will intercede with Harry, you may trust the rest to me," said Robert, confidently.

"But why not try your own influence first?" inquired the marine-store dealer; and as he said so he glanced with a meaning smile at Georgina.

"I intended to go up to him, sir, this very afternoon, after we had seen you; but now I come to think of it, I would rather that you spoke to him first."

"Well, it perhaps fortunately happens that I expect him here almost immediately," said the marine-store dealer.

He was not looking at Georgina at the moment, but if he had been he would have observed that the instant he conveyed this intimation to them her face became suffused with a deep crimson, which almost instantly gave place to pallor, and her bosom heaved with sudden emotion.

Fortunately, the marine-store dealer did not observe it, nor did her brother, and Robert immediately exclaimed—

"Well, that is jolly, ain't it, Georgina?" And as he turned to his sister all traces of her sudden emotion had disappeared.

"It's very jolly, you see, sir, because our being here with you to-day is the best proof that we don't agree with Mary in all her foolish nonsense." And young Robert Smugglefuss said this very earnestly.

"Then I presume in that case you'll not need my intercession?" said the marine-store dealer, smiling.

"I'm not altogether sure of that, sir," replied Robert. "Your son, sir, is a very proud chap; he's almost as bad as Mary for that, except that his pride is quite of another sort."

The marine-store dealer smiled to him-

self as he heard this. It was quite in accordance with his own thoughts, and he was very gratified to find that a worthy pride was observable by others in his son.

"I am sure that Mr. Nettleford's pride is not of that sort which would cause him to wound the feelings of others," said Georgina, timidly, no doubt with a lively recollection in her mind of the manner in which the pride of her sister Mary had on many occasions wantonly wounded the feelings of others.

"Right, Georgy, I believe you are quite right," said her brother Robert.—"And what do you think of this sister, sir?" he inquired, very abruptly, of the marine-store dealer, pointing at the same time to Georgina.

The marine-store dealer looked almost bewildered by the strange question so suddenly put to him. Indeed, he was almost as much embarrassed as Georgina herself was.

"Why, it is rather a puzzling question, young gentleman, to put to me," said the marine-store dealer, smiling and looking at Georgina. "In what sense do you mean?"

"Why, I'll be bound you like her a good deal better than Mary, don't you now?"

"Oh, Robert! how can you ask Mr. Nettleford such questions?" said Georgina, colouring very prettily.

"You think, my dear, that comparisons are odious, no doubt, don't you?" said the marine-store dealer to Georgina, smiling.

"In this case they certainly are, sir," she replied.

"Well, but candidly, now, Mr. Nettleford, don't you like Georgina better than Mary, what little you have seen of the two?" inquired Robert, in perfect seriousness.

"Well, before I answer that question," said the marine-store dealer, laughing, "I should like to see——"

"Mr. Henry, sir," exclaimed the Hunchback, putting his head in at the room door.

The next minute, Henry Nettleford entered the room, and he looked with almost ludicrous astonishment at Robert Smugglefuss and Georgina his sister.

"How are you, Harry?" exclaimed Robert Smugglefuss, heartily, and jumping up and seizing Henry Nettleford's hand.

The two young men shook hands very

warmly, and Henry Nettleford, with some slight confusion manifest in his countenance, said, as he looked towards Georgina—

"Well, you are the last persons I should have expected to find here."

For the moment he felt something more than embarrassment. It was an indescribable feeling. Some such, perhaps, as he would have experienced if Georgina and her brother had made the discovery by accident who his connexions were. This, of course, was not the case, but still he was under the influence of a peculiar embarrassment as he advanced to the young lady, who had risen on his entrance, and taking her hand, said—

"I am very delighted, Georgina, to see you;" and then he added—and the observation seemed to afford him a kind of relief—"You know we have met in this room before."

"Yes, I have heard all about that affair," said Robert Smugglefuss, laughing; "and a devilish good lark it was."

Henry Nettleford felt no embarrassment now, for Georgina was also laughing at what her brother had said.

"And both I and Georgina have come here to-day to try and find out why that ridiculous affair should prevent your coming down to Streatham as usual—haven't we, Georgina?" said Robert.

Georgina hung her head and timidly said—"Yes."

How forcibly came upon the mind of Henry Nettleford the recollection of that look with which he was favoured on Tower Hill when the two sisters parted from him on the last occasion that he had seen Georgina.

"Why, you would hardly wish to continue the acquaintance of a son of a rag-dealer, would you?" said Henry Nettleford, laughing.

"And I should like to know what reason you have for thinking so. Did you ever find any nonsense about me at Eton?" replied Robert Smugglefuss, in a tone of seriousness.

"I never did," said Henry Nettleford, again taking his schoolmate's hand.

"Very well, then, Mary's married and gone, and father and mother don't know anything about this shop, so why can't you come as usual, Harry?" said Robert Smugglefuss.

"Your father and mother know nothing about this shop! Did Mary say nothing to them, then, about her visit here?" Henry Nettleford inquired.

"Nothing—catch her at it!" replied Robert Smugglefuss, quickly.

"Do you remember what old Targin said to you on that subject, Harry?" inquired the marine-store dealer.

He did remember it well.

"And do you also remember what he said about this young lady as well?" And as the marine-store dealer spoke he indicated that the young lady he alluded to was Georgina.

Georgina looked the curiosity she felt as to what could have been said about her.

Henry Nettleford remembered this also, and he went across to Georgina, and taking her hand, he said—"And do you wish me to renew my visits to Ganges Hall, Georgina?"

She threw a look of inexpressible tenderness upon Henry Nettleford, and replied—"Have I not come with Robert here to-day?"

Henry Nettleford affectionately pressed her hand as he said—"But if I do renew my visits to Ganges Hall, I must tell Sir Robert and Lady Smugglefuss of the existence of this establishment."

"What if I request you, earnestly request you, not to do so?" said the marine-store dealer, very seriously.

"Why could you wish me not to do so?"

"Harry, I have on a former occasion told you my reason partly," replied the marine-store dealer.

Neither Robert Smugglefuss nor Georgina knew what to say in this emergency. They both felt, they instinctively felt, that for Henry Nettleford to avow himself at Ganges Hall as the son of a marine-store dealer would be tantamount to bringing down upon himself a stern rebuke from the sheriff, and a command that he should never again be admitted to the house.

"Well, suppose you do this, Harry," suggested Robert Smugglefuss—"come down with us this evening, and let us talk the matter over—what do you say?"

Before he could say, however, the Hunchback again put his head in at the door and said—

"It is a day of coincidences—here is my father, and he begs to come in now, as he knows who is with you."

And in walked the little old man, and going up to the marine-store dealer he said—"Excuse me, sir, but I could not let the opportunity slip of seeing them." And then turning to Robert Smugglefuss and his sister, he said—"And these are

the children of Robert and Mary Smugglefuss, are they? Ah, young lady and young gentleman, I know'd your father and mother when they wasn't more than half as old as you are now."

"Did you, indeed!" cried Robert Smugglefuss, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, young gentleman, it's forty years ago since I brought your father up to London."

"You brought my father up to London!" exclaimed Robert.

"Yes, I brought him up to London—leastways, the waggon did; and I made a man of him—I and my wife, which is dead and gone long since, and which was his own aunt."

"His aunt!" cried Georgina, rising and going over to where the old man was seated, for he had taken a chair; "then you must be uncle to us, sir;" and she laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"No, my dear," chuckled the old man, quite delighted. "Why, I live in an alms-house."

"Well, what of that, sir? If you were my father's aunt's husband, you must be our uncle," said Georgina.

"And don't you mind my living in an alms-house, my dear?" replied the old man, in a tone of great delight.

"No; why should I? But I should like you to live with us," said Georgina.

The little old man was in a state of great excitement now, and jumping up from his chair, he cried—

"Is this the young lady that I said your son, Mr. Nettleford, ought to have chosen—tell me, is this the one?"

This of course was a most embarrassing question, both for Georgina and Henry Nettleford; but the marine-store dealer at once said, "This is the young lady herself," much to the pretty confusion of the young lady.

The little old man walks hurriedly up and down the room, as he says—

"Mr. Nettleford, do let me call Daniel in here."

"Certainly," replied the marine-store dealer.

"Daniel!" shouted the little old man.

And the Hunchback immediately made his appearance in the room.

"Daniel!" cried the little old man, "look at this young lady and this young gentleman."

The Hunchback did so.

"Promise me this, Daniel: if ever you should rise in the world—I don't say you will, mind—but if ever you should, mind,

promise me that you'll never forget that this young lady has been kind to me."

The Hunchback readily gave the required promise.

"And now, Mr. Henry, I've got something to say to you," said the little old man to Henry Nettleford. "I'm this young lady's relative—by marriage only, I admit—but, as I know you are worthy of her, I hope she won't have no objection!"

Was there ever such a proposition? thought Henry Nettleford, as he felt himself becoming hot all over his forehead. And it certainly was a most novel situation. The little old man had actually made a love-proposal on behalf of a couple of young folks, who, if they had been left to themselves, might have been half a year about it. And although they were both of them naturally most wofully embarrassed by the suggestion of the little old man, yet there can be no possibility of doubt that they were at the same time both highly delighted in their hearts by it.

The little old man had made the proposition, but he did not wait to see whether it was accepted or not, for he said to the Hunchback—

"Daniel, I'll make one more effort after this day's scene. You and I, boy, must go to the sheriff's office to-morrow—one more effort, boy, and all may yet be well. Yes, I'll go, and I'll tell him my secret, if he'll listen to me."

"Oh, then he doesn't know that you're

his uncle," said Robert Smugglefuss to the little old man.

"Oh yes, he does, young gentleman—he knows all about it," the little old man said, in a tone of bitterness.

"How strange it is then, that you have never been to see us!" said Georgina.

"I have been to see you, my dear."

"Indeed!—when?"

"Oh, never mind that, my dear, now—if everything goes off well to-morrow, as I hope it will, I will come and see you often now. Will you let Daniel go with me to-morrow, sir?"

"Certainly I will," said the marine-store dealer.

"Then I'll be off at once and make arrangements," said the little old man; "and I will tell you to-morrow what I had called upon you about, sir. Good day, sir; good day, Mr. Henry; good day, young lady and young gentleman. Oh, how glad I am I have seen you! Come into the shop with me, Daniel; I have something to say to you."

And the little old man, accompanied by the Hunchback, left the room.

After what had just happened, it is not surprising that Henry Nettleford should have spent the evening with Robert Smugglefuss and Georgina at Ganges Hall—that evening when Sir Robert Smugglefuss was entertaining the members of the House of Commons in the refreshment-rooms of the palace at Westminster, and Lady Smugglefuss was spending the evening at Splutterbug's.

(To be continued.)

BARBER-SURGEONS.

No consideration should render man more thankful to his Creator, and justly proud of the progress of human intellect, than the perfection to which the art of surgery has been carried. In its present improved condition, we are struck with horror at the perusal of the ancient practice, and marvel that its barbarity did not sooner induce its professors to diminish the sum of misery it inflicted on its victims. Ignorance, and its offspring Superstition, seemed to sanctify this darkness. Improvement was considered as impious and unnecessary; and to deny the powers of the chirurgical art, heresy against the holy men who alone were permitted to exercise it.

This supposed divine attribute of the priesthood can be traced to remote ages: *Æsculapius* was the son of *Apollo*, and princes and heroes did not consider the art of surgery beneath their dignity. *Homer* has illustrated the skill of *Podalirius* and *Chiron*; and *Idomeneus* bids *Nestor* to mount his chariot with *Machaon*, who alone was more precious than a thousand warriors; while we find *Podalirius*, wrecked and forlorn on the *Carian* coast, leading to the altar the daughter of the monarch whom he cured, and whose subjects raised a temple to his memory, and paid him divine honours.

Tradition informs us, that in the infancy of the art all its branches were exercised indiscriminately by the medical practitioners. It was not then supposed that the human body was subject to distinct affections, external and internal; yet, as its study advanced, the ancients were led into an opposite extreme, and we find that in *Egypt* each disease became the province of a special attendant; regulated in his treatment by the sacred records handed down by their hierarchy.

Herodotus informs us, that "so wisely was medicine managed by the *Egyptians*, that no physician was allowed to practise any but his own peculiar branch." Accouchements were exclusively the province of females.

These practitioners were remunerated by the State; and they were severely punished, when, by any experimental trials, they deviated from the prescribed rules imposed upon them, and, in the event of any patient dying under a treatment differing from the established prac-

tice, the medical attendant was considered guilty of a capital offence. These wise provisions were made, says *Diodorus*, in the full conviction that few persons were capable of introducing any new treatment superior to that which had been sanctioned and approved by the old practitioners.

Pliny complains that no such laws existed in *Rome*, where a physician was the only man who could commit murder with impunity; "*Nulla præterea lex*," he says, "*quæ puniat inscitium capitalem, nullum exemplum vindictæ*. Discunt periculis nostris, et experimenta per mortes agunt: medicoque tantum hominem occidisse impunitas summa est."

By one of these singular anomalies in public opinion, this supposed divine science was soon considered an ignoble profession. In *Rome* it was chiefly practised by slaves, freemen, or foreigners. From the overthrow of the *Roman* empire till the revival of literature and the arts in *Europe*, medicine and surgery sought a refuge amongst the *Arabians*, who studied both branches in common; for, though exiled to the coast of *Africa* in point of scientific cultivation, it was necessarily cultivated in other countries, and in the greater part of *Europe* became the exclusive right of ecclesiastics. In time, however, it was gradually wrested from their hands by daily necessities; and every one, even amongst the lowest classes, professed himself a surgeon, and the cure of the hurt and the lame was intrusted to menials and women.

As the church could no longer monopolize the art of healing, it became expedient to stigmatize it, although that very faculty had but lately been their boast; but it had fallen within the powers of vulgar and profane comprehension, and therefore was useless to maintain sacerdotal pre-eminence. In 1163, the Council of *Tours*, held by *Pope Alexander III.*, maintained that the devil, to seduce the priesthood from the duties of the altar, involved them in mundane occupations, which, under the plea of humanity, exposed them to constant and perilous temptations. The edict not only prohibited the study both of medicine and law amongst all that had taken religious vows, but actually excommunicated every ecclesiastic who might infringe the decree.

It appears, however, that the temptations of the evil one were still attractive, as Pope Honorius III., in 1215, was obliged to fulminate a fresh anathema on transgressors, with an additional canon, ordaining that, as the church abhorred all cruel or sanguinary practices, not only no priest should be allowed the practice of surgery, but should refuse their benediction to all who professed it.

The practice then fell into the hands of laymen, although priests, still regretting the advantages that it formerly had yielded them, were consulted in their convents or houses; and when patients could not visit them without exposing them to clerical censure, they asserted their ability to cure diseases by the mere inspection of the patient's dejections; and so much faith was reposed in this filthy practice, that Henry II. decreed that upon the complaints of the heirs of persons who died through the fault of their physicians, the latter should suffer capital punishment, as having been the cause of their patients' death, unless they had scientifically examined what was submitted to their investigation by the deceased's relatives or domestics, and then proceeded to prescribe for the malady.

Unable to quit their cloisters, in surgical cases, which could not be so easily cured at a distance, sooner than lose the emoluments of the profession, they sent their servants, or rather the barbers of the community, who shaved, and bled, and drew teeth in their neighbourhood ever since the clergy could no longer perform these operations, on the plea of the maxim "*Ecclesia abhorret à sanguine*;" bleeding and tooth-drawing being, I believe, the only cases where this maxim was noticed. From this circumstance arose the barber craft or barber-surgeons.

These practitioners, from their various avocations, were necessarily dexterous; for, in addition to the skill required for good shaving, tonsurating the crowns of clerical heads was a delicate operation; and it was about this period that Pope Alexander III. revised the canon issued by the synod of Carthage respecting the tonsure of the clergy. Surgery being thus degraded, the separation between its practice and that of medicine became unavoidable, and the two branches were formally made distinct by bulls of Boniface VI. and Clement V.

St. Louis, who had witnessed the services of surgeons in the field of battle

during the crusades, had formed a college or *confrérie* of surgeons, in honour of St. Cosme and St. Damian, in 1268; and wounds and sores were dressed *gratis* in the churches dedicated to those saints on the first Monday of every month. To this body, of course, the barber-surgeons, or *fraters* of the priests, who had not received any regular education, did not belong. Hence arose the distinction, which even to the present day obtains in various parts of the Continent, where surgeons are divided into two classes—those who had gone through a regular course of studies, and those who, without any academical education, were originally employed as the servants of the priests and barbers. So late as the year 1809, one of my assistants in the Portuguese army felt much hurt at my declining his offer to shave me; and in 1801, some British assistant-surgeons, who had entered the Swedish navy, were ordered to shave the ship's company, and were dismissed the service in consequence of their refusal to comply with this command.

But to return to our barbers. These ambitious shavers gradually attempted to glean in the footsteps of the regular surgeons, and even to encroach upon their domain, by performing more important operations than phlebotomy and tooth-drawing; the audacious intruders were therefore very properly brought up *ex-officio* by the attorney-general of France, and forbidden to transgress the boundaries of their art, until they had been duly examined by master surgeons; although these said masters were not better qualified than many of the barbers. Such was their ignorance indeed, that Pitard, an able practitioner, who had successively been the surgeon of St. Louis, Philip the Brave, and Philip the Fair, obtained a privilege to examine and grant licences to such of these masters who were fit to practise, without which licence all practitioners were liable to be punished by the Provost of Paris; and in 1372 barbers were only allowed to dress boils, bruises, and open wounds.

Although this account chiefly refers to France and its capital, yet the same distinction and division between surgeons and barbers prevailed in almost every other country; and privileges were maintained with as much virulence and absurdity as the present controversial bickerings between physicians and surgeons.

In 1355 these master-surgeons consti-

tuted a faculty, which pocketed one-half of the penalties imposed upon the unlucky wights who had not the honour of belonging to their body. They also enjoyed various immunities and exemptions; amongst others, that of not keeping guard and watch in the city of Paris. To increase their emoluments, they granted as many honorary distinctions as they could in decency devise, and introduced the categories of bachelors, licentiates, masters, graduates, and non-graduates of surgery. The medical faculty now began to complain of the encroachments of the master-surgeons on their internal domain of poor mortality with as much bitterness as the masters complained of the impertinent invasion on the part of the barbers, of their external dominion. To court the powerful protection of the university against these interlopers, the surgeons consented to be considered as the scholars of the medical faculty, chiefly governed by clerical physicians.

In 1452 a fresh source of dissension arose amongst clerical physicians, lay physicians, master-surgeons, and barbers. Cardinal Etoutville abolished the law which bound the physicians of the university to celibacy, when, to use the historian's words, "many of the clerical physicians, thinking there was more comfort to be found in a wife without a benefice than could be expected in a benefice without a wife, abandoned the priesthood, and were then permitted to visit their patients at their own houses." Thus thrown into the uncontrolled practice of medicine, these physicians became jealous of the influence of the surgeons, to whom they had been so much indebted; and they had recourse to every art and manœuvre that could be devised to oppress and degrade them. To aid this purpose they resorted to the barbers, whom they instructed in private, to enable them to oppose the master-surgeons more effectually. The surgeons, indignant at this protection, had recourse to the medical faculty, supplicating them to have the barbers shorn of their rising dignity. Thus for mere motives of pecuniary interest, and the evident detriment of society, did these intriguing practitioners struggle for power and consequent fees; and, according to the vacillation of their interests, the barbers became alternately the allies of the physicians or the mercenary skirmishers of the surgeons.

From this oppression of the art, for

nearly three centuries surgery was considered a degrading profession. Excluded from the university, not only were surgeons deprived of all academic honours and privileges, but subjected to those taxes and public burdens from which the members of the university, being of the clerical order, were exempted. This persecution not only strove to injure them in a worldly point of view, but the priests carried their vindictive feelings to such a point of malignity that when Charles IX. was about to confer the rights of apostolical benediction upon the surgeons of the long robe, the medical faculty interposed on the plea of their not being qualified to receive this benediction, as they did not belong to any of the four faculties of the university; and as the chancellor, or any other man, had not the power of conferring a blessing without the pope's permission and special mandate, both surgeons and barbers ought to be irrevocably damned. The apostolical benediction in those days was considered of great value, since it exempted all candidates from examination in anatomy, medicine, surgery, or any other qualification, when they applied for a degree.

Ever since the healing art ceased to be a clerical privilege, and a state of rivalry prevailed between spiritual and corporeal doctors, the former have sought to represent their opponents as infidels and atheists—the unbelief of physicians became prevalent, and to this day medical men are generally considered free-thinkers—an appellation which in a strictly correct acceptation might be considered more complimentary than opprobrious, since it designates a man who, extricating his intellectual faculties from the meshes of ignorance or prejudices, takes the liberty of thinking for himself.

Sir Thomas Browne in his "*Religio Medici*," alludes to this injurious opinion entertained of medical men, when he says, "For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, *as the general scandal of my profession*, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion—yet in despite thereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of Christian."

Sir Kenelm Digby in his observations on the work from which the above is extracted, entertains a similar opinion, and quotes Friar Bacon in support of it. The following are his words:—"Those stu-

dents who busy themselves much with such notions as reside wholly in the fantasy, do hardly ever become idoneous for abstracted metaphysical speculations; the one having bulky foundations of matter, or of the accidents of it, to settle upon—at the least, with one foot; the other flying continually, even to a lessening pitch in the subtile air. And accordingly it hath been generally noted, that the excellent mathematicians, who converse altogether with lines, figures, and other differences of quantity, have seldom proved eminent in metaphysics or speculative divinity. Nor again, the profession of their sciences in other arts, much less can it be expected that an excellent physician, whose fancy is always fraught with the material drugs that he prescribeth his apothecary to compound his medicines of, and whose hands are inured to the cutting up, and eyes to the inspection of anatomized bodies, should easily and with success ply his thoughts at so towering a game, as a pure intellect, or separated and unbodied soul."

That such ideas should be maintained in former days, when bigotry and prejudice reigned paramount, we cannot be surprised.

If there does exist a profession pre-eminent for its philanthropic character, and the power of discrimination between good and evil, and right and wrong, it is undoubtedly that of medicine. The finest feelings of humanity are constantly brought to bear, both in seeking to relieve bodily sufferings and solacing an afflicted mind—whether it be with the scalpel in hand in an anatomical theatre, or by the bedside of an agonized sufferer, whom he hopes, under Providence, to restore to health and to his family, the physician has daily opportunities of beholding the wonders of the creation and the benevolence of the Creator—he is a constant witness of the fervent supplication of the unfortunate and the heartfelt gratitude of those suppliant at the throne of mercy, whose prayers have been heard. A man of exalted benevolence (and such a physician ought to be), he must be alive to all the generous feelings of humanity, and he is doomed more frequently to move in an *infected moral atmosphere*, when gratuitously attending some of the troublesome and pedantic legislators of the republic of letters, than when exerting his skill to relieve the grateful poor who may fall under his care.

It has been maintained that the phy-

sician seeking in the arcana of nature the causes of every vital phenomenon becomes a materialist: nothing can be more unjust, nay, more absurd, than such a supposition. The study of physiology teaches us, more perhaps than any other pursuit, to admire the wonderful works of our Creator.

Amongst the many glaring absurdities which retarded the progress of medical studies, one cannot but notice the presumptuous claims of the physicians to the exclusive privilege of teaching surgery to their pupils, while anatomy was solely professed by surgeons, and not considered necessary in the instruction of a physician. All these anomalies can be easily traced to that spirit of dominion, exclusion, and monopoly, which invariably characterized clerical bodies. To such a pitch was this destructive practice carried, that surgeons were only allowed to perform operations in the presence of one or more physicians: nor were they permitted to publish any work on their profession until it had been licensed by a faculty who were utterly ignorant of the matter of which it treated. The celebrated Ambrose Paré could only obtain as a special favour from his sovereign, the permission to give to the world one of its most valuable sources of information.

So late as 1726 we find the medical faculty of Paris making a formal representation to Cardinal de Noailles and the curates of that capital to prevent surgeons from granting certificates of health or of disease, and this application was grounded on the pious motive of enforcing a more rigid observance of Lent! They further insisted that this indispensable mortification was eluded in consequence of the facility of obtaining certificates that permitted persons stated to be indisposed to eat animal food, eggs, and butter, whence infidelity was making a most alarming progress, threatening the very existence of church and state, and the overthrow of every ancient and glorious institution. The faculty were formally thanked for their pious zeal in the true interests of religion, and the spiritual welfare of their patients; and orders were affixed upon the door of every church, anathematizing all certificates that emanated from the unholy hands of surgeons and barbers.

These unfortunate barbers, although they humbly submitted to the sway of both physicians and surgeons when it suited their purpose, were in turn persecuted by both their allies and alternate

protectors; so much so, that the clerical practitioners at one time prohibited them from bleeding, and conferred this privilege upon the bagnio-keepers. From the well-known nature of these establishments, various may be the reasons that led to this patronage, which was clearly an attempt to qualify bagnio-keepers to extend their convenient trade.

At last, in the year 1505, barbers were dignified with the name of surgeons. Their instructions were delivered in their vernacular tongue, until the university again interfered, and ordered that the lectures should be delivered in Latin; once more closing alma-mater against illiterate shavers, who were, however, obliged to give a smattering of classical education to their sons destined to wield alternately the razor and the lancet. In 1655, surgeons and barber-surgeons were incorporated in one college; a union which was further confirmed, in 1660, by royal ordonnance, under some limitations, whereby the barbers should not assume the title of licentiates, bachelors, or professors, nor be allowed to wear the honour-

able gown and cap that distinguished the higher grades of learning. Red caps were in former times given by each barber to his teacher on his being qualified, and gloves to all his fellow-students.

Thus we find that the high state of perfection which the surgical art has attained is solely due to the efforts of industry to free itself from the ignoble trammels of bigotry and prejudice. Intellectual progress has invariably been opposed in every country by those powerful and interested individuals who derived their wealth and influence from the ignorance of society. Corporate bodies monopolizing the exercise of any profession will invariably retard instruction and shackle the energies of the student. It is, no doubt, indispensable that the practice of medicine in all its branches should only be allowed to such persons as are duly qualified; but whenever pecuniary advantages are derived from the grant of the permission, abuses as dishonourable as they are injurious to society will infallibly prevail.

"SWEET REVENGE."

THE cause of Davenant *versus* Maskeyne, falsely called Davenant, was finally decided in Trinity Term, 1783. The litigation, which had dragged its slow length along through some seven or eight years, was utterly ruinous to the plaintiff, Major Lionel Davenant, who had sought to upset the will of one Roger Davenant, a wealthy relative, which barred his, Lionel Davenant's, claim as heir-at-law to estates of large value, devised by that will to Cuthbert Davenant, otherwise Cuthbert Maskeyne, a natural son of the testator by Margaret Maskeyne, who, for many years, and till her death, had lived with Roger Davenant as his lawful wife, though holy church had never blessed their union.

The creditors of Major Davenant, a reckless gambler, and in other respects not very estimable gentleman, it would appear, no longer held at bay by the hope that their debtor would succeed in obtaining possession of the litigated estates, made a clean sweep of the defeated plaintiff's personals, and nothing was left the exasperated soldier but his commission,

the walls of Elm Lodge, near Diss, Norfolk, and the acres thereto attached, which *fi. fa.'s* could not touch. As, however, house and land were mortgaged to their full value, the exemption was of no practical advantage to the nominal owner, who, apprehensive of a *ne-exeat*, applied for active employment, obtained it, sailed for America, and was gallantly snuffed out at the battle of Saratoga.

The major had one son, an only child, Michael Davenant, a youth of promise, educated at Cambridge. He had never suspected that his father could be other than a sufficiently rich man, even supposing the long litigated suit should be decided against him. When the crash came, it was consequently the more keenly felt, the more overwhelming, especially as it awoke Michael Davenant from a blissful vision, which comes but once, however protracted may be the long dream of life. Julia St. John, the youngest daughter of the Reverend Valentine St. John, and he, had been betrothed lovers before judgment was pronounced in Davenant *versus*

Maskeyne. Michael Davenant was devoted to the maiden with all his heart, soul, and strength. Julia St. John less fervidly, as I gather, reciprocated her lover's attachment. But the Rev. St. John's income was a very moderate one. So emphatically so, that but for the intelligent housewifery of Mrs. St. John, he would have found it impossible—difficult it had always been—to make both ends meet. In such a state of things there could not be two opinions as to the imperious necessity of at once annulling the engagement. The lover acquiesced with a broken heart, which, however, brokenly lived on.

Upon the eve of his hasty departure from England, Major Davenant dispatched a note to his son, enclosing a remittance, with a promise to send a larger one as soon as possible. Elm Lodge having been stripped to the bare walls, and all the servants discharged, the son took lodgings at Mr. Burton's, one of the tenants on the estate, and there, month after month, till indeed long after his father's lips were closed, his hand stiffened by death, waited impatiently for the promised draft. In its stead he received a curt announcement from the Horse Guards of his father's death, when gallantly leading his regiment at the "victory" of Saratoga. Shortly afterwards the gloom of that intelligence was deepened by a letter from the deceased's London agents, in reply to Michael Davenant, informing him that at the time of the major's death his account with them was slightly overdrawn.

The situation to a young man so nurtured, so entirely unfitted to do battle with the world for an existence, was no doubt a terrible one. He had not five guineas left, and when in his extremity, wistfully turning his mental gaze to the quarter where he knew wealth to mend his broken fortunes, to give him unencumbered possession of the Elms, was to be had for the asking, an obstacle of his own creation, which it would be cruel, inhuman to thrust aside, rose up before him, and for a time shut out that view.

Farmer Burton had three children, two sons and a daughter, all, as they grew up, remarked for a certain dogged inflexibility of character, inherited, it was said, from their mother. At the age of twelve, the daughter Lucy, a comely though somewhat masculine girl, Lady Poynton, a childless relic of Sir Piers Poynton, residing in the neighbourhood, had taken a

fancy to. Lucy was accordingly sent to Stone Hall, and remained there six years as a personal attendant upon, and humble companion to her patroness, by whom she was educated up to a point which enabled her to act as her ladyship's amanuensis, read to her with intelligence, and play tolerably upon the harpsichord. Lucy Burton had just turned eighteen when, by the death of Lady Poynton, she was returned upon her father's hands, utterly spoiled for a farmer's helpmate, and really fitted for no higher vocation. The congenital germ of personal vanity of which my belief is no girl, however unlovely, is quite deficient, was, I need hardly say, immensely developed by the position she held, and the "accomplishments" she acquired at Stone Hall. That vanity would prompt her to attach a far more serious significance than they deserved to the compliments and attentions of Michael Davenant, and there is no doubt that, with or without just grounds for so believing, she firmly believed he would marry her as soon as the major should set him forward in some sufficiently promising path of life. One topic frequently discussed between them would tend to strengthen that conviction or confidence on her part, by showing that the match would not, under the circumstances, be an ineligible one for him. Michael Davenant imagined that although his father was reduced to comparative indigence, he, knowing how warmly attached his son was to country life and country sports, would let him, Michael Davenant, one of the farms, which he certainly had the power to do, and manage by some means to furnish him with sufficient capital to start, in very humble life no doubt for the heir to the Elms Estate, with a fair chance of moderate success. Lucy, though loathing the drudgery of farmhouse work, would deem herself quite equal to, and not above the duties of, a gentleman farmer's wife.

It is noteworthy also that Michael Davenant studiously concealed from the Burtons, that by the major's death he was reduced to absolute destitution. On the contrary, he was constantly speaking of his intention to pay a visit to London, in order to arrive at, as he trusted, a satisfactory settlement of his father's affairs. Week after week went by, however, without finding that intention fulfilled. And quite as carefully did he conceal his increasingly frequent visits at a house in Bellevue Terrace, Diss, where

resided Mr. Curteis, a retired merchant-tradesman, of ample means, with a favourite grand-daughter, Selina Curteis, a young lady whose attractions were limited to grandpapa's money-bags, to which she was known to be sole heiress. Michael Davenant, a handsome, pleasant-mannered young man, and who though fallen, in a pecuniary point of view, from his high estate, had not lost caste as one of the country gentry, though for a time under a cloud, found favour with a damsel practically possessed of abundance of money, and devoured by ambition to marry into the ranks of the local minor aristocracy; one of the upper ten thousand being hopelessly beyond reach. Her father could and would pay off the encumbrances upon the Elms estate, refurnish in befitting style that fine old family mansion, and Mrs. Selina Davenant would at once take rank with the landed gentry.

Young Davenant knew perfectly well that the wealth and felicity to be obtained by marriage with Selina Curteis might be his for the asking, and so entirely cast down in spirit was he by adverse fortune, that though the woman was repulsive to him, he would have proposed for the hand of the heiress immediately after receiving the letter from his father's London agents, but for his *liaison* with Lucy Burton. He does not appear to have felt much affection for the farmer's good-looking daughter. At all events, whatever transient liking he might once have entertained for her had completely passed away. It was remorse, compassion perhaps, above all a vague dread of consequences, knowing as he did the inflexible resolution of the girl, her passionate, *fierce* love of himself, her sensitiveness to shame, that made him pause and delay his fixed purpose, and he continued to weakly dally with time till the old justicer, as is his wont, took the decision into his own hands.

Some hint of Davenant's intimacy with the Curteis family had reached Lucy Burton, and she sharply questioned the young man as to the truth of the report. A violent quarrel ensued, which was partially overheard by a servant girl. Michael Davenant at last flung away out of the room and the house in a rage. The time was mid-winter, the weather piercingly cold, and when he returned late in the evening snow was falling heavily. During his absence he had formally proposed to, and been accepted by, Selina Curteis, with the entire approbation of grandpapa.

Davenant lifted the latch and entered

without knocking. To him, conscience-stricken, a startling scene presented itself. Lucy Burton, her father, and both brothers were standing apart from each other; all exhibiting unmistakable signs of angry emotion. A terrible discovery had been made—that Lucy would soon be a mother! The unfortunate girl who had already suffered violence at her father's hands, which would have been much greater but for the brothers' resolute interposition, passionately appealed to Davenant to acknowledge her as his true wife already in the eye of God, and soon to be in fulfilment of his solemn promise in that of man. Davenant, first expressing regret for what had happened, and saying something about being willing to make every amends in his power, flatly denied that he had ever promised Lucy marriage. A tempest of reproaches, entreaties, and curses ensued, from which Michael Davenant fled to the shelter of a tavern, where he slept.

At about twelve o'clock on that same night, as nearly as could be ascertained, Lucy Burton noiselessly left her father's house, braving the bitter night, the blinding snow-storm, so that she might reach *in time* the dwelling of her aunt Boyce, a widow, with whom she was a great favourite, situate about ten miles off.

The younger brother, William Burton, had occasion to rise as early as four in the morning. About to pass the door of Lucy's bedchamber, he bethought him to look in, saw that she was not there—had not gone to bed at all. Immediately calling up his brother, and deputing to him the duties he had himself risen to perform, William Burton set forth in quest of the fugitive, who would not, he feared, in her ailing, weakened state, be able to live through the terrible night. He guessed whither she was gone, and the way she would take; footsteps here and there, which the falling snow had not obliterated, helped to guide him aright: and after about two hours' anxious pursuit, he traced the wanderer to an open cowshed, where, lying upon some straw, and almost insensible, he found his sister—a dead infant lying by her side, in one hand a pair of bright scissors, in the other a quantity of light hair, cut off the infant's head.

Lucy was carried by her brother to the farmhouse contiguous to the shed: kindly people, whom he knew, dwelt there, and his sister was sedulously cared for. Her condition was critical; but she recovered

after a few weeks' suffering, and took up her abode with the aunt. Nothing could ever induce her to return to her father's house, nor to see him, or revisit what may be called the scene of her shame. The hair she had cut from the infant's head seemed to her a precious treasure. It was placed in a locket, constantly worn about her neck. To this circumstance it is chiefly owing that suspicion still rests upon Lucy Burton as the perpetrator of the undiscovered crime which forms the subject of this paper. An inquest was of course held. It was the evidence of the Burtons, given before that tribunal, which disclosed the main facts already related. There was no mark of violence found upon the infant; a surgeon positively deposed that it had been born alive, and felt no doubt that its feeble life had been destroyed by the intense cold to which it was exposed. Verdict accordingly. Michael Davenant did not incur very serious censure. Young men would be young men—and so on. It was not, unfortunately for Michael Davenant, with society that he would have to finally reckon for his misdeeds.

Great preparations were made for the wedding of Mr. M. Davenant with Miss Selina Curteis: the Lodge was splendidly furnished; new servants were engaged, new liveries purchased; and the mortgagees had notice that their claims on the estate would be paid off on a particular day, about a fortnight subsequent to that fixed for the marriage.

The pill was a bitter one; but being so thickly gilt Davenant might gulp it down without danger of choking.

Terribly at odds with himself was Mr. Davenant amidst the din and whirl of those dreadful notes of preparation—divided, buffeted between his love of wealth and his passion for Julia Saint John, who, now that he was about to lose her for ever, seemed each day to develop a more radiant loveliness, more bewitching grace, seductive fascination! Still the choice between beauty and booty, since both were unattainable, could not be really doubtful for a man without a sixpence or the means of earning one.

The day previous to the happy one had arrived; the carefully drawn settlements, approved by eminent counsel, were to be signed and sealed in a few hours, when there arrived at Elm Lodge Mr. Farebrother, of London, solicitor for the plaintiff in the locally famous cause of *Davenant versus Maskeyne*. His errand

was to inform the son of his old, much-respected client, that Cuthbert Maskeyne had died unmarried, after a short illness, only a few days previously, and by his will, executed during that illness, had "as an act of common justice," bequeathed the estates, that had been so fiercely litigated, together with all personals, to Michael Davenant. Here was a turn of the wheel with a vengeance!—at once bringing into view the radiant image of Julia Saint John glittering upon the horizon of a near and *golden* future!

No doubt at all that Michael Davenant was bound in honour to carry out his marital contract with Selina Curteis, notwithstanding that the wealth for which alone he had wooed—and for which alone *she knew* he had wooed her for a wife—had become mere dross in his eyes. But we are all mortal, and it is probable very many others similarly circumstanced would have done as Michael Davenant did—*videlicet*, dispatch a note to No. 7, Bellevue Terrace, apprising Mr. Curteis that, upon mature reflection, the writer had come to the conclusion that the proposed union would not conduce to the happiness either of the amiable Miss Selina Curteis or himself. He, Michael Davenant, therefore begged, with infinite regret, to state, that the engagement must be considered as cancelled. That note sent off, Michael Davenant felt something like a man would that had just fired a train and wished to be as far off as possible when the mine exploded, and bolted with the lawyer by post-chaise to London.

The consternation, the ferocious bewilderment of 7, Bellevue Terrace, may be imagined. After the social hurricane had exhaustingly stormed itself into comparative quietude, and when it had been ascertained that Michael Davenant had left for London, where letters should be there addressed to him, the poor old grandfather was compelled to book himself by that night's mail for the metropolis, and carry with him peremptory instructions to bring back the wicked truant, whom Miss Selina Curteis would have it, had taken offence—and no wonder—at the restricted "parsimonious" provision made for him by the settlements. Grandpapa was ordered to give Mr. Michael Davenant *carte blanche*.

Carte blanche, except that upon the unblotted surface the name of Julia Saint John could be written, would avail nothing with Michael Davenant. This, one brief, angry interview sufficed to make quite

plain to the chagrined, indignant old man, who forthwith returned to Diss.

Those long journeys, in cold bitter March weather, broke down his long-since failing health. He died of what is now called bronchitis, within a week of his return home.

He could not have been sensible of his danger. At all events, mind, memory could not have been so healthily active as before, or his cherished favourite, Selina—there is no accounting for such caprices—would not have found herself, a few days after the funeral, in a state of positive indigence compared with her great expectations.

Mr. Ambrose Curteis had made a will, by which he devised to Selina Curteis all he possessed, or might be possessed of, chargeable only with gifts to servants, and an annuity of one hundred pounds, to be paid quarterly, of one hundred pounds to Ralph Middleton, of Southampton-buildings, Holborn, London, whose ancestor, whether in a direct line or not is not stated, was Sir Hugh Middleton, of New River memory. The ante-nuptial settlements, made in contemplation of the marriage of Selina Curteis with Michael Davenant would have had the effect of setting aside, or more correctly, of superseding that will; and Mr. Ambrose Curteis tore up and burned the, as he believed, valueless document. The marriage, as we know, did not take place—the carefully-drawn settlements were in legal effect *nil*—and Mr. Ambrose Curteis died intestate.

There were very many claimants to the large property of the deceased—the whole of it personals; and the issue was that Selina Curteis found herself entitled to about eight, instead of about one hundred thousand pounds. This mishap, being clearly attributable to Michael Davenant's perfidy, one cannot wonder that it, conjoined with the inexpiable affront offered her as a woman, engendered in the breast of the deserted, impoverished damsel, a passion of deadliest hatred towards the exulting, gay deceiver. The gentlest, most placable of human kind would have deeply resented such outrage, such injury. In the case of Selina Curteis the evil seed fell upon congenial, tenacious soil, and brought forth terrible fruit after its kind.

"Michael Davenant, Esquire, of Elm Lodge," records the *Norfolk News*, "was married on Thursday, the 5th of May, 1785, to Julia, youngest daughter of the Reve-

rend Valentine Saint John." Very nearly a year afterwards, April 28th, 1786, states the same authority, Mrs. Davenant presented her husband with a son. The confinement well-nigh proved fatal to the mother, who bore no more children. The married life of Michael Davenant, illumined by love of his wife and child, appears to have been a remarkably happy one—a brief happiness.

Less than a quarter of a mile from Elm Lodge, and built upon an elevated sort of plateau, stood White House so called, for many years inhabited by Thomas Withers, a bachelor, and a naturalist of much local celebrity. White House overlooked the private grounds of Elm Lodge, and for that reason had been a constant source of annoyance to the Davenant family. When, therefore, Withers died about three years subsequent to Michael Davenant's marriage, that gentleman wrote to the lawyer who advertised the sale of the property, offering to pay any reasonable sum for the same. Quick as he was, the application was too late. White House was already sold to *Miss Selina Curteis*, and Miss Selina Curteis soon afterwards took possession, accompanied by her friend and companion, rather than servant, *Lucy Burton*.

To live under the surveillance, as it were, of two persons whom he had grossly wronged, could not but annoy and irritate Mr. Davenant, and a vague feeling of disquietude fastened upon his mind, as he noticed that the two women, whenever he with his wife and child walked in the gardens, seated themselves at a convenient spot, and appeared sedulously to watch them. This feeling so grew upon him, that without assigning the true motive, he persuaded his wife, who was much attached to Elm Lodge—one reason, no doubt, being its nearness to Diss, where her family resided—to remove with their establishment to Clare Priory, a noble residence which had come to him with Roger Davenant's estates, and distant about thirty miles from Diss. Orders were given to place Clare Priory in a fit state for the reception of the family, and preparations for early departure from Elm Lodge were at once commenced.

They were interrupted by the sudden and alarming illness of the little Lionel, always till then a remarkably healthy child. The medical gentleman summoned in hot haste unhesitatingly declared that the

child had taken poison, vegetable poison, though of what precise nature they could not decide. Upon questioning the nursery-maid, it was ascertained that when out for a walk with her charge that afternoon, a gipsy woman had accosted them, offering to tell the young woman's fortune. The offer declined, she, first presenting the boy with two or three large cherries, which he immediately ate, hastily disappeared. In less than ten minutes afterwards the child was taken ill. Vigorous search for the gipsy woman was immediately set on foot, but no trace of her could be discovered. No one had seen her except the nurse-maid and child.

The little Lionel's life was in great peril for many days. The shadow of death when it approaches the cradle of an only child falls with chilling effect upon a mother's heart, and it was feared, that should he die, the blow would prove fatal to Mrs. Davenant, who had been in delicate health from the time of his birth. He recovered, but before it could be said that he was completely out of danger, the mother, worn with ceaseless watching and anxiety, was thrown upon a sick bed. Her life was in little danger, the physician assured Mr. Davenant, provided she was kept very quiet, and that the permanent convalescence of her son effectually dispelled the terror to which, in her weak state, she had nearly succumbed.

Mr. Davenant's grief for his wife's illness was rendered more poignant, forasmuch that it delayed the departure of the family for Clare Priory. He had, and for good reason, become nervously impatient to be gone. One day, and whilst his son's life still trembled in the balance, the nursery-maid, who seemed much excited, asked to speak with him in private. She declared that having accidentally, and for the first time, met the White House ladies, she was almost sure, though her hair was brown, not black, and her complexion fair instead of dark, that one of them was the pretended gipsy that had given the cherries to the child. She knew they were the White House people from a labouring man who saw them pass by. The girl could give no decisive reason for her strongly expressed belief; could not say there was any peculiar mark in the woman's face by which she recognised her; but was not for that the less positive, that the youngest and tallest of the two ladies was the person who, disguised as a gipsy,

had given the poisoned cherries to the child. Mr. Davenant was greatly startled, shocked, notwithstanding that his own suspicions had pointed in that direction. Mr. Brookes, an attorney, was sent for, and advised with as to whether any legal steps based upon the girl's statement ought to be taken. The lawyer thought not. In the first place, there was no legal evidence that the child had been poisoned by the cherries, and were it otherwise, the nurse-maid's uncorroborated belief would not justify Mr. Davenant in charging Miss Curteis or Lucy Burton with a capital crime. It was resolved consequently not to move in the matter. The nursery-maid, Susan Cole's, glib tongue could not be silenced, and her bold accusation was known to hundreds of persons before many hours had gone by. This fact is an important one.

Strict orders were given that, on no account or pretence, the child should be taken for a moment beyond the walls of Elm Lodge and the enclosed gardens, and nothing happened for about three weeks; by which time little Lionel was perfectly restored to health, and his mother had so far recovered that she could sit up, though still too weak to leave her chamber. She was still suffering under extreme nervous irritation—haunted by vague fears for the safety of her child—and although one of her sisters, or her mother, was always with her, she could not endure that Mr. Davenant should be one minute absent from the house. The fond husband humoured his wife's nervous whims to the letter. One day, however, business of great importance required his presence at Diss: he should not be detained there more than two hours at most; three hours consequently would be the duration of his absence from home. And in order to account for absenting himself from the invalid for so unusually long a time, he told Mrs. Davenant that he should be busy the whole morning in the library, arranging and classifying a multitude of business papers that had been too long neglected.

At about noon Mr. Davenant started, on horseback, for Diss. Mrs. Saint John was with her daughter, who seemed to be calmer, much more composed, than she had been of late. The physician called as usual, and pronounced her to be decidedly better. At one, or soon after, she sent for her son, conversed

longer than usual; then directed Susan Coles to take the child, the day being fine and warm, into the gardens; but be sure to keep as much as possible in the shade. Soon afterwards Mrs. Davenant dropped asleep, slumbering tranquilly, watched by her mother for nearly two hours. Suddenly her sleep seemed to be disturbed—her bosom heaved—her arms were tossed wildly about; she uttered strange, inarticulate sounds, and Mrs. Saint John was about to forcibly awake her, when she herself violently broke, as it were, the chains of sleep, and raised herself with a start, half up upon the sofa.

"A dream! a dream!" she exclaimed directly she could realize being awake. "Thank God—a dream! Where is Davenant? Ring the bell, dear mamma! He is at home, of course; Lionel with him. To be sure; there can be no doubt of it. Ring again, mamma: how slow they are!"

"Tell Mr. Davenant," said she, speaking quick and sharp to the footman who answered the bell, "tell Mr. Davenant—he is in the library—to come here immediately."

The man hesitated, looking confused, then blurted out that his master was not yet returned from Diss.

"From Diss! Gone to Diss!" screamed Mrs. Davenant, in wild excitement. "Where, then, is my son? Where is Coles? Find them, send them to me this instant! Mother," she added, turning suddenly upon Mrs. Saint John—grasping that lady by the shoulder to support herself, it seemed, for she shook in every limb—"mother, the dream is true! My boy is murdered—murdered in the garden!" She then sank down fainting, gasping for breath, upon the sofa.

The opening of the door and entrance of the housekeeper roused Mrs. Davenant, and rallied her sinking faculties.

"My son!" she exclaimed. "Lionel; where is he?—where is Coles?"

The housekeeper, who was herself painfully agitated, said that, about two hours previously, Susan Coles had taken the child into the gardens, where, no doubt, they still were, as no one, it appeared, had seen them re-enter the house. Servants had been dispatched in search.

"He is murdered! My boy, my beautiful is murdered!" screamed the fear-frenzied lady. "I will pass!" she added, pushing aside Mrs. Saint John, who

strove to detain her, and darting out of the room. "My child has been murdered—lies dead in the garden!"

A terrible truth, whether revealed or not to the mother in a dream, with respect to which it is not necessary to offer an opinion.

Stark upon the ground, in a carefully kept trellised arbour, at the further end of the extensive grounds, and near which was a gate, supposed to be always locked, lay the bodies of the child, Lionel Davenant, and Susan Coles. Medical authority decided that they must have been dead at least an hour before the frightful discovery was made.

Coles appeared to have made a perhaps brief, but determined resistance. The instrument of death was a sharp-pointed, horn-handled knife, found upon one of the seats, where no doubt it was purposely left. Round the handle was wound a piece of writing-paper, upon which was inscribed, in pen-printed characters, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Near the girl's feet was found a locket, enclosed in which was a small quantity of light-coloured baby-hair. The black ribbon, by which it had been fastened round the wearer's neck, was broken, probably in the struggle between the assassin and Susan Coles. On his return from Diss, Michael Davenant found his murdered boy lying clasped in the unyielding embrace of his dead wife. The mother and son were, it is stated, placed together in that position in one coffin.

The dire tragedy excited the wildest commotion in Norfolk. Selina Curteis and Lucy Burton were immediately arrested and lodged in prison, spite of their energetic protestations of innocence.

"This is your locket, I think, Lucy Burton," said Mr. Brookes, the attorney, who accompanied the constables to White House.

"Certainly it is," was the prompt reply. "I lost it three months ago, or more. Where did you find it?"

The attorney did not answer, and admitted afterwards that the cool promptitude of the woman surprised and staggered him.

The gate in the arbour was found to be locked; but the key could nowhere be found. It was, after a time, elicited that the servants were in the habit of passing out that way, by which they considerably shortened the distance to Diss, leaving the key in the lock, inside the

gate, and upon their return locking the gate and taking the key into the house. A groom, it was proved, had left by the gate about two hours before the murder was probably committed, and had not returned when the dreadful discovery was made. The assassin had consequently found easy access to the gardens and arbour.

Three servants were kept at White House, one a gardener and man-of-all-work, a housemaid, and woman cook; honest simple creatures all three. The arrest of their mistress and Lucy Burton greatly angered them. They would have it that both were as innocent of the awful crime imputed to them as an unborn child. They even swore that, at the time the murder must have been committed, that is from one to three o'clock in the day, Miss Curteis and Lucy Burton were in the former's bed-room. When, however, that assertion was sifted, it turned out that they believed so, because it was the constant habit of the two women to be there during that period of the day, and they, the servants, had neither seen either go out, nor in any other part of the house.

No black woman's wig was found at White House; but in Miss Curteis's bed-chamber was discovered a mixture for browning the complexion. Sarah Mills, the housemaid, made a statement at the first examination before the magistrates, which told heavily in the general opinion against Lucy Burton. She had seen the locket produced, suspended by a black ribbon round Miss Burton's neck, less than one month before the murder; and neither she nor either of the other servants had ever heard Miss Burton complain or speak of its loss. Upon a subsequent occasion Mills retracted the assertion that she had seen the locket in Lucy Burton's possession so late as a month before her apprehension. It might have been two, three, four months previously when she last saw it. Her memory as to lapse of time was a bad, unreliable one. She did not, however, pretend to remember that Miss Burton had spoken of the loss of the locket. It was known that the servants were kindly treated by Miss Curteis and her companion, who had more control at the White House than the real mistress, and for that reason the housemaid's contradiction of her former evidence went for little.

Ultimately, Lucy Burton was com-

mitted to the next March assize to be holden at Norwich—it was full six months till then—and Selina Curteis as an accessory after the fact. The latter's application to be admitted to bail was refused, not only by the committing magistrates, but by Mr. Justice Grose, before whom she was taken by writ of *habeas corpus*. This rather surprises one; for certainly the strictly legal evidence against her was of the slenderest kind.

Selina Curteis and Lucy Burton had not been many weeks in Norwich gaol, when a rumour gradually spread indicating that one John Lee—commonly called Hump Lee, from a protuberance growing out of the back of his left shoulder—was the assassin of Lionel Davenant and Susan Coles, and that he had perpetrated the deed to be revenged for the death of his own son. Lee—people argued who inclined to the new view of the matter—Lee, if not a gipsy by his habits and pursuits, was unquestionably one by lineage and blood, and was moreover known to be on terms of intimacy with many professional gipsies. Such a man could easily enough have suborned a gipsy woman to give Mr. Davenant's child the poisoned cherries, whilst the motive which might have impelled him to commit the hellish crime was patent to all, and the only wonder was how it happened that suspicion had not from the first pointed to Hump Lee.

The presumptive case made out against Lee seemed a strong one. He was a fellow of fierce passions, known to have savagely avenged but slight injuries many years after they had been committed; and only about eighteen months previous to the murder, Mr. Davenant had been the cause, the entirely blameless cause, of the death of his, Lee's, only child, a cripple, about nine years of age. The circumstances were these: Mr. Davenant was out in a buggy, as a peculiarly-built gig was called in those days, driving himself. As he was passing, at a swift pace along a narrow lane, the end of another narrow lane, a horse, upon which was Lee's son, galloping at furious speed, ran full butt against the body of the buggy. The collision was so violent that the vehicle was nearly overturned; the horse was killed on the spot, and the lad Lee, hurled with stunning violence upon the hard ground, died of the injuries he received, a very few hours afterwards. Not the faintest blame rested upon Mr. Davenant, yet many times

since the accident, Hump Lee—who was a market-gardener, in tolerably easy circumstances—had been heard when drunk, as he often was, to speak in ferocious terms of that gentleman, and vow that he would one day be revenged for the death of his boy. The phrase "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," printed on the piece of paper, was held by many persons to be strong corroborative proof that he was the criminal. And as to the locket, might not he have found it, and knowing the inimical relations which subsisted between the ladies of White House and Mr. Davenant, have dropt it in the arbour in order to divert suspicion from himself to them? Public clamour waxed before long so fierce against Lee, that he was arrested on the charge of wilful murder, and taken before the county magistrates sitting in petty session. There he contrived to immensely strengthen the case against him, by setting up an *alibi* which completely broke down. One of the fellows whom his wife, it was thought, had bribed to swear her husband through it, was committed for perjury, and Lee himself, by the decision of a majority of the magistrates, sent for trial on the capital charge.

The ablest counsel on the circuit had been engaged for the White House ladies, and luckily for Lucy Burton her trial came on first. The defence suggested was, of course, that Lee, not the prisoner under trial, was the guilty party. It prevailed. The judge summed up in her favour, and the jury, though not till after prolonged hesitation, returned a verdict of Not Guilty. After that, the arraignment of Selina Curteis, as an accessory after the fact, was a mere matter of form.

The following day Lee was placed at the bar. He, too, was defended by able counsel, and so early and completely under their management did the case against him break down, that the judge, with the full concurrence of the jury, stopped the trial, a verdict of acquittal was recorded, and his lordship expressed, in sharp terms, his opinion that the accused ought not to have been put upon his trial.

Selina Curteis and Lucy Burton died at White House within a few months

of each other, whilst both were still young women. They were often seen sitting by each other on the spot where Davenant had observed them intently watching him, his wife, and child. The scene of the murder appeared to possess an irresistible fascination for them both. For hours together they would sit like statues, gazing in stony silence, people said, in that one direction. Lucy Burton, who survived Miss Curteis, continued to do so alone, and died, according to one report, in her chair, whilst so gazing. Public opinion continued to the last much divided as to the guilt or innocence of the women at White House. Both of them embraced the Romish faith very soon after their acquittal at Norwich, and that constant gazing upon the scene of the murder was supposed, by persons who judged them unfavourably, to be an expiatory penance imposed upon them. It was known also that Miss Curteis paid large sums for masses to be said for the repose of the souls of Mrs. Davenant, her son, and Susan Coles. That, however, could hardly be twisted into a proof of guilt. One circumstance was thought to weigh heavily against them. Lucy Burton's brothers, by whom she had been much beloved, and who had been with her at White House the very day previous to the murder, would never see her, never speak to or of her afterwards. Had they perchance—people asked themselves, when balancing the *pros* and *cons* of the sad story—had they perchance seen the locket in their sister's possession at that last interview?

Michael Davenant shut up Elms Lodge, and went abroad soon after the trials at Norwich. It was remarked that he did not employ counsel against Lucy Burton or Selina Curteis, but did to prosecute Lee; and that he had always appeared anxious to fix him with the crime. That wish, as it were, to believe in Lee's guilt, might have been prompted by a restless anxiety to chase from his mind the torturing thought that if the women were the assassins, it was he himself who kindled in their hearts the fires of hate and vengeance.

He, too, died young, in his twenty-seventh year, at Berlin—the last of the Norfolk Davenants.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.—PART I.

HAIR, that most imperishable of all the component parts of our mortal bodies, has always been regarded as a cherished memorial of the absent or lost. Impressed with this idea, it appears to us but natural, that of all "parlour occupations," the manufacture of ornaments in hair must be one of the most interesting. Why should we confide to others the precious lock or tress we prize, risking its being lost, and the hair of some other person being substituted for it, when, with a little attention, we may ourselves weave it into the ornament we desire? And the dainty and very tasteful handling hair-work requires, renders it as truly feminine an occupation as the finest crochet or the richest embroidery.

We must commence our instructions by premising that on the length of the lock or tress of hair will depend the use which can be made of it. Hair from one inch to three in length is only adapted for devices. Hair of three to six inches in length may be used for chains, because a chain can be worked in any number of separate portions and united by gold slides; or for ear-rings, made of some very fine plait and worked in two parts. A ring or an earring worked in one hoop requires a length of eight inches. Brooches may be made from hair of various lengths, according to the pattern, and also to the size and kind of plait; devices are much used for brooches, and as we have already said, these can be made of quite short hair. A handsome full-sized bracelet requires twenty or twenty-four-inch hair. Of course bracelets can be worked in pieces and united by slides or by caps linked together, and then twelve-inch hair will suffice; or they may be worked on smaller moulds, and several lengths braided or twisted together, in which case eighteen-inch hair will often suffice. Joining hair is a very tedious operation, and, at best, unsatisfactory, for as each hair must be separately fastened on to the one which it is destined to lengthen, the smoothness and neat appearance of the fabric is not improved by the knots, however neat they may be made; while if the ends are cut off closely the knot is liable to give way, and if they are left they give a bristly

look to the plait, and totally mar its beauty.

In working hair the great thing to be observed is that there shall be nothing to fray or roughen the strands; therefore it is always best to use the proper hair-work table. This may be made of stained wood or mahogany, and is very simple, consisting only of a circular top about fourteen inches in diameter, and four thin legs. The whole table should be turned and polished, so that it may be *perfectly smooth*. It should stand about three feet in height. In the centre of the top must be a circular hole about five inches in diameter, surrounded by a moulding, which, interiorly, rises about an inch, and exteriorly slopes down to the surface of the table. A small brass hook must be inserted in the inside of this hole just below the moulding.

About three dozen leaden weights, each weighing about three quarters of an ounce, will be required; they must all be equally heavy, and shaped like the following diagram. A skein of strong silk or twist, a little shellac melted and rolled into a stick, and a brass tube or wire of the proper size for the pattern, will complete the list of requisites for the work. These tubes or wires may be obtained at any brass-founder's; they should be about ten or twelve inches in length, and *must be perfectly smooth* and polished, both at the ends and over the whole surface.



We now come to the hair: The first thing to be done is to cleanse it, and for this purpose the ends must be evenly arranged and the lock or tress straightened smoothly out; then each extremity firmly bound with thread, care being taken that every hair is secured by the ligature. Dissolve a bit of soda, the size of a bean, in about a pint of water, immerse the hair fairly in it, and boil it for ten or twelve minutes; take it out, shake it, and hang it up to dry in the air. When quite dry it is ready for use. Now, take as many weights as there are strands in the pattern about to be worked; attach about twelve inches of twist to each weight, tying them round the neck, and lay them side by side round the table

with the ends of twist hanging down. Take the tress, and without untying the threads which fasten the extremities, draw from it the number of hairs required for a strand; take each hair up separately, and arrange them between the finger and thumb so that all the ends shall be even, and then knot the strand thus formed on to one of the pieces of twist; repeat this until all the strands are formed and each attached to their separate weights, taking care not to disturb or roughen them during the process. Now, stoop down and carefully ascertain that all the hairs in each strand are of equal length; and if this is the case, gather up all the ends between the finger and thumb, bind them firmly together with strong thread, leaving a loop of thread about an inch long hanging, and cement the accumulated ends firmly with shellac.

The loop of thread is then to be put on the hook in the centre of the table, and the weights lifted off one by one and suffered to hang down. Each strand, as it hangs, must now be again examined to see that no hair in it is looser or tighter than the other, but that all are perfectly smooth and firm. If the weights hang more than ten or twelve inches below the top of the table, wind the twist round the necks and so shorten them, as long ends are apt to get entangled while the pattern is being worked; they can afterwards be let down when requisite. Take now some spare weights, and tie them together to form a central balance-weight—about one to every four or five strands is the ordinary proportion—for there must be enough to maintain the balance without straining or cracking the hair; attach this balance weight to the loop of thread (which is now taken off the hook), and suffer it to hang down in the centre of the hole. Select a tube of the requisite size and put it in the hole, suffering one end to rest on the hook, and set to work.

We trust that our readers will pardon this apparent prolixity; but as the beauty of the work depends entirely upon the nicety of the primary proceedings, we have ventured, even at the risk of appearing tedious, to be thus minute in our directions.

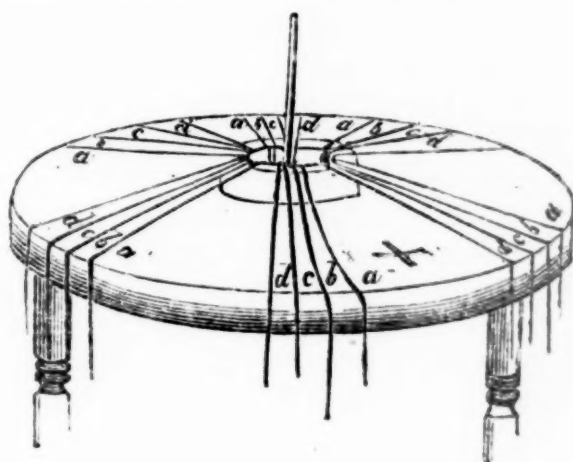
ROULEAU HEAD-DRESS.

This pattern requires twenty-four strands, each containing about thirty or thirty-six hairs of eighteen or twenty-four inches in length—the number of hairs depends on their fineness, and the length

requisite on the thickness of the *rouleau* they are to be woven on. The following cut will give an idea of the proper mode of arranging the strands on the table.

It will be perceived that they are placed in six groups of four each; each group being lettered *a, b, c, d*, with chalk; and that there is a cross of chalk between two of the groups to mark the commencement of each round.

Instead of the tube ordinarily used for weaving the patterns on, a *rouleau* of satin is here substituted of about an inch and a-half or two inches in circumference; the length being a matter regulated by taste and by the length of the hair at disposal. The satin should match the hair



as nearly as may be. The *rouleau* must be evenly made, and should be stuffed with cotton wool, so as to be firm and not hard; a strong wire must be passed through the centre of it to keep it erect while it is being worked over, and to maintain it in shape afterwards. Let the lower end rest on the hook, and the strands being in due order, commence thus:—*1st Round*.—Take strand *d*, the one immediately on the right of the cross, and carry it over strands *a* and *b* on the left of the cross, lay it down in the place of strand *c*, and move this latter on to the *d* next to it, while strand *d*, which before was lying there, is to be lifted and carried on to replace strand *c* in the second group to the left, that strand *c* moving into the place of strand *d* next to it, which latter is to be carried on to the third group in a similar manner: work thus through each group until the one immediately on the right of the cross is reached and filled up.

2nd Round.—Take strand *a*, immediately on the left of the cross, and carry it over strands *d* and *c* in the group to the right of the cross; lay it down in the place of strand *b*, move this latter on to the *a* next to it, and lift the strand before

lying there over *d* and *c* of the second group to the right, and put it down on *b*, removing the strand there already to the *a* next it, and carrying strand *a* on to the third group in a similar manner; so work all the groups round to the cross again.

3rd Round is like the first, and worked towards the left.

4th Round is the same as the second, and worked towards the right.

Continue to work these two rounds alternately until the length required is completed. After about eight or ten rounds are worked, the *rouleau* will be sufficiently clasped by the plait to admit of the end being lifted off the hook; it will then maintain itself in the centre. Be careful to keep the strands smooth and in their proper places, as if they get at all out of order the evenness and beauty of the plait is destroyed.

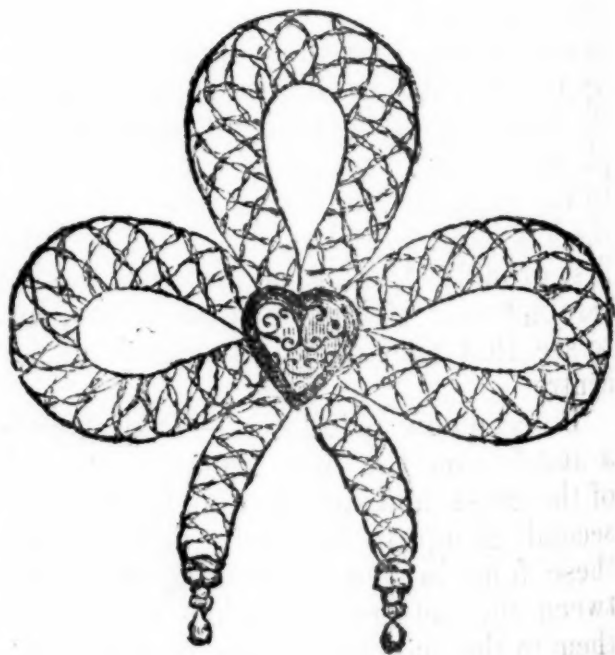
When the requisite length is completed take off the balance-weight (which we omitted to say should always be attached to the loop by a doubly-hooked piece of wire); gather the other weights together on to the table, and cut off the hair close to the twist. Without loss of time bind all these ends of the strands neatly and firmly down to the *rouleau* with a few spare hairs, or with some fine silk exactly the colour of the hair; then cut off the loop and cement from the other extremity, and fasten that off in like manner. Sew the two ends together very neatly, and finish off with a gold button and tassel, or one similar in shade to the hair. Where the double *rouleau* (as given in cut) is made, two tassels will be requisite; but a single *rouleau* for the back of the hair only requires one. Where the double *rouleau* is made, the ends of the longest one which are to meet underneath the smaller, or back *rouleau*, may be tapered off to a point.

A very pretty bracelet may be made with this pattern, by working it with sixteen or twenty strands, of about eighteen or twenty-four hairs each, and on a tube three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Three or four separate lengths of about nine inches each must be worked, and these when braided or twisted together make an effective bracelet. Eighteen-inch hair will be requisite. When this pattern is woven upon a tube, we detach the balance-weight; after the completion of the length, cut off the pieces of twist, and bind the extremities of the hair firmly down on to the tube with strong thread; then cut off the loop and cement from the

other end, and bind down these hairs in a similar manner. The tube, hair and all, must now be immersed in scalding water, and suffered to remain there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the water being kept up to the same heat all the time. When taken out it must be gently squeezed in a soft silk handkerchief, to remove the superfluous moisture, and then hung up to dry slowly.

The thread is detached from each end when the hair is perfectly dry, and the plait gently slid off the tube. A length of elastic wire (about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches) must now be drawn through the centre of each plait, and the ends of hair gathered up at each extremity and cemented together to the elastic with shellac. The plaits must next be all cemented firmly together at one end, and braided, or twisted into a cable, and then the other extremities cemented together. It is now ready for the gold cups which are to connect it with the snap or clasp. These may be fixed on with melted cement, or sent to a jeweller to complete.

This brooch is to be worked in five lengths, three of which—those for the bows—are to measure three inches each, and the other two (those for the ends) two inches each. Lighter weights must be



used, and for this purpose leaden bullets of a quarter of an ounce each will do, if a groove be made round them to receive the twist.

Twenty-eight strands of six or nine hairs each, depending on the fineness of the hair, must be prepared according to the instructions already given at page 4. These strands are to be arranged in groups of four; each group being lettered *a b c d*, on the table, and a cross is to be made

between two of the groups, to mark the place for commencing each round, as in cut of the table and strands in page 137.

1st Round.—Commence with the first group immediately on the right of the cross. Take strand *d* (or the fourth one) in the right hand, and strand *c* in the left hand, pass the former *over* the latter, and lay them down in each other's places: take strand *a* in the left hand, and strand *b* in the right hand, and pass the former *under* the latter, moving strand *b* into the place of *a*, while the original strand *a*, instead of being laid down on *b*, is carried over strand *c*, and takes its place, this latter passing under it, and becoming *b*. Proceed now to the second group, and weave it in the same way—viz., passing *d* over *c*, and bringing *a* under *b* and over *c*. Continue thus through each group, until the cross is reached. This round is worked to the *right*.

2nd Round.—Take two strands from the group on the right, and two from the one on the left of the cross, and arrange them into a group in the space which intervenes between the two lettered groups, and work them exactly as in the previous round, viz., passing the fourth, or right-hand strand, over the third, and the first, or left-hand strand, under the second and over the third, then raise up two strands in each hand, draw the woven plait gently up to the tube in the centre, and restore the two strands in the right hand to their places on the *a* and *b* of the first group to the right of the cross, and the two in the left hand to the vacant *d* and *c* in the first group to the left of the cross, taking care not to twist or misplace them, but to see that they come straight from the centre.

Proceed now as follows:—Take strands *a* and *b* from the first group to the left of the cross, and strands *d* and *c* from the second group to the left, and arrange these four in the intervening space between the letters on either side, work them in the manner we have just directed, gently draw the knot or plait thus woven up to the tube, and replace the strands; continue to repeat this all round until the cross is reached. This round is worked to the *left*.

These two rounds constitute the whole pattern, and are to be repeated alternately, first working towards the right and using the original groups, and then working towards the left, and compounding each group. Eight-inch hair will be long enough for weaving the brooch. The tube

in the centre must not measure more than an inch in circumference.

A bracelet may likewise be made with this pattern by arranging thirty-two or forty strands in groups of four, and putting twice or thrice as many hairs in each strand. A tube of two inches or rather more in circumference, and hair eighteen or twenty inches in length, will be requisite.

The above pattern may be worked in four-inch hair; it is made in two lengths or plaits each measuring an inch and a quarter. Eighteen hairs will be required for each strand, and a fine wire must be substituted for the central tube: the ordinary weights may be used. Draw on the table with white chalk sixteen lines radiating from the centre like the spokes of a wheel. Arrange these lines in pairs, so that each pair shall be equidistant, and exactly parallel with, or opposite to another pair. Letter that pair of lines exactly at the centre of the bottom of the table, or the part close to us, and their opposites, or those exactly at the centre of the top of the table, *a*. Letter the pairs immediately in the centres of the right and the left-hand sides of the table *b*: letter the pair between the bottom *a* and the right hand *b* and those opposite *c*: letter the pair between the bottom *a* and the left-hand *b* and those opposite *d*.

Having carefully prepared the strands in the proper way, and attached the balance weights, lay a strand on each of the sixteen lines, and commence as follows:—

Take up the two strands or the pair at bottom lettered *a*, and turn them over into the places of the pair at the top lettered *a*, laying them down just inside those already there, and lifting those from the top back to fill the vacant lines at bottom; take up the pair from the *b* on the right hand side, and lay them down inside the pair lettered *b* on the left-hand side, bringing these latter back to fill the vacant lines on the right: now take the pair from the bottom *c*, and transfer them to the position occupied by their opposites, bringing the others back to the empty lines: lastly, work those from the bottom *d* over into the places of the pair opposite to them, and bring those from the upper *d* back: recommence with the bottom *a*, and repeat the pattern until the length is completed, always taking care to lay down



EAR-RING.

the pair of strands carried over inside those we are going to take back. They can be shifted on to the lines with a slight touch of the fingers as we remove the others.

It will be best to stand to work this pattern, as its beauty depends so much upon the strands being lifted clearly and smoothly over, without being pulled, jerked, or twisted, or got at all out of order or place. It will also be advisable to designate the lower *a* in some way, so that we may, by knowing it, work the pairs in their regular order. A capital *A* can be substituted for the small *a*; otherwise, should we be called away while working, and the table be accidentally moved, we may on our return inadvertently reverse the pattern by commencing from the top *a*, and so entirely spoil it.

When done, the plait must be scalded on the wire, dried, slid off, and cemented at either end as neatly as possible. The gold caps and wire for the ear, as well as the drop and slide at the bottom, are of course jewellers' work.

The ear-ring may be worked in a single length of two inches and a half when eight or nine-inch hair can be commanded for the purpose. The ornament at the bottom can then be dispensed with.

Filagree gold-work is, in our opinion, best suited to hair ornaments, as harmonizing most with their lightness of fabric and appearance. But of course these things are matters of taste.

A nice watch-guard may be made from this pattern, by using a finer wire, and putting only ten or twelve hairs in each strand. It can be worked with any length of hair, not under five or six inches, as a guard can always be made in separate pieces, and joined together by gold slides. Eight or ten-inch hair is the best for a guard; the great objection to short hair being the expense a number of gold slides entails.

It may at first sight appear that the altering and twisting and weaving about of the strands, in order to form a pattern, must be a very tedious and complicated affair; but it is astonishing how soon the fingers habituate themselves to their work, and twine the strands in and out as easily as they propel a crochet-hook through the mazes of some intricate pattern. Nevertheless, we should not advise beginners too rashly to peril the safety of some precious, treasured lock of hair. If our readers will be guided by us, they will take a hat-box or muff-box, and set

it on a small round table, and pin to the centre of it, with a strong corking-pin, as many yard-lengths of smooth fine twine as there are strands in the pattern they select to practise on; they will then weight each length as if it were a strand, put a tube or pencil in the centre, and practise away until a certain degree of proficiency is acquired—for, as in all other things, it is "practice makes perfect."

When the learner begins to feel some little confidence in her skill, let her purchase a small tress of hair at any hair-dresser's, and go through the whole process of cleansing it, forming it into strands, arranging the strands on the table, and weaving a pattern with them. Then let her scald the work, suffer it to dry, slide it off the tube, cement it at each end, and she will be enabled to perceive what progress she has actually made, and to judge for herself whether or not she dare venture to trust her skill with the manufacture of the particular tress which she is desirous of weaving into an ornament destined for her own wear, or to be presented to some friend or relative. We do not expect to become at once skilful in embroidery, or learned in the mysteries of crochet; neither can we hope to attain to a proficiency in hair-work without attention and practice. Few things worth knowing, or worth having, are accomplished by a *coup de main*.

PATTERN FOR A WATCH-GUARD.

Draw ten equidistant lines on the table, radiating from the centre; let them be arranged so that five are exactly parallel with the other five, crossing the table in a direct manner.

Make ten strands of eighteen hairs each, and arrange them on the ten lines; put a fine wire in the centre. Letter the lines thus: the central top and bottom lines are both to be *a* (marking the bottom one by a capital *A*); the line immediately to the left of the bottom *A* is to be called *c*; the second to the left is to be *e*; the third to the left *b*; and the fourth to the left *d*; their opposites each receive a similar letter. Thus, commencing from the centre at the bottom, and going round the table towards the left, we find *A*, *c*, *e*, *b*, *d*; then comes the central top line *a*, and after it *c*, *e*, *b*, *d*. Stand up, and work towards the left, always moving the strands round the table, and never lifting them across.

Move strand *A* half round the table to the place of strand *a* at the top, which latter strand is to traverse the remainder of the circle in order to reach the vacant *A*. Move strand *b* from the right side round to the place of *b* on the left, bringing this latter round the upper half of the circle to the vacated *b*. Proceed then to the top or right-hand *c*, and work

that down to the lower *c*, moving the latter upwards, over the other half of the circle, on to the vacant line; then take the *d*'s, and then the *e*'s, and move them round from right to left; recommence with the *A a*, and repeat until the length is completed, always taking the strands in alphabetical order.

A TRAGEDY IN A COAL-PIT.

ABOUT seven years ago, when the old Lady-well shaft, in South Staffordshire, was high worked out, and there were galleries and galleries stretching out, the men said, for miles of old workings, which they, or even their fathers before them, knew nothing of, and could not find their way about, it was determined by our owners to sink a fresh shaft and commence working the other side of the hill, and so leave off working the old mine, for ominous rumours of choke-damp and falling roof warned them that it would not be safe much longer. Accordingly the new works were begun; they found a thick seam, and very soon they were in full operation, and the old mine deserted. The viewers told the men to avoid the side nearest the old workings, but the seam ran that way, and the men worked and worked, till at last they broke in in one or two small places, and these the viewers had closed in as soon as possible.

There was at that time in our employ, as viewer, or overseer, a man of the name of Timmins, a rigid Wesleyan, and a good workman, but of a reserved and morose temper, and with whom the men did not much care to meddle. They often said Black Jack, for such was the nickname he went by, was not right in his head, and indeed his manner was at times eccentric; but, as I before said, he was a most excellent hand in the pit, and that was all his employers wanted.

About this time the small-pox commenced its ravages dreadfully in this neighbourhood, and Timmins's wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, became one of its first victims, being carried off in a very short time.

This loss seemed quite to have changed

the man. From a stern religionist, he turned to drink, and no one was more reckless, more debauched and degraded.

His employers remonstrated with him, and told him they should be obliged to part; that he was only setting the men a bad example instead of keeping them out of danger; but remonstrance was thrown away, and finally they were obliged to tell him that at the end of the week he would be discharged. He went to his work, but after a day or so he was missed, and when pay-night came he did not appear at the table, so the cashier said—

"I suppose Timmins is drunk again, he'll come some other time."

But the men shook their heads darkly, and said among themselves, they never thought any good would come of Black Jack.

Now it happened about this time there was appointed to our mine a new manager, for the former one was too old, and superannuated. He came from the coal-fields in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and was a widower, with one daughter. Mr. Woodward soon showed himself a clever man, and from the kindness and geniality of his temper made himself beloved amongst the men, a race always grateful for kindness. His daughter Meta was seventeen, and possessed one of those charming English faces which to look at was to love. Her bright auburn curls clustered round a fair open brow, dove-like eyes, and a sweet mouth, expressed the gentleness of the spirit within. Meta's features might not separately have been regular, but, taken as a whole, the effect was perfect. Her looks, however, were not her only recommenda-

tion—her sweet disposition, kindness of heart, and charity, endeared her to all her friends. She often visited the works with her father, and begged him to let her descend the mine, but he refused. Constant dropping, they say, will wear away a stone, and so Meta's supplication must have worn away her father's resolution, for one day it was settled that Meta should descend with her father and a pitman and explore the mine. They arrived at the new shaft about noon, and, after the cage had been arranged, Mr. Woodward, his daughter, and a miner named Baccup, descended. They were each provided with candles, and, arriving at the bottom, proceeded to visit the men in their several workings. They had been into several, and were thinking of returning, when, just as they came to an intercepting gallery, a violent gust of wind extinguished all their three candles, and left them in perfect darkness. For the first few moments no one spoke, and then Mr. Woodward encouraged his daughter, by telling her that, although doubtless very untoward to be left without a light, still there could be no possible danger, as all they would have to do was to keep straight forward, and they would come to the foot of the shaft, and most likely some of the men would meet or overtake them, when they could procure a light. Acting on this suggestion, they continued walking on. When they had entered the pit with their lights, and were full of confidence, the distance appeared short, but now in the pitchy Egyptian darkness it seemed as if they could never find their way out. Minutes seemed lengthened into hours, and still they walked, and walked, and seemed no nearer their destination. At length Meta's delicate frame succumbed to the unwonted exertion, and she exclaimed—

"Papa, I can go no further; leave me, and seek a light; I will remain until your return."

"I can't, my child," he replied; "I will remain with you, but Baccup can go and bring assistance."

At this moment he felt Baccup's hand gently draw him on one side, and a voice whispered in his ear—

"I don't like to alarm Miss Woodward, sir, but I'm afraid we have wandered into the old workings, and if so we are lost."

"No, no, that can't be," replied the now terrified father, "for we could hardly have got in when all the breaks were closed."

"I heard the men say at the pit's-mouth this morning that there had been a great break in the night, but I did not think we should have come this side," replied the man.

"God forbid we should be in these workings; but if so they will miss us, guess where we are, and search for us."

"How can each separate party know but that we have gone up with the other? It will be only when we are missed at home that they will think what can have become of us, and before then it will be too late."

Mr. Woodward felt the full force of all this, but he would not give way, so he said aloud to Baccup—

"It won't do for us to separate, I think, after all, so you and I will manage to carry my daughter between us, and reach the shaft."

The man complied, and raising the young girl between them, they again essayed to find their doubtful way. But soon the road became rough and broken, and they could now realize that they had indeed wandered from the right track and were lost in the old galleries. At length the strong men could go on no further, and laying the young girl down, the father seated himself by her, and said—

"Meta, darling, we have wandered from the right track; it would be useless going further in this darkness, as we don't know but we may be only wandering further from the aid and assistance that will be shortly seeking us."

"I don't know how it is papa, but I feel a firm conviction that I shall never reach home alive. I pray that you may be spared, for it was my folly that brought us all here."

The father gently chid his child for feeling so gloomy, and comforted her as well as he could, for he felt all the time black despair settling at his heart, for now for the first time he realized the peril they really stood in.

Hours passed, and still no signs of the promised assistance; their strength began to fail, for where is there anything that robs one of all strength of purpose and of body as when the bright goddess Hope takes her departure? It was just at a moment when Mr. Woodward felt his senses leaving him with anguish, that Meta exclaimed—

"Papa! is that a star I see shining in the distance?"

They looked and beheld a faint glimmer

of light. Hope immediately sprung up again in their minds.

They raise a feeble shout, but far from answering their hopes of expediting the assistance they stood so much in need of, it seemed to have a contrary effect, for the light immediately disappeared.

"It can only be the effect of imagination," sighed Meta.

"Hush!" said Baccup; "keep silence, and see what comes of it."

Shortly the light began to glimmer again, and presently they could perceive a figure approach them—it was that of a man almost a skeleton. His black locks hung down to his waist, whilst in his eyes the fires of insanity gleamed and flashed.

"'Tis Black Jack," whispered Baccup.

And then they heard the madman exclaim—

"Who is it that invades my last home, when after taking all I held near and dear, drove me from the earth, and even in hell can't let me rest?"

He approached, and suddenly his eyes fell on Meta, lying on the ground insensible.

"Mary, my darling, are you returned to comfort me?—you come back to— Ha, ha! I see the halo round her head. Men nor devils sha'n't part us!" and rushing forward, he raised the fainting girl in his arms and fled swiftly away.

The two men fled, as well as they could, guided by the sound of the maniac's foot-

steps, and the occasional glimmer of his lamp, but after their exhaustion they were no match for the frenzied speed of the madman. They gradually lost him, but still keeping on in the same direction, they saw a gleam of light, and presently arrived at the foot of an old disused shaft. To the sides of this shaft there had been ladders fixed down by which the miners in the olden time ascended as well as descended into the pit, but they were decayed and frail. Nevertheless it was evident that up this dangerous ascent the maniac had fled with his burden.

The two men looked at each other in dismay, and then prepared to ascend. After a struggle they reached the top, and the first thing that met their eyes was Meta lying on the ground insensible, and Timmins emerging from a ruined out-house with a vessel of water in his hand. He advanced towards the form of the unconscious girl, but the moment his eyes fell on the approaching figures of the two men—

"Wretches!" he exclaimed, "I thought I had distanced you; but never mind, you shan't part us again—she is my own, my beautiful, my bride!"

And before the agonized father or the astonished miner could interfere, he had seized the poor girl in his arms, rushed to the pit's-mouth, and jumped down, full three hundred feet, whence the mangled bodies of the maniac and his victim were taken out that night.

PERILS AND DISASTERS.

By LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R.N.

No. 4.—IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE greatest of circumnavigators, Captain Cook, having reached $59^{\circ} 13' 30''$ south, when he discovered the island which he termed Sandwich Island, in honour of the then First Lord of the Admiralty, and Southern Thule, "because it is the most southern land that has ever yet been discovered," was rash enough to venture into the regions of prophecy, and record his opinion that "no man will ever venture further than I have done, and that the lands which lie to the south will never be explored. Lands doomed by Nature to perpetual frigidness; never to feel the warmth of the sun's rays, the horrible and savage aspect of which I have not words to describe." Subsequent events have falsified Captain Cook's prophecy. Daring enterprise has unveiled many of the secrets of the mysterious Antarctic region, and obtained glimpses faint, indistinct, of the region immediately about the South Pole; but it is not the less true now, as throughout the historic ages of the world, that the country solitudes of the extreme south are undisturbed by the presence of man, the penguin and the seal crowd the desolate shores in unmolested life; the screams of the petrel and albatross, and the roar of perpetual storms, and crash of ice alone break the dead silence, as the volcano shoots aloft its columns of fire, the hills of ice and snow enlarge themselves, the mighty agencies of frost and fire will continue their appointed work, until, as geologists predict, the Polar regions shall again (?) in the wondrous cycle of terrestrial change, share in the beauty and fertility of the zones now gladdened, vivified by the sun!

Let us not indulge in a foolish vacant laugh at such dreams. The mists of familiarity blind us to the incomprehensibilities in which we all live and move and have our being; but they who go down to the sea in ships do indeed behold with awe and wonder the works of the Lord; and nowhere more strikingly than in that great solemn Southern Ocean into whose soundless depths, as I am about to show you, so many gallant English ships have gone down. Consider for a moment that it is there the tidal

wave which flows over the globe, upheaves itself every twelve hours. Let us watch its course. The resistless movement originating in the Antarctic Circle quickly reaches New Zealand and other islands of the circumpolar seas. Say that it passes Van Diemen's Land at noon, in twelve hours more, so swift is its progress, it will have swept past the western shores, and a short time after it will be rushing a furious wave up the great rivers of Southern India. It was this wave which so astonished the Macedonian conqueror, dashing as it did into the Indus, at a crested height of forty feet. He who had only witnessed the feeble tides of the Mediterranean! To him it was a terror, a mystery, an instance of the supernatural marvels of the East.

Another division of the same wave taking a westerly course, reaches the Cape of Good Hope, and sweeping round the promontory, careers along the vast valley of the Atlantic. In another twelve hours the Southern wave has made high water at Newfoundland. Then it turns eastward, and eight hours afterwards is giving high water at Cherbourg, and the Cove of Cork. Then another separation takes place. One stream makes up the Channel, and at about the thirty-sixth hour from the first upheaval in the Southern Sea it is high water in all the British harbours. In some waters this miraculous wave (there is no other phrase which can characterize it) is called a Bore. This is easily distinguishable when the mighty tidal wave reaches shallow water. When the wave forces its impetuous way along the Bristol Channel it mounts higher and higher as the depth diminishes and at last rushes into the Severn a wave ten feet in height.

Such are a few, a very few, of the phenomena exhibited by the great tidal wave; and when we reflect that a continuous series of these waves, no intermission, no pause, and exactly twelve hours apart, are on their way from the south to the north, the wondrous and provident Power by which the movement is initiated, sustained, dazzles, confounds

us with its might, its mystery. Into that marvellous region, that solemn sea, which, till lately, in the life of the world remained unknown since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, I am about to introduce the reader.

It may not be uninteresting to add, by the way, that Alexander Dalrymple, a contemporary of Cook's, had long entertained a belief in the existence of a Southern continent, and often pestered the Government to fit out an expedition to colonize the to-be-discovered continent. Unmindful of Mrs. Glass's celebrated axiom, to catch your hare before determining how to cook it, Dalrymple turned legislator for the terra incognita, drew up a regular Code-Dalrymple for its government, the salient principles of which were that women were to have equal political privileges with men; all lawyers, upon discovery of their profession, to be forthwith consigned to jail for life; bachelors and maids who perversely refused to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony were to pay all the taxes; there was to be only copper money, and the public expenses were to be audited at the churches and chapels every Sunday. Ah, well! there have been as amiable simpletons as Alexander Dalrymple: Robert Owen and Company to wit. Dalrymple, who would seem to have been only mad when the wind was southerly, was hydrographer to the Admiralty, and fairly acquitted himself in that capacity.

I must introduce the voyage of the *Condor* and the *Reindeer* by a few further preliminary observations, illustrative of Michelet's assertion that it is the sealmen and whalers who have really discovered the globe. After Captain Cook's last voyage not much advance was made in Antarctic exploration till in the first years of the present century. In 1819, Captain Smith, whilst sailing from Monte Video to Valparaiso, saw a long line of coast in latitude 62°. He forwarded a report to the captain of the *Andromache*, then lying at Valparaiso, who sent an expedition to verify Smith's report and survey the land. It was found to consist of a group of twelve principal islands, encircled by numerous rocks and rocky islets. These are now known as the South Shetlands. In 1820 James Weddell discovered the South Orkneys. Powell and Palmer made discoveries about this period. In 1822 two small vessels, respectively commanded by James Weddell

and Thomas Brisbane, one of 160 tons burthen, the other of sixty, sailed on a sealing voyage to the South Seas. These mariners proved the non-existence of an imaginary continent connecting Sandwich Island and the South Shetlands. Weddell anchored at South Georgia in March. There he and his fellow-skipper speedily filled their vessels. It was an El Dorado. "In the course of a few years," writes Weddell, "South Georgia furnished more than a million of seal-skins, and 30,000 tons of oil to the London market, and Kesquelin Island proved quite as profitable. During the time these two islands have been resorted to by traders, more than three thousand tons of shipping and upwards of five hundred seamen have been engaged in the traffic."

Attracted by these reports, Messrs. Enderby sent out a brig and cutter, the *Tula* and *Lively*, commanded in chief by Captain Biscoe. In January, 1831, he discovered an island in latitude 58° 25', which he describes as terrific, being nothing more than a complete rock covered with ice, snow, and dense clouds, so that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. But that desolate climate had its compensation, so far as the eye and the imagination were concerned. "In the night an aurora borealis shone forth over our heads in the form of splendid columns, then changing to the semblance of the fringe of a curtain, and shooting across the sky like a glittering serpent—not apparently many yards above us. It was the most magnificent phenomenon of of the kind I had ever seen, and though the ship was in considerable danger, running with a stiff breeze and much environed with ice, the crew could not be kept from looking to the heavens instead of attending to the course of the ship."

Great efforts were made to reach land, but the opposition of winds and currents was too powerful. The health of the crews suffered from cold and exposure: many died. The purpose of the voyage was, however, well achieved, the vessels were laden with skins and seal-oil, and were sailing homeward, when the *Lively* suddenly foundered during a dark night. She was about two leagues distant from the *Tula*, but no cry was heard from the sinking ship, and the only token of the disaster was that the light she carried suddenly disappeared. This might have been variously accounted for, but it excited the anxious solicitude of Captain Biscoe, who lay-to during the remainder

of the night. It was well he did so, though he succeeded in saving only two lives, one of which was that of Robert Chenies, afterwards captain of the *Condor*, whaling-ship, and the hero of some of the most extraordinary adventures that ever befel a human being. But that Alexander Selkirk and Defoe lived and wrote long before his time, one might suppose that the world-known Robinson Crusoe had been suggested by his experiences. Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road, by the way, was partly built by him, and named by himself in his own honour.

Chenies, mate of the *Lively*, and a man whose name is not recorded, were found, scarcely alive, clinging to a spar. All the rest of the crew had perished. They both reached England in the *Tula*, and a firm of shipowners, named Collard and Company, to whom Chenies obtained an introduction, were so charmed with his natural shrewdness, his clear insight into things which had come within his observation, especially with his account of the vast profits to be obtained in the South Seas by sperm-whale fishing, that they appointed him commander of the *Condor*, a brig of large tonnage belonging to the firm, and confided to him the fitting out of the ship. The *Condor* was of four hundred tons burthen, lying at the time in the Medway.

The equipment of the *Condor* has served as the model of all subsequent whale-ships, especially whale-ships destined to seek their prey in the Pacific or the South Seas. The capture of the sperm-whale, or *cachelot*—the largest whale known, upon an average twice the bulk of the Greenland whale—being a much more difficult and dangerous business than seeking to capture whales in the North Seas. And here I may be permitted to remark that the throat of the sperm-whale is in proportion to the bulk of the animal, and quite capacious enough to swallow a London alderman, at midnight on the 9th of November. If sceptics have nothing better to object to relative to the Jonah miracle than that North-Sea whales have small gullets, they had better hold their tongues.

The *Condor* was provided with five boats, from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, lightly constructed, with stern and bow shaped alike, that is, very sharply, in order that, when in dangerous proximity with the formidable cachalot, the boat might be backed with greater facility. A seaman's eye and brain had

evidently this young Chenies. These boats, to ensure swiftness, were, as I have said, constructed of slight scantling, and could therefore be easily smashed by the fins, flukes, and especially by the tail of the great sperm-whale. To obviate this danger, Chenies contrived a very simple and effective expedient. He had life-lines fixed on the gunwales of the boats, and if the boat was struck such a blow as would cause her to fill, the oars could be promptly lashed athwart by aid of those lines, and although the boat itself might be quite submerged, she would not sink, but bear up the crew till rescue arrived. It could scarcely happen that a boat would swamp so rapidly that there would not be time to lash oars athwart her gunwales. Many other expedients were devised by the young seaman, for the successful prosecution of the South Sea whale-fishery; and all being completed, the *Condor* sailed for the Pacific with provisions for three years, and a first-rate crew, all or nearly all of them A.B.'s. The wages were high, and that is a bait which, as our Transatlantic cousins know, is all-potent with the British seaman. Chenies may now tell the story of his strange life in his own words. Chenies, I must state, was a man of fair education. He had passed several years at Christ's Hospital:—

"I, from the first," he says in his pamphlet, which may be seen in the British Museum,—“I, from the first of my experience in the Pacific and the South Seas, saw that the seal fishery was as nothing compared with the sperm-whale fishery. The idea took complete possession of my mind. One circumstance was more than any other imprinted it on my memory in characters of fire. A Nantuchet whaler had a full ship. An immense sperm-whale (a mule) had been captured, and what is called ‘trying out’ was going on. ‘Trying out’—a stupid phrase—is melting the blubber of the whale. The cutting up of the whale at the side of the ship usually occupies from ten to twelve hours, when the stripped skeleton is allowed to drop into the sea. The blubber has been carefully separated from the flesh, which flesh yielding an intense heat supplies the furnaces. To witness this process on a dark night is a sight to see. There was the ship—she was the *Jane and Mary*, of Nantuchet—sailing slowly in the misty, moonless, starless night, her furnaces jetting forth flames which

illumine with lurid light the surrounding sea, and if within two or three marine leagues, you see the men busily passing to and fro. It was on a densely dark night that I, on board the *Lively*, four days before she foundered, beheld that sublime spectacle. Well, it struck me as sublime. Herman Melville was not the first man who mentally compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, so engaged, to an orgie of demons, busy in the celebration of some devilish rite. At all events, the circumstance greatly impressed me, and, so to speak, burnt into my mind the enormous value of a fishery which men would encounter such hazards to engage in. For be it remembered, and I knew this whilst watching the goings-on on board the *Jane and Mary*, that the slightest mischance—water falling into the boiling oil, wet blubber by accident or carelessness thrown into the caldrons—and the ship would be instantly in flames. This has often happened. Many a full ship, in the very hey-day of success, has been burned at sea during the operation of trying-out, and not left a rack behind, except it may be a few charred timbers, washed hither and thither by the restless seas.

"This, however, has little to do with my voyage in the *Condor*, except that it made me enthusiastic in the enterprise. There was romance to my excited imagination in the venture, and a splendid romance truly it turned out to be in my own case.

"We sailed on the 9th of April, which happened to be on a Friday. The owners were enlightened gentlemen who laughed at unlucky days, and both wind and tide being favourable, there was no reasonable excuse for delay, and we slipped our moorings.

"We arrived 'all well' in the Pacific, the men in high rollicking spirits. The *Condor* was a model of what a whale-ship should be from stem to stern, from try-works to cutting-falls. Our boats can be dropped into the water at a moment's notice; sharp eyes sweep the sea in all directions, and all listen eagerly for the cry of 'There she spouts!' knowing as we do that sperm-whales are not far off. It is not we only who know the business we are upon and the probable success which will attend our efforts. Countless flocks of birds hover round the ship, knowing by some mysterious instinct that they will soon be provided with abundance of food. But the fish just

beneath the surface of the sea are far more numerous than the birds. For half a mile on every side the water is literally blackened with albacores. They will wait upon the ship for weeks, and unless a gale should rise and force the vessel along at the rate of something like nine knots, will keep up with her. An albacore is about a yard in length, is easily caught, and is excellent eating. The poor flying-fish are frightened into taking their feeble flight in the air, where, if not snapped up by the birds, they are instantly seized and devoured by the hungry albacores the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted and they drop helpless into the sea. How true it is that all Nature is at war; for the albacore has a terrible enemy in his turn; the sword-fish, namely, many of which freelances of the deep make a rush in column, as it were, upon the albacores, transfix them, often two together, with their projecting swords or lances, then shake off the victims and devour them. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim and drives his sword into, and sometimes through, a merchant vessel's side.

"On the 19th October, our look-out man hails in a stentorian voice the officer on deck, which happened to be myself, 'A large school of whales, sir!' 'Where away?' 'Off the weather bow, sir; about three miles distant.'

"In a moment the ship is brimming over with eager life. The boats are let fall manned, all is ready, and away we start upon a chase far more animated—the excitement stimulated by the well-known danger—than ever fox-hunter followed. I will give but one example of a whale-hunt. We have not traversed half the distance from the ship to the school of whales when the huge monsters take the alarm and are off at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. They spout clouds of vapour, which ascend like steam from the valves of a hundred steam-boats, and each leaves a foamy track behind it equal to that made by a ship of moderate tonnage.

"Presently, one fine fellow—a male we are sure from his tremendous bulk—leaps up and displays himself in the air, possibly to reassure the cows and calves—that is to say, female and youngster whales—by the view of their immense protector, the cow whale never reaching to half the size of the bull whale. That vainglorious exhibition is an ill-advised one. We select him for our day's sport and prey;

and a splendid day's fishing it will be if we secure him—the experienced harpooner venturing a confident opinion that he cannot be less than sixty feet in length, and half that in girth. Fancy a fish measuring eighteen hundred feet in bulk!

“The men bend exultingly to the oars; we skim over the water like sea-birds, and come up with our friend hand over hand. We are within striking distance, and a vigorously-thrown harpoon pierces deep into the cachalot's side. Another and another follows. The wounded animal springs with convulsive strength into the air, then with a crash and a whirl of foam falls back into the sea and makes off with astonishing speed. The whale-line, about one hundred fathoms, in our boat is soon run out, but another is bent on; and though the monster *sounds*—that is, dives to an immense depth—we contrive by bending on a fresh line to keep our hold of him. He cannot remain more than half an hour at the utmost beneath the water. Probably he will re-appear in about ten minutes. He does so. We pull towards him quietly, and a few strokes of the lance finish him. He now spouts life-blood, crimsoning the sea for many yards around. Soon he turns over, and the cheers of our men proclaim an easy victory. We were destined on the same day to experience a terrible reverse of fortune. The huge whale we had killed was towed by the other boats towards the ship, and we should have followed, were following leisurely, when one of the men roared out, ‘There she spouts—there she blows!—another big ‘un, too!’ We were instantly in chase. Two sperm-whales in one day would be marvellous luck. We were soon up with the monster, and our harpooner struck his weapon vigorously into the whale, which received the blow with a plunge which half filled our boat with water. The next moment he sounded. It was another huge male,—we knew that from his size—and it was with difficulty we paid out rope fast enough. The whale-line, as I had contrived it, from observation of other whale-vessels, ran through a groove lined with tin to prevent its getting on fire with the swiftness of running out. Two hundred fathoms of line were very soon gone; a second and third were bent on. By-and-by our enraged captive re-appeared at the surface and tore on at a furious rate. For nearly an hour, I should think, he continued on with unflagging speed, but despairing, as

it seemed, of escape, and resolved on revenge, he suddenly turned, and with bellowing roar and distended jaws rushed back as if to devour us. We shouted, waved our oars, to deter him from attack in us. He heeded not, and immediately he was near enough raised his enormous tail into the air and with one blow thereof smashed our boat to bits, leaving us all struggling in the water, except the unfortunate harpooner, who, caught in the coils of the harpoon-rope, was carried off by the furious fish.

“The accident was witnessed from the towing boats, and two were immediately detached to the rescue. We were picked up and taken back to the ship—of course with the exception of poor Tomkins. The fish, I hardly need say, escaped—for the time.

“The captured whale was cut up, the blubber converted into oil—the head matter, spermaceti, carefully eliminated and put safely away. This operation lasted quite ten hours. However, our work was done. The skeleton of the huge sea mammal was dropped into the sea to sink or float as chance or the sharks directed. A task successfully accomplished is a great joy. I slept soundly. All my preparations and devices had turned out well.

“I turned out early. Morn rose in beauty. It was a cloudless dawn which came blushing o’er the sea; and before I had been ten minutes on deck, the look-out in the crow’s-nest—a slight fabric lashed to the cross-trees to protect the watcher in some degree from foul weather—the look-out in the crow’s-nest shouted, ‘Whales on the lee bow! There she spouts! There she flukes!’

“I did not pipe up the crew. There was but one whale in sight, and I felt almost sure it was the gentleman who had played us such a pretty trick the previous evening. One boat only was let fall manned, and we were off ‘in a jiffy.’

“It was as I expected. The wounded whale still lived, but was jetting forth its life-blood. The animal was in its *flurry* when we neared it, and how exactly it happened I know not, cannot distinctly remember, but the tail of the whale again struck the boat, not smashing it as in the former instance, but turning it bottom upwards. There were twelve in the boat, and all but four—amongst which four was myself, very happily—perished. I mean that I was happily saved, though for weeks and months subsequently I

often wished that I had been one of the drowned ones.

"Four of us survived—myself (Robert Chenies) Richard Young, James Travers, and Henry Smith. We with vast effort gained the bottom of the boat and tried to save our friends. One, Edward Thornley, an oldish man, I caught by the hand, but could not hold my grasp. He was gone with the rest. God pity them!

"We could not right the boat, but by and by it drifted close to the dead whale, floating belly upwards. We got upon the monster, and pulling upon the harpoon-rope, fished up poor Jenkins, partly devoured. It was a night of horror! But soon real, not fanciful terrors shook our souls.

"The cloudless blue of the southern sky, which when we left the ship lit up the bright waves, adding to the dazzling whiteness of their surging crests and to the radiance of the gem-like spray, became, as often happens in those latitudes, suddenly and as rapidly overcast. A hurricane—a tornado—set in; the sea roared in foaming billows; the *Condor* was shut out of view in the thick blackness, and poor Travers was washed off by the furious sea. I shall never forget his cry of agony as he was swept amongst the sharks which beset us and had already begun to devour the dead whale. It was a terrific, maddening shout. I myself almost envied Travers; he was past fearing death—bitter, horrible, yet brief, as has been his passage from life to eternity. But for us!—

* * * *

"The boat again drifted close to the whale, and by almost superhuman exertions we contrived to right her. Most fortunately four oars were saved by the contrivance I have described. We got into her, and were so far rescued from imminent death!—Yes, from immediate death! but our fate was apparently merely postponed. The boat could hardly live amid that waste of raging sea; and wilder, fiercer waxed the storm, and louder roared the foaming waves; and we knew not whither we were being driven. Night at last closed over us, aggravating the horrors of the tempest. We ceased at last to pull—to struggle; abandoning ourselves in sullen despair to the mercy of the winds and waves. It chanced that myself and Smith had each a closely-corked brandy-flask in our pockets. That alcohol was our salvation; without it we

could not have survived the night and storm—not have lived to witness, to hail the bright dawn which broke from the glorious southern sky, and kissed into roseate blushing beauty the still heaving but fast calming sea.

"But where were we?—whither had we drifted—been driven? The *Condor* was not in sight. We were alone upon that vast expanse of sea—alone, without a drop of water (the brandy was long since spent) to quench our raging thirst!—without an ounce of food to still the ravening pangs of hunger. Happily, as the horizon lightened beneath the cloudless sun-smile, land was seen at no great distance. An island—one of the Ballenys we conjectured. It did not seem more than about three marine leagues away, and we should hope to reach it before thirst had driven us mad—hunger rendered us incapable of exertion. Peopled by savages, no doubt; but death by the torture of hunger and thirst was a more terrible fear than to front the possible enmity of even cannibals.

"The distance seemed to increase as we tugged at the oars. Very soon failing strength compelled us to work by relays one resting, two pulling. Our progress was very, very slow; and but that about noon we were caught in a strong current setting direct for the island, we should never, I think, have reached it. Blessed, thrice blessed hour—moment of life, when the boat's keel grounded on the shelving beach of an island abounding in cocoa-nut trees, turtles innumerable, and it seemed unpeopled. The fruit was ripe; and never shall I forget the ecstacy, the sense of re-created life which ran through every artery—every vein of my body, as I quaffed the delicious, thrice delicious cocoa-milk!

"We returned God hearty thanks, and being filled, lay down to rest, after pulling our boat up high and dry. We slept soundly, sweetly; I at least can answer for myself. I know not what particular noise awoke me, but opening my eyes—I having, not without difficulty, recalled to mind all that had passed since the previous day dawn, saw that we—I and my companions—were in presence of two men, evidently sailors, armed with muskets, and ragged, forlorn in attire. They were silently watching us, and seemed to have no hostile intent. Had they meant us harm—death or bondage—their purpose could easily have been accomplished whilst we slept. I spoke first, calling

loudly, so that my sailors might awake and spring up, as I did. One of the strangers answered me in French, a language I knew well. He assured us that we were in the presence of friends, and that only himself and companion were the habitants—human habitants of the island. They were shipwrecked mariners, and had been on the island more than a twelve-month. They had seen our boat approach from the look-out, whence one of them was always searching the ocean for a sail. Many had been seen, but not one had touched at the island, or noticed the signals they hoisted, or heard their musket-shots. It was *not* one of the Balleny islands; they knew not its proper designation, but themselves had named it 'Turtle Island.' There was no lack of food, they said, game was in abundance as well as turtle, but the wilderness was alive with beasts of prey. We had fortunately been cast upon a part of the coast which the more formidable animals did not frequent, or we should have been devoured as we slept; 'but,' added Lefranc, which was the elder Frenchman's name, 'we will talk further by-and-by. Come with us to our place, on shipboard—a ship with the bottom stove in; but our breakfast will not be so bad. Roast game—a kind of elk, sweet water, and excellent brandy. Allons, friends!' Considering all things we were certainly very lucky fellows.

"The habitation of our French friends was the cabin of the *Sylphide*, a whaler from Marseilles, which had been abandoned by the crew during a terrific storm. They believed she would soon founder, and took hastily, much too hastily, to the boats. But that is the failing of French mariners, they are prone to panic. Land was in sight, and, like the man in the play; they preferred a dry death. That, however, was vouchsafed to but few of them. Of the four boats in which the sailors quitted the ship, all but one was swamped by the wild sea. If they had stuck to the vessel they would not have lost their lives, not at least by drowning. The *Sylphide* was driven ashore by the hurricane, and must have been lifted by a tremendous surf wave to a great height, and let fall as it receded upon a bed of sand and gravel. Except such another hurricane came on the vessel was safe enough, though her bottom was smashed in.

"Our tale was soon told to our sympathizing friends; theirs was a much longer

history—a far more romantic history; indeed there was no romance, not the slightest about ours. I shall relate theirs briefly as I can, taking for granted—which I have no reason to doubt—that we were told the truth.

THE CRUISE OF LA SYLPHIDE.

"Monsieur le Capitaine Grégoire—Charles Grégoire, I think Lefranc said, was his baptismal name—Monsieur le Capitaine Charles Grégoire had passed in the mercantile French marine as a captain 'au long cours,' that is to say he obtained a certificate from the official Board of Examiners that he was capable of navigating a ship to distant—no matter how distant—parts of the globe. Everything in France is regulated by the Government, and no owner of a ship above a certain tonnage would be permitted to send his vessel to sea except commanded by a certificated captain. The system may have its conveniences, but real seamen do not 'grow' under it. That, however, is beside the subject just now in hand.

Captain Charles Grégoire, accepting the version of his character as given by Lefranc and his mate—whose name, poor fellow, was Dupont—must have been a capital fellow (*bon enfant*), as well as a good seaman, and simple-hearted as worthy: soft-hearted would be the more appropriate words. When a mere youth he had been fascinated by the charms of one Estelle Dujardin, the daughter of the proprietor of a café on one of the quays. The girl, who was about the same age as Charles Grégoire, though singularly handsome, was no better than she should be, which indeed is the case with most of us in a general sense. In Mademoiselle Dujardin's instance the phrase had a more especial signification. Grégoire was, however, blind to her faults or vices. Soon after he had passed the board of examiners, and in virtue of his certificate of competency and excellent character, been appointed to the command of the *Sylphide*, setting out for a whaling voyage in the South Seas, he married the jade. Her acquaintance amongst the seafaring population of Marseilles—as from her father's business and her own personal attractions could not be otherwise—was extensive, and not, perhaps, very discriminative. One young seaman, named Bonjean, first mate of *La Sylphide*, a berth obtained for him at her request—he was "her cousin,"

she said—by Grégoire, she had been very intimate with; so much so, that gossips gave out they were, would, should, or ought to be man and wife. He was a good-looking fellow enough, according to Lefranc and Dupont; not perhaps innately badly-disposed, but enthralled and made subservient to the wicked will of Mademoiselle Dujardin, now Madame Grégoire, which newly-espoused lady determined to accompany her husband in the South-Sea expedition. She had a lively curiosity, it seemed, to witness the wonders of those distant seas, to be spectatress at a cachalot chase of which she had heard such exciting accounts. Besides M. le Médecin, who had always attended her when she was ill, had assured her father that nothing would be so beneficial to her health as a long sea-voyage, during which, of course, she would have to be provided with every comfort and luxury it was possible to have on shipboard. In that respect there was no lack; and Madame Grégoire had a female attendant to wait upon her.

“Eh bien!” continued Lefranc, “there was much gossip amongst us, plenty of half words respecting Bonjean and Madame Grégoire, shrugging of shoulders, and winking of eyes. Monsieur le Capitaine was blind to all; he lived, brave, simple man, in a fool’s paradise. His eyes were unsealed at last, but it was the cruel hand of Death which unsealed them. We arrived out in these latitudes—had begun to fill up, slowly, very slowly, when a terrible tempest burst upon us. It was during the night. Thunder roared, lightning flashed—the wild sea swept the ship from stem to stern. Two leaks were sprung, and so swiftly did the water gain upon us, that it was feared a bolt had started. That, however, was hardly possible, the *Sylphide* being copper-fastened. There was great confusion on board. The men were seized with panic, and talked of trying to save themselves in the boats. It is at such times, and only then,” continued Lefranc, “that I recognise the superiority of the British seaman. He is always cool, if you can only keep him away from the liquor-stores, and prefers sticking to the ship as long as there is half a chance of her continuing to float. That boule-dog obstinacy, imperturbable *sang froid* has saved scores of ships and thousands of lives. I served once on board the *Amphitrite*, an English merchant ship—that is, I worked my passage to Europe in her from Ceylon,

where I had been wrecked. The voyage was a trying one; storm, tempest—tempest, storm, almost continuously till we passed the Azores. We were dismasted, and reached England at last under jury-spars, and steered by a cable veered out astern, for rudder and rudder-post had been carried away, at least part of the rudder-post. It was then I saw the stuff your sailors were made of, and understood the causes of your almost constant successes at sea. To be sure, Captain Williams was a seaman of the first rank, and had taught the crew both to love and fear him. But all this is mere *bavardage*. I was speaking of *La Sylphide*. Yes, and the Capitaine Grégoire was also a skilful, noble seaman. He reasoned with our men, and, strengthened by the support of some half-dozen, friend Dupont and I amongst the number, succeeded in preventing them from leaving the ship, and continuing at the pumps. The foremast had gone by the board, being cut away with its torn sails and top-humper. It was a providence, for the canvas sucked into the leaks, partially plugged them, and the storm abating, we fast diminished the depth of water in the hold.

“Well, the danger was passed, the day breaking calm and clear, when the cry rang through the ship that the captain had disappeared—must have been swept overboard. There was a great uproar, for the captain was much beloved. Presently fierce, ominous threats circulated amongst the crew, emphasized by flashing looks, and *sacré*s ground out through the clenched teeth. The wife and her servant had been seen on deck near Charles Grégoire during the very height and fury of the hurricane. They would not stop below, fearful that the boats might depart without them. Bonjean was close in attendance upon Madame Grégoire. That was observed, but it was nothing extraordinary, and for the moment called forth no comment. And now the good Grégoire was gone—had disappeared, no one had seen how, and the first mate, Bonjean, ruled in his stead—a bad change of masters.

“Still we could only *grincer les dents*, and mutter our suspicions to each other. Holy blue! how could it be that le Capitaine Grégoire, who had *le pied marin*—what you call sea-legs—if ever sailor had, how should he have been swept overboard by the rushing waves, which had not carried away any other indi-

vidual, not even a boy—not the two young women who had remained on deck till the fag-end of the tempest was subsiding. He had been hurled overboard. That was our not quite outspoken, but the firm conviction raging at our hearts.

"Soon to be confirmed. Exhausted by toil, I had crawled rather than walked to my hammock, and had slept, or nearly so, my first heavy sleep. I was awakened by a rude shaking. You must understand that I was *acting* second mate, the first having become by the death, at least, the disappearance of Grégoire, captain. It was Louise Bertrand, Madame Grégoire's attendant, who so roughly awakened me. 'Silence! silence!' she whispered, as soon as she saw I was sufficiently awake to comprehend her—'silence, and come quietly on deck, I must speak with you. The woman was pale as her chemisette, and her dark eyes—she was a native of southern France—flamed with revengeful fire. I replied at once that I would follow on deck without delay.

"Louise Bertrand had not long to wait. Her first words, which I had instinctively divined, were, nevertheless, a stroke of thunder.

"'Le Capitaine Grégoire was murdered last night!—murdered!—pushed, as he all unsuspectingly stood close to the broken bulwarks—pushed into the raging sea. He had not time to syllable a prayer—utter a cry.'

"'Great God! And the murderer was Bonjean?'

"'Yes, Bonjean. The wife saw the deed done as distinctly as I did. I do not know that she counselled it; but she is now in the assassin's arms! The proof of that is easy; you can assure yourself. Go and see.'

"'Do the miscreants know that you witnessed the crime?'

"'No. I was at some little distance from them at the moment, and have since shunned them both, cowering with terror, but finally resolved to speak with you.'

"'It was well done; and I, too, shall do my duty.'

"Ten minutes had not passed before the attentive, silent, and determined crew knew all. The fire of vengeance burning at their hearts needed not the flame flashing from my eyes to kindle theirs to equal fierceness.

"Bonjean was fairly tried. Seized in the arms of his almost equally guilty accomplice, he was dragged before the

crew, his judges, a fettered prisoner. The woman's presence was dispensed with. The trial was summary. The captain—by grace of murder captain—protested against our jurisdiction. He talked to the winds. The woman Bertrand repeated her testimony; it could not be shaken. Sentence—'Death, with immediate execution.' We resolutely shut our eyes to any penal consequences that we might incur by constituting ourselves the ministers of *bonne et brève justice*. He died like a dog. In less than half an hour the felon was swinging at the yard-arm. I rejoice for one in my share of that righteous deed.

"It was not perhaps a strictly justifiable act," continued Lefranc, after a somewhat lengthened pause, and twice freshening his nip with the really excellent brandy on board, "It was not perhaps a strictly justifiable act; but it occasions me no remorse. Holy blue! if ever felon deserved death, it was that adulterer and assassin. Yes, that is certain. But we had no luck afterwards. Fish were seen, but we failed to capture one; and eleven men were drowned, the boat being dragged down into the depth by the sudden *sound-ing* of an enormous cachalot. Soon after came the tempest, during which, believing *La Sylphide* would go down from one moment to another, we left the ship, very foolishly. English mariners would not have done so. In the boat—one boat—the only one which lived through the sea and surf, was that guilty, wretched woman, Madame Grégoire. We got her safely to shore, and she lived with us in this ship for three months. She seemed to feel no shame nor remorse—simply a passionate longing to get back to France. But the just God had passed sentence upon her. The earthly expiation was horrible. Dupont, who witnessed, will relate the manner of her death. A cold shudder runs through my veins when I think of it. Certainly she was very beautiful; and though it may not be logical—for, sacred blue! a woman is a woman, whether she be handsome or not—the fact that she was beautiful seems to add to the horror of the manner of her death. Tell it, Dupont; it may prove a warning to our English friends.

"It is soon told," said Dupont, a taciturn, reserved man, who sometimes broke out in overflow "It is soon told. We

call this Turtle Island," he continued. "It would be as rightly named Snake Island; we have those reptiles in great variety, and all venomous; some, of course, more deadly than others. For example, we have a charming variety of the cobra—the spectacled snake. To send you to Heaven or the other place is with him a mere bagatelle, the affair of a moment. And there are worse than he or she. I am not sufficiently skilled as a naturalist to distinguish their genders, nor profound enough a theologian to understand why the cursed creatures were created. Perhaps they are the progeny of the Father of Mischief. I incline to think so. Who knows? I was saying there were many deadly devils in the shape of serpents—snakes. It was a serpent, you know, that pitched Paradise into perdition. In this blessed island, I say, and bear it in mind, Messieurs l'Anglais, there are deadlier snakes than even the cobra; less easily avoided, that is to say. One, a small gentleman or lady, springs at you backwards. I have seen more than one of this family—not very distantly related—at the Cap de Bonne Espérance. There they call the devilish thing puff-adder."

"Thou wilt never pay this story out, incorrigible *bavard* that thou art," interrupted Lefranc. "Say thy say and have done with it. The soup—genuine turtle—monsieur, is ready."

"Ventre Saint Gris! it is soon told. I was coming to it. Amongst those cursed serpents—though they are few in number, Dieu merci! I have seen but two—man and wife, I suppose. Pass the brandy, Lefranc; the thought of it makes me sick."

"These serpents I am speaking of are boas, enormous devils which coil round and crush you to pulp. They slaver and swallow you. Faugh! Well, that unfortunate Madame Grégoire, who was always pensive—*languissant*—weighed down by a presentiment that she should never see la belle France again, which, holy thunder! is my own impression as to myself—always, I say, pensive, languid, lay down upon the thick carpet of grass, just within the fringe of the forest, and fell asleep. La pauvre femme! The soup was ready: there were then still six of us, beside Madame Grégoire. I and Jean Trichard went off in search of her. He was an old lover of hers at Marseilles. Not a favoured one; and she had scores. He was 'bon enfant,' was Trichard; sen-

sible, too, except about Madame Grégoire. Eh bien! I went one way, he another, feeling, I did, a strange foreboding—Jean was pale as a sheet of paper, and trembled in every limb, as I have seen poor fellows do in hospital when suffering with ague. Holy name of God! we used to cure that by *order*. I remember well that in Algiers an order came from General Bugeaud to cure the ague patients in forty-eight hours under penalties well understood—quinine being plentiful. And it was done, too—"

"Finish—finish, *mon ami*, wilt thou, about Madame Grégoire?" again broke in Lefranc.

"Ah—well—yes. Jean—pauvre Jean, was, I have said, pale, trembling. We had been diverging from each other seeking Madame Grégoire when I suddenly heard screams, cries, shrieks of torture, of despair. I hastened in the direction of the sounds, and, Sainte Maria! what do I see? My eyes are for some moments blinded with horror. A veil as of a black inexpressible terror has fallen over them. I look again: the shrieks, the screams, recall my fleeting senses, and I see that Madame Grégoire, that Jean Trichard, are enveloped in the folds of two enormous boas. Ah, it was horrible! Jean must have rushed forward to save Madame Grégoire, for there was, I thought, a bloody knife in his hand. That was afterwards proved to have been the case. As for me, what could I do? I had not even a knife—nothing but my naked hands. I could do nothing but speed back as fast as the life, which seemed ebbing from my heart, permitted, to my comrades. Ah, *sapristie!* we were soon racing to the fatal spot with muskets in hand. Too late! Les misérables had perished: been crushed and swallowed. The monsters, I need not say, were killed. But what did that avail! Ah, it was too horrible—awful. How could a bon Dieu, as we, echoing the babblings of infancy, name the creator of life, call such hideous monsters into existence? I have not prayed since. When I was a pupil of the Polytechnic," added Dupont, in a tone of profoundest sadness, "from which I was expelled, as thou knowest, Lefranc, for a mere offence against discipline, I went to see a cast of the Laocoon. I little then supposed I should live to witness it in action in a yet more frightful form. For there was a woman—a young, beautiful woman

—and my friend, my good friend, simple-hearted Jean Trichard, enclosed in those serpent folds. A cup of brandy, *de grace*. I will never tell this sad story again.”

“It was right that we should hear that terrible story. It would be a grave lesson to us. The island, still known as Turtle Island, is perhaps more thickly infested with venomous reptiles and beasts of prey than any place in proportion to its dimensions, except Ceylon. And it is not precisely a locality where one would *prima facie* expect to meet with an exuberance of venomous animal life. The fact, however, is certain, and various ingenious theories have been invented to account for it. I myself saw a *cheetah*—a yellow, demon-eyed, tiger-like animal, which I had supposed to be aboriginal only in Southern India. The beast may, however, have been of a different, though cognate species. I did not care to observe it closely, making myself scarce as speedily as possible.

“Every one except Lefranc and Dupont that had landed in the one boat of *La Sylphide* which reached the shore, had perished, and all but one, who had died of fever, had been killed, devoured by serpents, and other animals of prey. Such a state of things suggested wary walking, and our French friends suggested precautions, which were not neglected.

“Meanwhile, to leave Turtle or Snake Island, get back again to Europe to the abodes of home, of peace, and love! That was the question. Repairing *La Sylphide* was out of the question, for if we could patch up her bottom—which was exceedingly doubtful—we should never be able to launch her. The only hope was in our whale-boat. That might be repaired and made seaworthy. The *Sylphide* boat, much damaged by being flung on the shore by the furious surf, had been scorched, withered up by the blazing southern sun, and fallen to pieces. Only her skeleton ribs, and them rotten, were extant. Yes, our sole dependence was the partially dilapidated whale-boat. We would have to make her water-tight, step a mast, fit sails, and then, as there was a compass on board *La Sylphide*, we might hope to reach some civilized shore.

“We went heartily to work. The Frenchmen were good, very good fellows, but they lacked stamina—were not up to the work in hand—even thought in moments of discouragement (and they

were frequent enough) that it might be perhaps better to bear the ills they had than fly to others which they knew not of. We often talked of Defoe’s Robinson Crusoe, which they had read in Madame Guizot’s translation; and, with curious prophetic feeling, if it may be so called, they constantly returned to that passage in the book where Robinson Crusoe is described as having been drifted away from the island he had been so morbidly anxious to quit, and how bitterly he bemoaned his rashness in casting-off from the place where life was at least tolerably secure and endurable.

“The Britons had no such whimsies. A genuine English sailor is, without figure of speech, a really amphibious animal. He has, I think, much more confidence in the ocean and ships and boats than in turnpike-roads and cabs and railway carriages. All we wished was to get afloat again, for we were getting sadly weary of turtle soup and elk—I suppose it was elk.

“We worked hard, and being bunglers, much of the work had to be done over again three or four times. We were, however, pretty near the end of the job when an adventure befel me, the recollection of which, reproduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of terror. I have seen it told, not quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some who had heard it directly or indirectly from me. It thus fell out:—The sail, a lug-sail, did not set well. I having, or believing I had, more nous upon the subject than the others, remained by the boat whilst my mates returned to the ship, turned in and made themselves comfortable. I worked on till I had thoroughly wearied myself—for the southern night, with its glorious moon and patines of splendid stars, was brilliant as the day, though cold for the clime, a chill wind having set in immediately after sunset. This, with, no doubt, the work I was engaged in—cutting and stitching the sail—did not induce warmth, so that I partook more freely than it was my wont to do of the excellent brandy before spoken of. At all events, tired, vexed—for I could not so set the sail as to bend it on ship-shape—and perhaps more than half seas over (I was not an abstemious man in those days), I lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few extra pulls at the brandy-flask, and dropped off to sleep. Sleep! yes, the sleep of devils! Frightful, horrible dreams

oppressed me. I was stifled, crushed with night-mare. That was the impression on my half-unconscious mind. At last I fully awoke. Good God! the icy chill which ran through my veins when I by the brilliant moonlight discerned the cause of the night-mare which was stifling me! The fetid, horrible smell of serpents was in my nostrils, and I saw that two cobras, one the largest I had ever seen, were lying on my breast—where they had no doubt crept for warmth—twined together, and being quite motionless, were, I judged, asleep. To stir, to awake them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if I was bitten ever so slightly, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralysed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, but feeling that the dreadful suspense could not be long endured; that I must soon start up and cast-off the horrible reptiles at any risk. They were evidently asleep and might be flung to a distance before being able to make use of their fatal fangs. But, merciful God! they begin to stir, to wriggle from each other. I am lost!—Ha! is that the snapping, chirping bark of our pet mongooses (*ichneumons*) which alarms the reptiles? Let me explain. A mongoose is the natural enemy of snakes, and in a combat with one is sure to be victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal—appears to make it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating some herb growing amongst the grass. This, however, is a disputed point. However it may be, the mongoose swiftly returns to the attack, and the snake, as I was told, is invariably killed. The island furnished *ichneumons* almost as plentifully as snakes. Lefranc and Dupont managed to tame and domesticate three of them—not a very difficult task—knowing that not one of the serpent tribe will approach where they are or have been recently, no more than a cockroach will venture out of its hole into a kitchen where a hedgehog keeps watch and ward. Our *ichneumons* were special pets of mine, and were they, scenting the serpents and missing me and the evening meal I always provided for them, coming to the rescue?

“Yes, by Heaven! the quick ears of the serpents have recognised the rapid approach of the dreaded mongooses; their horrible snake-glances glow with fear and rage; their hoods dilate as they untwist themselves, glide off me in the hope of

escape, but finding that impossible, turn to fight. The *ichneumons* desire nothing better. They spring upon the serpents, bite them on the back part of the head, and carry on the battle, of which I am a delighted spectator, with a spirit, a cheerful, chirrupy vigour, which is, I feel, though I had never actually witnessed such a combat before, a sure augury of success. The battle is not a protracted one—the snakes are dead, and my pets running after and leaping up at me, appear to know they have rescued me from death, and will have in reward an even more plentiful supper than usual. They are not mistaken. Our French friends and my fellows were painfully excited by the incident, which had, however, so happily terminated; and, for my part, I was not myself again for several days. I never slept in the open air again.

“Our boat was at last serviceably fitted. We took abundance of provisions on board—water included—to last a month, and set sail, steering north-east with a favouring breeze. Our *ichneumons* were left behind. I regretted they could not be taken with us, but the thing was impossible; they would have died in a few days. Our hope was to fall in with a whale-ship, failing which we should endeavour to make one of the Balleny Islands, where American fishing stations had of late years been established.

“We did not cast-off in very jocund spirits. A sense of coming calamity hung like a pall over me as well as upon the two Frenchmen. Their gloom depressed my usually buoyant spirits. The others were not infected; one reason being that they could not understand the language in which Lefranc and Dupont expressed, by quickly-recurring fits and starts, their superstitious fears. An image of the Virgin Mary, which the two Frenchmen regarded with intense veneration, had been accidentally let fall into the water by one of my fellows, and thenceforth, in the foreigners’ opinion, nothing but evil fortune awaited us. The catastrophe was somewhat antagonistic to poor Dupont’s notion, that it was to the mischance which had befallen the image of the Virgin that we owed our disasters—he, who was perpetually muttering Ave Marias, crossing himself, and counting some rude beads—a rosary they called it. The accident happened thus-wise:—We had been at sea about forty-eight hours only, when it began to blow stiffly, and there was soon a rough tumbling sea on.

A long, narrow boat rolls terribly in rough weather, and so much so did ours—a lug-sail, even when properly fitted, is but slight stay to a boat—that the best sea-legs in the British navy would not have kept their footing for a moment, if the owner attempted to stand upright. This was the case just at evening fall with our friend Dupont. He had been, I have said, suffering under extreme discouragement, to relieve which he copiously availed himself of the plentiful supply of brandy we had embarked. He stood up, as if to look about him—for what purpose it were hard to tell—and in a moment toppled overboard. Need I say that in the Pacific sharks are always near at hand? Have they, as hundreds of sailors believe, some mysterious instinct which lures them on in the sure expectancy of prey? Maybe. At all events, Dupont was no sooner in the water than twenty fins glanced in the strong setting sun-light, and before a helping hand could be given, he was torn to pieces and devoured. I have never forgotten that cry of agony—of horror!

“Those who go down to the sea in ships soon become so accustomed to Death in all its shapes, we may assume, they at last look him calmly in the face, and metaphorically shake hands with him. It is as well to be friends even with the King of Terrors.

“The wind increased in violence; the sea broke over us in such quantities that baling the boat left us no respite during many hours—thirty at the least; and when the blinding storm abated, we knew not where we were, nor had we any means of ascertaining; the sextant and compass having both been smashed to bits, by whom or what no one could say. Accident no doubt—it had questionless been accidentally done, but there was no remedy.

“Many mournful days, miserable nights, passed away. We fell in with no whaling or other ship. Heartily, how heartily we wished ourselves back to Snake or Turtle Island,—far better to have borne the ills we knew than have flown to others which we knew not of. This was after-wit, a very worthless commodity. Giant Despair held us in his own hand, and with a fast tightening clutch.

“Our ‘munitions de bouche,’ as Le-franc called our stores, were fast dwindling, as we tossed to and fro in that vast expanse of water, where—where could we hope

to find rest for the soles of our feet? At last all was gone. We were not temperate in eating or drinking. I had no moral, much less physical, authority over the men. I may have been as bad as any of them. Quite likely. I do not remember much about the last ten or twelve days, except that we gazed at each other with wolfish eyes whilst a horrible cannibal craving gnawed at our hearts.

“Nature could no longer hold out. We cast lots; the fatal lot fell upon me. I was indifferent in the matter. All in the boat were, I felt, doomed to die, and a little sooner or a little later would not matter much. My mates were more horrified at the thought of slaying and eating me than I was myself. It was determined to wait till morning, for the dice of death had been thrown at about midnight by the light of the splendid southern coronal of night.

“Land!—land!” exclaimed Smith, the least feeble of us all, when the day dawn broke. That cry had so often proved illusive, that it scarcely stirred the languid pulse of life in our veins; at least, I can answer for myself. The world and all which it inherits had passed from me. I had no wish, not the faintest, to delay the moment of deliverance.

“It *was* land!—a tiny island of coral formation, the greater part of which was clothed with vegetation. We landed—crawled a few yards up the shelving beach; but so utterly helpless were we, that though cocoa-nut trees abounded we could not even throw a pebble with sufficient force to bring down one nut. There might be—were indeed—*fallers* scattered about in the rank grass, but we had not strength to seek for them.

“Judge, then, of our wonderment when the grunt of a hog struck upon our ears; and we saw presently the animal itself, unmistakably of European origin, make its appearance, eyeing us curiously. A minute after—less it may be—a strange figure made his appearance. This was no other than James Chandler, who made such a noise in London for a few months after our return to England with his lies and bombast. But I ought not to speak ill of him, he had good qualities and rendered us good service—was, in sooth, the saviour of our lives.

“He was a strange, uncouth-looking creature, clothed in skins of the kangaroo very bunglingly cut and sewed together. His complexion was of a tawny hue, no doubt from long exposure to a southern

sun; and we at first took him for a stalwart savage. His first words endeared us to him—they were English words, and words of rapture—rapturous in expression, and kindled rapture in our fainting hearts. He busied himself, seeing our condition, to supply us with water and solid food, both in small portions at first. We regained strength; were told his story with much fewer exaggerations than he has since spiced it with for the entertainment of Cockneys. An interesting tale enough in its simplicity.

“The *Jason*, Captain Moggridge, a ship of four hundred tons burthen, was freighted on private account for the Polynesian Archipelago. The return cargo, as in the case of the *Bounty*, was to be in plants of the bread-fruit tree, to be conveyed to the Leeward Islands, in which the owners, members of the Society of Friends, held property. She carried with her swine and goats, destined to be exchanged for the plants, and to propagate in Polynesia. The *Jason* must have been driven strangely out of her course,

for she was wrecked upon a coral reef within about a league of the island, and went to pieces, not immediately, but within about twenty-four hours. The only persons who succeeded in reaching the shore were Captain Moggridge and James Chandler, with several swine and goats. The captain died of injuries he had received in reaching land, and Chandler was left alone with his swine and goats. These multiplied so that he was abundantly supplied with hogs, goat-flesh, and milk. The island was uninhabited, and free, or nearly so, of venomous animals. Chandler had lived nearly seven years in the desolate place, and despaired of deliverance, though often tantalized by the appearance of ships in the distance, not one of which saw, or at all events heeded, the signals he made, and continued on their course. We were destined to the same fate for full three wretched years, but at last through God's mercy were rescued by the whaler *John Danby*, of Hull, in which we safely reached England.”

THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

'TWAS in the shades of the dim old wood,
And the stars were twinkling o'er us,
While the moon's pale light, through the leaves above,
Shone on the stream before us.
By the side of an old gnarl'd oak we sat,
On that gentle summer's even,
And we talk'd of flowers, and we talk'd of love,
And we talk'd of joy and heaven.

Those days are past, but 'tis joy to me
In memory to review them;
There's surely little joy for those
Whose lone hearts never knew them.
But, ah! there's many a sad hour, too,
When fond remembrance traces
All those happy former ties,
And cherish'd olden places.

Then I was young, and my heart was warm
With the light of life's spring beaming;
But now 'tis chill'd with the frosts of age,
And my locks with white are gleaming.
Oh! I fain would beckon those moments back,
And seek the old trysting places
Beneath the shades of the dim old wood,
And welcome the olden faces!

THE DOBBS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—THE ARRIVAL
—WILLARD'S—A LETTER—GENERAL
BURNSIDE—ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE
"TRUMPET."

PENNSYLVANIA-AVENUE presents an unobstructed view from the Treasury building to the elevated site from which rises the imperial Capitol, with its lofty proportions outlined in the sky, grand and imposing. It is wider than Broadway of New York, and generally full of life and motion. In winter, when Congress is in session, it has its ebbs and flows like the main artery of Manhattan Island, the crowd tending downward until the afterpart of the day, and then returning. The Avenue begins to wear the marks of metropolitan life. There are soap-vendors on the corners, with patent soaps warranted to remove grease-spots the most tenacious, in an amazingly short space of time. The man with the artificial bugs, attached to elastic strings, swinging up and down in a fashion altogether inviting to the juvenile mind, seems to do a thriving business. The candy-men are present in goodly numbers, with their little stands, on which are displayed huge rocks of the variegated article, from which pieces are chipped off according to the demand. The *Lazaroni* seem to find themselves as much at home here in roasting their chesnuts, as if the operation were going on under an Italian sky. The men with the telescopes at so much a sight, and the proprietors of lung-testing machines, who ask you if you "wont take a blow to see wot kind of a chist you've got," have evidently become citizens of the place. The cosmopolitan organ-grinders are at the corners and up the bye-streets, playing the old plaintive tunes as familiar to the inhabitants of the Old as the New World, peering down the areas in quest of the bounties of Bridget, or looking upward with that face which is always pensive, to the windows for the pennies which the little folk are wont to bestow. Prematurely sharp news-boys and boot-blacks are seen, and heard too, all along the Avenue; and it is worthy of remark that, although the majority of the boot-blacks

are coloured boys, the white boys monopolize the selling of newspapers. Mounted guards are stationed at the street corners, who sit with drawn swords, motionless, until some luckless wight attempts to ride by faster than the regulation admits, when they make a Balaklava charge after the offender, and bring him up in a trice. Cars well filled with passengers pass at intervals of two or three minutes over the double track which extends from the Navy Yard to George-town, a distance of about six miles. There are branches running up Fourteenth and Seventh streets, and the most crowded and busiest part of the Avenue is at the intersection of the Seventh street branch with the main track. The grand thoroughfare is well filled with vehicles of various kinds—government wagons, ambulances, private carriages with liveried coachmen and lackeys, but in greatest number hacks, driven chiefly by coloured men. The hack is in much request apparently, and a popular means of locomotion. The commerce and promenading seem to be confined pretty much to one side of the Avenue, the right in ascending, leaving the other side almost deserted. The buildings on the right are higher and more pretentious than on the left, where they are irregular in height and insignificant in appearance. There is the dark and the bright side—sunshine, bustle, and pretty shops on the one, and shadow, dulness, and dinginess on the other. In the gala days of fine weather, the promenaders are very numerous, considering the size of the city, and of every complexion, from fairest blond to sootiest black—a panorama of nationalities, where various countries have their representatives—blue-eyed, light-haired Saxons; swarthy, dreamy-eyed Creoles; vivacious, fine-featured sons of France and Italy; olive-tinted quadroons, and every shade of mulatto, ebony-black "contrabands," an occasional John Chinaman, and here and there a "lone" Indian, who is making the customary visit to the capitol to persuade the Great Father not to move him any farther back. The elegant costumes of fashionably attired ladies, the military uniforms of officers of the army, the showy gold-faced habits of the men

of the sea, the fantastic rig of the Zouaves, and the general diversity of dress, imparts to the throng a mixture of extravagance and gaiety.

On one of the fine December days, when the Avenue appeared to greatest advantage, a carriage, containing the Dobbs family, rolled up to Willard's Hotel and dumped out its contents at the side-door of that hospitable establishment. *Pater Familias*, having conducted the ladies to one of the parlours, proceeded to the office, where he inquired of the affable clerk for Mr. Thomas Ruggles, and while he was asking the question the gentleman sought for made his appearance, saying—

"Talk of his majesty, and he is sure to be about. But, Dobbs, I am deuced glad to see you."

"What!" responded Mr. D., "is it you, Ruggles, in proper persona?"

"It's not the proper thing to say proper; *propria*, Dobbs."

"Well, *propria*," said that gentleman, with tolerable grace. "Bless me, if I hav'n't been thinking about you ever since you left Dobbstown, and Mrs. Dobbs has, too."

The gentlemen shook hands very cordially for the second time, and indeed seemed to be very well pleased to meet each other.

"I have engaged rooms for you, come and register the names," said Ruggles. Whereupon Mr. Dobbs took the pen and made the following entry:—

"Honourable John Dobbs, Dobbstown.

"Mrs. John Dobbs, do.

"Miss Alice Dobbs, do.

"Miss Mary Dobbs, do."

"That's right," said Ruggles, looking over his shoulder; "put down the 'do,' for it's all *do dedi datum* here; about 300 dollars per day, I should judge, to say nothing of extras."

The clerk glancing at the register, said, "Glad to see you looking so hearty, Mr. Dobbs. Hope you will spend a pleasant winter. Family well, sir?"

"Very well," responded Dobbs, who at once concluded that his fame had preceded him to the capital.

Mr. Dobbs looking around him, asked, "Ruggles, what are all these people doing here, in the office and around the corridors?"

"Many are drawn here in quest of the news, from a restless sympathy for the cause in which the government has embarked; others, veritable *quidnuncs*, for the sake of news itself: a great number

come to see their friends who are staying here, and many to talk politics and pull the wires: the balance are guests of the house. Besides being an hotel, it is a political exchange, where there is a constant interchange of sentiment, which rubs off the sharp corners of politics of particular individuals, by which they are toned down to a state of reconcilability with each other, and thus are enabled to discuss the great questions of the day in a harmonious manner."

In the pause which here occurred in Mr. Ruggles's remarks, a seedy gentleman in paletot, with an air of decayed gentility, approached Mr. Dobbs, accosting him thus:

"Mr. Dobbs, I hasten to pay my respects to you, as I always make it a point of doing with my friends, as soon after their arrival as possible. I hope to find in you a man superior to the degenerate race of members that the people have been latterly sending here. Alas for the good old days of Clay and Webster! Then, they used to chip without being bored; but now, sir, I have to bore 'em like an auger, to get 'em to chip."

"And pray who are you, sir?"

"Hickman, sir, Beau Hickman, at your service, although I am not very *beau* now, as you can see, sir. I can assure you, however, that I have seen the time when the ladies cast sheep's eyes at me, sir. Ah, those were my palmy days! I'll trouble you for a chip, sir."

"What do you mean by a chip?" asked innocent Mr. Dobbs.

"Are you not acquainted with my rights and privileges, Mr. Dobbs? Why I am an institution here, although the constitution does not recognise me—a slight omission on the part of the framers thereof, sir, which is the only flaw I can detect in that admirable document."

"Wonder if he hasn't been on the stump some," observed Dobbs to Ruggles. "Does it as well as the best bush-whackers in our county?"

The member from Dobbstown having bestowed the customary tip upon the indigent gentleman, ascended, with Mr. Ruggles, to the parlour in search of the ladies. They found Mrs. Dobbs alone, waiting for them, the young ladies having retired to their apartment and not being visible until the necessary ablutions consequent upon railway riding had been performed.

After the salutations usual between friends who have not seen each other for

some time, had been spoken, Mrs. Dobbs said—

"We shall never forget that Mr. Dobbs owes his new dignities to your influential action as editor of the *Trumpet*, in bringing him before the people, and through a difficult canvass. I am anxious to learn from you what rôle Mr. Dobbs should take; he will of course do nothing until we have consulted with you. I have suggested to him the propriety of his not going up to the House until we see clearly, he might commit himself in some way. So, please provide yourself with a good share of patience, Mr. Ruggles, as we have a good deal to learn of politics and no one to teach us but yourself. Old Griggs conducts your paper very well since you left; and your editorial correspondence from the capital is read by everybody in the county. We feel particularly obliged to you for the last letter which appeared in the *Trumpet*, written in praise of Mr. Dobbs and Republican principles."

"That subject has been the keynote of the *Trumpet* so long, I question whether it would be possible to change it," said Ruggles. After much more chat of the same kind, the trio separated to prepare for dinner.

Miss Mary Dobbs, the younger daughter, addicted to letter writing, after a few days' residence at Willard's, conveyed her impressions to her cousin, Miss Sophia Twiggs, in the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR SOPHY.—We are in very nice apartments at Willard's, three rooms *en suite*, two chambers and a parlour. Our rooms are well furnished, particularly the parlour. Alice, who is difficult to please in these matters, as you know, expresses herself perfectly satisfied with our quarters. We straggle into breakfast without much order as to time, but at dinner we are at the table punctually at five *en grande tenue*, when Mr. Ruggles shows us the celebrities and tells us all about them. Last evening one of them appeared quite unexpectedly at the table—General Burnside. We caught sight of him before he removed his hat, which is one of those slouched conical shaped ones, and I assure you he looks like one of those delightful Italian brigands that we so often read about and never see. Without his hat, he was a dashing dragon—a Charles O'Malley—attired in dark blue jacket and pantaloons, Wellington boots and sash tied round his waist. He appeared careworn and in haste. He

has the quick movement and buoyant step of a youth of eighteen. Although he is quite bald, he is very handsome. He has heavy well-marked eyebrows, covering dark gorgeous eyes which tell of his noble nature. At a little distance, with covered head, by his sprightly movement and handsome *svell* figure, he would be taken for quite a young man, and yet he must be about forty, Ruggles says.

"Ruggles's friend, Richard Clavers, who used to live in our town years ago, is here. He is so queer, Mr. Clavers, always laughing in his sleeve at people and so satirical, but Ruggles says he is very kind hearted; and has done a great deal for the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Besides, he is so nice and well bred, and all that sort of thing, you know.

"We have made the acquaintance of such a handsome young nobleman—Count Cronier, who speaks our language with a delightful French accent. He has called upon us twice already, and *entre nous*, my dear, I think we shall see a great deal of him.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"MARY DOBBS."

About the same time, the following piece of news appeared in the editorial column of the *Trumpet*:—

"DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

"Our citizens will be gratified to learn that our able representative, the Honourable John Dobbs, and his estimable family, have safely arrived at Washington, and taken their quarters for the winter at Willard's.

"We believe we echo the common sentiment when we say that we feel confident that the important interests of this district will be carefully looked after by the talented representative elect. That the presence of our gifted M.C. in the House of Representatives will materially affect the legislative results of next winter, we have not a doubt. Mr. Dobbs will assuredly take a firm stand in the advocacy of the noble principles he has always professed, and it shall be our aim to chronicle his acts, for the benefit of our readers, as they transpire, with the promptitude and enterprise which characterize the conduct of this journal.

"We congratulate our citizens upon having such a strenuous advocate of the principles for which our fathers fought, bled, and died, to represent them and their interests in Congress; and if the

Trumpet has contributed to this result, as we have been assured it has by friends, it will always be to us a source of pride that our humble efforts have been thus instrumental in putting the right man in the right place.

"The accomplished ladies of the Honourable Mr. Dobbs's family, by their presence at Washington the coming winter, will lend an additional charm to the attractions of the national capital."

As soon as the journal arrived containing this account of the movements of the Dobbs family, Ruggles read the same aloud, with sundry flourishes, to the family group. The comment of Mrs. Dobbs thereupon was—

"Really, Mr. Ruggles, you are indefatigable. We are fortunate in having such a eulogistic historian."

The comment of the elder daughter, Miss Alice, was—

"Mr. Ruggles, please have the goodness to let the 'accomplished ladies of the Dobbs family' *requiescat in pace*. You are always making them cut a figure in the columns of your paper. Be father's Boswell as much as you please, but please do let us alone."

Mr. Dobbs, who had come through an election contest wherein he had been badgered to the last degree, sighed as he listened to the highly-coloured account of himself by his political henchman, and thought of the ordeals he would still be obliged to undergo on account of his political elevation.

"Will it be as hard to do the Congressman as the candidate, friend Ruggles?" asked Mr. Dobbs.

"Nothing like," responded that gentleman. "You will find it very simple—I know you'll go through like a daisy."

CHAPTER II.

THE HON. JOHN DOBBS—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—MR. POMPOUS MEDIOCRITY—GOV. WYCKLIFFE—OWEN LOVEJOY—THADDEUS STEVENS—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN—C. L. VALLANDIGHAM—HORACE MAYNARD—JOHN A. BINGHAM—WRIGHT—ALFRED ELY—J. K. MOREHEAD.

MR. JOHN DOBBS, in mind, was not even a respectable mediocrity. He had not the talents to ensure success, so the talents of others were pressed into his service. To his friends and acquaintances generally, Dobbs passed for a man of few

words and much reflection, who was particular about not giving an opinion or committing himself to any course of action until the thing had cooled on his mind. If his remarks were often commonplace, his friends gave him credit for reserving his heavy fire for important actions, and employing these shallow observations as a kind of light artillery for general skirmishing. When pressed for a yes or no, he generally replied, "Wait until I turn it over in my mind," or, "I'll tell you to-morrow." The power behind the throne in the Dobbs family was Mrs. Dobbs, but it was a family secret. Like a shrewd woman, Mrs. Dobbs knew that to elevate herself at the expense of her husband would not improve her caste nor advance the interests of her family. Dobbs, therefore, was the ostensible pillar which supported the family dignity, and Mrs. Dobbs the ornamental vine which hung around it. This was the sham in the life of Dobbs—passing for clever when in reality he was only a good-natured imbecile—this was the single breath that marred the brightness of the mirror. He was a man of composure and some rotundity, and the movements of his body, like the operations of his mind, were slow. He was never seen without a cleanly shaved face and immaculate linen. Beyond the family circle, none treated the opinions of Mr. Dobbs with more respect than Mrs. Dobbs. In their intercourse with the world, Dobbs was as the sun, and his wife the moon, who shone in reflected light—thus it was always daytime when they were out, and night when they were at home, for then the moon resumed her sway, and the sun disappeared altogether. In his out-of-door life, he wore the face of Sir Humphrey Davy; in his inner life he was only too willing to throw off the mask of wisdom, and act without restraint. By his honest nature he was expansive and genial, and loved to babble his banalities to his wife and children; but, in accordance with his wife's wishes, he was taciturn in his relations with the outer world, and imposed a check on himself whenever he discovered his geniality getting the mastery of his tongue. This life of restraint chafed the poor gentleman at times, but he had such an opinion of his wife's better judgment, he continued without complaint to act the character marked out for him. This was the only cloud between him and the sunshine.

After several days of confidential confab with his wife and Ruggles, the Honourable Mr. Dobbs duly made his appearance in the House of Representatives, and took his appropriate place on the Republican side, behind his little oaken desk, rubbed his spectacles with his red bandanna, adjusted them carefully, and took a grave survey of the scene before him. The worthy man had looked forward to entering upon his congressional duties with some trepidation, but was rather mortified than otherwise to find that his entrance produced no sensation of any kind. He had expected some sort of greeting, in view of such an acquisition as himself to the assembled wisdom of the country. With two or three exceptions, no one addressed him. A gaunt member from the West, who sat alongside of him, and who was driving his pen over the paper with a shoving muscular movement, interrupted his labours a moment, and held out his bony hand to the new member.

"Ah! how d'ye do? You take Smith's seat. He was a host, was Smith, and his seat will be hard to fill; but I see you fill it—ha, ha!" said he, looking at Dobbs's portly form.

After a few moments' reflection, Dobbs appreciated the remark, and gently echoed back the "ha, ha," of his neighbour, who was already driving away again with his pen with renewed energy.

Presently he received a note from Mrs. Dobbs, who sat in the gallery with Ruggles, watching her husband. The object of Mrs. Dobbs's solicitude opened the carefully-sealed envelope, and read—

"My dear: Mr. —'s bill is before the House,—cast your vote with the ayes. Please be very circumspect in answering the questions of your neighbour.

"MRS. DOBBS."

Dobbs looked up at his matrimonial partner and nodded an assent. It was in this way that lady shaped her husband's political course.

As Dobbs became aware that his presence was not particularly remarked, he began to realize that a man might be a very important personage in Dobbstown, and quite lost sight of in the political arena of the capital. He was rather bewildered by the humdrum noise of the reading of bills, the auctioneer tones of the Speaker, with his ever-recurring cries of "order;" "does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield the floor?" "the gentleman from New York has the floor;" or

the "gentleman from Ohio is not in order;" "the second reading of the bill;" "the yeas and nays will be called;" and many other parliamentary phrases, which sounded in his ears afterwards, waking and dreaming, for many a day; the occasional striking of the Speaker's gavel, the clapping of hands in calling pages, who darted around like little sprites, the scratching of pens and rustling of paper, the continual talking of those who were not addressing the Speaker, the passing to and fro, and above all, the monotonous tones of the big-voiced reading-clerk.

The Western member again turning to Dobbs, said—

"I'm drawing up a bill praying for a grant of lands to assist in building a railway from — to my town. If the committee report favourably, will you vote for it?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the wary Dobbs, as he looked up in the direction of his wife.

"Sharp," said the Western member, as he resumed his pen to drive it with the muscular movement over the paper.

Mrs. Dobbs was always there to meet any emergency that might arise in her husband's political career. Besides, the sight of his partner had a good effect on worthy Dobbs; it steadied his nerves, and gave him that courage which good backing always does. If a question came up suddenly before the House for which he was unprepared by previous instructions from Mrs. Dobbs, down came a note from that lady in which the way was made clear. She was always ready for these contingencies, with paper and pencil in hand, that her worthy husband might present a consistent record to his constituency.

On this first day of Dobbs's congressional experience, Ruggles overheard a lady behind him ask who that dignified, intellectual-looking member was in spectacles, with the red bandanna in his hand. Ruggles leaned forward and made Mrs. Dobbs acquainted with the impression her husband had produced.

"He will do," continued the editor of the *Trumpet*. "There is something about him suggestive of bank-notes, respectability and wisdom. You need have no fears, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Thank you, Ruggles," said that lady, her expression of solicitude relaxed into a smile. "Pray who is that reading a speech?"

"That individual," said Ruggles, "I call Mr. Pompous Mediocrity. His nomination was the result of accident, and in his district the nomination of his party is equivalent to an election. Observe how he rolls out his platitudes with that deep voice of his. Pray don't let sound beguile you, but listen to the sense, or rather nonsense, of what he is saying. See how blatantly he delivers himself of stuff that a sophomore would be ashamed of. What a weary waste of wind! what a volume of voice to lay bare that threadbare little idea, around which he is revolving! what an amount of random hammering, without hitting the nail on the head! If he had less vanity and a little more penetration he would get some one to write his speeches for him, but the man actually believes that he has a capacity for that kind of thing. But this is his last session—he is politically dead. He will soon sink into the shades of private life, where he will doubtless regale his family and cronies with accounts of the time when the Legislative Hall of the capitol resounded with his eloquence."

"Show me," said Mrs. Dobbs, "some of those members who are best known."

"Well," answered Ruggles, nothing loth to hear himself talk, "let us commence with that old white-haired gentleman with crutches, shaggy eyebrows and black eyes, or look as if they were. That is Governor Wyckliffe, of Kentucky, who is the watch-dog of the House—always at his place, listening to everything, and suspicious of every measure. Disturb him, and he growls like an old mastiff over a bone. He loves the Union—and slavery too. He is always grim as you see him now. I do not recollect of ever seeing his face tempered with mildness, but I have seen it grimmer. He is deeply impressed with the importance of the rights of the State of Kentucky, which prevents him from seeing the rights of the United States. If he had his way he would hang all secessionists as high as Haman, but speak to him of the abolishment of slavery as a Union-saving measure, and you touch him on a tender point; he will sing you the old song, *ad libitum*, about the divine institution. He has still in his head the old issues between Whig and Democrat, and does not seem to understand the needs of the present. Good, as far as he goes, but his vision does not extend beyond the limits of his own State. He is an apt illustration of the term "old fogey."

"Where is Owen Lovejoy?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"The stout member, just below where we sit, with the good-natured countenance and light-brown hair," answered Ruggles. "Before there seemed to be any danger for the Union, Mr. Owen Lovejoy came into the House on the topmost abolition wave—an agitator the most fanatical, throwing down the glove to every Southern champion who chose to pick it up, and assailing slavery, on the stump, in private circles, in publications, and the legislature, whenever he had an opportunity. Since the evil days have come upon us, he has grown calmer and more practical with the increasing danger, and now seems to be among the foremost to save the country regardless of the negro, in every feasible plan that is presented. He is an orator with a poetical imagination, and a power of communicating to others the effect that his own eloquence has upon himself, which is the test, really, of an orator. He is natural and impulsive, and seems to spurn the aid which any art can give in saying what he has to say. He is in antithesis as an orator, for instance, to Edward Everett, who has availed himself of every auxiliary in perfecting himself, and whose nature is too unsympathetic ever to arouse the feelings of the people to any great degree."

"The gentleman with the light, nervous frame, club-foot, and who wears a wig, is Thaddeus Stevens, the oldest member in the House, Crittenden, perhaps, excepted. He is chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, which is the most important and responsible position in this body. He is generally cool and always talks business; is a hard worker, and fond of extreme measures, regardless of expediency. It is a matter of surprise that a member whose views are so generally sound does not agree with Secretary Chase in the financial scheme so lucidly and logically set forth by him in his last Report. As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he can throw obstacles in the way to prevent the consummation of Mr. Chase's well-digested plan; it is to be hoped, however, that he may eventually be induced to view this matter through the clear financial spectacles of the able Secretary. Mr. Stevens is unquestionably a leader, and doubtless the most able representative which Pennsylvania has in the House at this time. He makes no pretensions

to oratory, and usually speaks in a conversational tone in addressing the House. Facts and figures suit him best—tropes and metaphors he leaves to others.

"You would scarcely recognise in that old man who sits in such apathy to everything around the cotemporary and almost the compeer of Webster, Clay, Benton, and Calhoun."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs.

"John J. Crittenden. His reputation as a great man may have come to him through the reflected light of Clay, who was his intimate friend, or, what is probably the more just, as well as the more charitable conclusion, his powers may have latterly failed him from old age and peculiar domestic affliction. He certainly has lost the energy which he once displayed, both in the Senate and Cabinet. The apotheosis of his popularity was reached when he was elected to the Senate the last time, and before he acted as volunteer counsel to shield from offended justice Mat. Ward, the murderer of Professor Butler, the school-teacher of Louisville. Ever since his last return to the Senate, he has been vacillating, and lacking in back-bone. He rarely, if ever, speaks or writes now, and looks more like a spectator than an actor in the terrible crisis through which the country is passing. His political life ended soon after the death of Clay. His old friends and companions have almost all passed off the stage, and he is playing a part mechanically, which will, in the course of nature, soon be ended. He doubtless feels as if he were encroaching upon a new generation, and age is not the period when new ties are formed with those whom he regards in his old-fashioned timidity as restless, audacious spirits with desperate remedies for the afflictions of the country. Natures like his would let the patient die for want of vigorous treatment, and call it cruel when it is merciful. Let us pass to some one else."

"I have a curiosity to see Vallandigham," said Mrs. Dobbs. "Which is he?"

"The young looking man, who appears from here to be twenty-six or seven years old, but to whom a close inspection adds about ten years, to the right of the Speaker, three or four desks from the front, that is Vallandigham. As you see, there is always a smile on his face—a smile satiric—those who do not like him call it a smirk, and I must say it looks

very like one. He has a flexible voice, speaks fluently, and with some grace. His most common gesture, when he has warmed to his subject, is bringing one hand with a swing into the other with sufficient force to produce a disagreeably loud smack. This is particularly the case when his attitude is threatening. He consumes more time on the floor than any other member, with the exception of Mr. Stevens, who, from his position as chairman of the most important committee, is entitled to more time than any one else. Vallandigham is fond of speaking, and hangs on to a question with great pertinacity, and I believe enjoys a debate for the sake of the talk. He generally takes his seat in great glee with himself, and is evidently not displeased at his own efforts. The smirk then breaks into a chuckle, as he chats away behind his hand, in his seat, with his neighbours, and perhaps his opponent, who may be speaking at the time, which I can assure you, Mrs. Dobbs, is very embarrassing to a speaker, a fact of which Vallandigham is very well aware. The Democracy refuse any longer to receive him as an exponent of party views, and he has been left high and dry in the last election, and is now on his last legs. But he is plucky and dies hard.

"The tall, slight figure, with swarthy complexion and long black hair put behind his ears, in short, an Indian to all appearance, is Horace Maynard of Tennessee. He is of a thoughtful, serious turn, and thoroughly in earnest in the great work of putting down the rebellion. He has laboured hard in the cause, both here and at home, where he has been an efficient missionary in spreading and encouraging union sentiment. He is a pleasant speaker, and not ungraceful.

"To the left of the Speaker, occupying one of the front seats, is John A. Bingham, another leader, and one of the most talented members from Ohio. He possesses a nervous organization, and seems to suffer from ill-health. The inward burning of his vehement nature seems to be consuming him, for he is full of fire and vehemence, and his frail body does not look as if it could stand the wear and tear to which he subjects it. He is clear, forcible, and violent, and at times very eloquent, marred though it is by a little provincialism of language. He is irritable in debate, and ungraceful in gesture, but generally engages the attention of the House.

"That grey-haired Hercules, is Wright of Pennsylvania. He looks like a Saxon, and perhaps has some of the old Pennsylvania German blood in his veins. If he thinks the right is on his side, I do not believe Stonewall Jackson with his division at his heels, could bend him. Determination is written on his face, and in his voice and gestures. And better still, he has a great loyal heart in that capacious chest, that beats in unison with every patriotic act of the government, in its efforts to throw off that mighty incubus—the rebellion.

"The active little man who is speaking and shaking hands with everybody, is Alfred Ely of New York. Brusque, and lively as a jumping-jack, is this little gentleman who never seems to get rid of the idea of canvassing whoever it may be, with a view to securing votes—a frequently indulged habit which has grown into a second nature. He is *répandu*, as Cronier would say, from having been taken prisoner at Bull Run. This imprisonment of both him and Corcoran, was the making of them. That Richmond incarceration did their business effectually, and for a time they were niched with heroes. While they sojourned there, we were frequently furnished with bulletins to relieve our anxious suspense touching the health of these two gentlemen, while hundreds of the 'great unwashed' were dying from neglected wounds and wasting disease in the dungeons of that impregnable town,

and their friends here were in a terrible state of doubt as to whether they were alive or dead. The thing was overdone. Their release was opportune, for the public were becoming nauseated with accounts of the health of these men, to the exclusion of Corporal Jones and Private Smith, in whom the country is expected to take *some* interest.

"J. K. Morehead is the large gentleman occupying one of the last row of desks near the main entrance. He is a fair illustration of what fair ability, a conscientious discharge of duty, and a properly directed ambition can accomplish. Commencing life as a poor boy, he has amassed a considerable fortune, and become one of the prominent men of Western Pennsylvania. He is eminently a business man, who eschews the 'highfalutin' flights of the fancy speaker, and devotes his time and administrative talents to the carrying out of practical measures. His reputation here is that of a hard-working committee man, who accomplishes for his constituency a good deal of labour, but who can, when occasion requires it, speak well, and to the point."

As Mr. Ruggles was proceeding to fix the *status*, moral and mental, of some one else, and rather to the annoyance of that gentleman, the House adjourned, when, offering his arm to Mrs. Dobbs, and joining Mr. Dobbs below, they returned to their hotel, two of them at least wiser than when they left it in the morning.

(To be continued.)

GARDELLE, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

"In a vain man the smallest spark may kindle into the greatest flame; because the materials are always prepared for it."—HUME.

THOSE who study men more than books; who are fond of analysing human character, and endeavouring to reconcile contradictions by supplying motives for actions and unravelling incentives to evil, may find in the history of Gardelle something to abet or disprove their theory. At all events he will present them with a signal instance of the transforming character of crime. Under its influence Man becomes a Demon. Pity, self-respect, generous feeling, common humanity, all disappear. The vilest and worst passions are present and predominant. A monster, not a man, is before us.

The circumstances detailed would at first sight appear incredible, and would deserve to be characterized only as the heated coinage of an excited brain, but for the assertion that *they are true*. All that the chapter contains is matter of distinct and authentic record. The narrative teaches, if any narrative can teach, the necessity of self-control; and—but let the reader gather for himself a moral from the disclosure.

Theodore Gardelle, a portrait-painter, was a native of Geneva. After having sedulously cultivated his talent for art, which was considerable, by every means and appliance which he could compass, he came to London, with the view of pursuing his profession, about the middle of the last century. In the summer of 1760 he took temporary lodgings in the house of a Mrs. King, in Leicester-square. From thence he removed to Knightsbridge for an interval of three months; but being then much pressed to complete some portraits which were wanted in haste, he returned to his old quarters for the convenience of his sitters.

His primary intention was to remain in Leicester-square no longer than he could procure other and more agreeable accommodation elsewhere.

His views, however, must have undergone some change, for he continued to reside under Mrs. King's roof till the February of the following year, when the first floor was let to a gentleman of the name of Wright, whose valet occupied the garret. Gardelle himself tenanted

the second floor. The ground floor was retained by Mrs. King, who kept only one servant. On the 12th of February Mr. Wright, being ill, was removed to his mother's mansion in Grosvenor-square. His valet went with him. There were then no persons left in Mrs. King's house but herself, Gardelle, and her maid.

Mrs. King appears to have been a gay, showy woman of very doubtful character, who dressed fashionably and lived expensively: whose intimates were the thoughtless and the dissolute; whose career and maxims are best described by a verse from the sacred volume—"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

Passing away from her for a moment, let it be observed—in order to simplify the narrative—that the female servant alluded to entered Mrs. King's service only a few days before Mr. Wright was removed to his mother's residence.

On Thursday, the 19th of February, the maid-servant rose at seven o'clock in the morning and opened the windows of the front sitting-room. There were, it appears, on the ground-floor two sitting-rooms, back and front. Each had a door which communicated with the main passage from the street, independent of an inner door which at will connected one room with the other. The back sitting-room was used by Mrs. King as a bedroom. The door which entered it from the passage was secured on the inside by a drop-bolt, nor could it be opened on the outside when locked, though the drop-bolt was not down, for this reason—that on the outside there was no keyhole. The folding-doors communicating with the front sitting-room were also secured on the inside by Mrs. King, when she retired to rest, and the door of the front sitting-room leading into the passage was left open. The usage of the house seemed to be this:—that when the servant had entered the front parlour by this door and opened the windows, her duty was to go to the passage door of the back parlour, where her mistress was in bed, and knock, in order to get possession of the key of the street-door, which Mrs. King took at night into her room.

Such, apparently, was the routine observed on the morning of the fatal 19th of February.

The servant having roused her mistress, that party drew up the night-bolt, and the domestic entered the sleeping-room—she then took the key of the street-door which she saw lying upon the table, near a looking-glass. Her mistress immediately shut the passage door, dropped the bolt, and ordered her servant to unclosethe door which communicated with the front sitting-room. This she did, and went out. She then kindled a fire in the front sitting-room, that it might be ready when her mistress arose: and about eight o'clock went up into Gardelle's room, where she found him in his dressing-gown busily at work upon a portrait.

He gave her two letters, a snuff-box, and a guinea, and desired her to deliver the letters herself in person. One of these was addressed to a Mr. Mozier in the Haymarket, and the other to a person who kept a snuff-shop at the next door.

From the latter she was commissioned to bring him a small quantity of snuff.

The girl received his commands, and then returned to her mistress for the purpose of telling her what Gardelle had desired her to do. Her mistress objected, remarking, "Annie, you cannot go; for in your absence there is nobody to answer the street door."

The girl being desirous to oblige Gardelle, or anxious, for some private reasons of her own, to get out, quieted her mistress with the assurance that "Mr. Gardelle would come and sit in the parlour till she came back." She then again ascended to Gardelle's painting room, informed him of the objection which her mistress had raised to her quitting the house, acquainted him with the expedient by which she had removed it, and begged his concurrence.

Gardelle then said he "would come down as she had proposed;" and he did come down accordingly.

The girl forthwith went upon his errand, and left him in the front sitting-room, shutting the street door after her, and taking the key to let herself in when she came back.

Immediately after the girl's departure, Mrs. King hearing the sound of footsteps in the parlour, called out, "*Who is there?*" and at the same time opened her chamber door. Gardelle was at a table, very near the door, having just then taken up a book that lay upon it. He had some time before been engaged on Mrs. King's portrait, which it was her wish should be highly flattered, and had teased him so

much on this point that the effect was the direct contrary. The portrait was undeniably plain. It happened, unfortunately, that the very first thing she said to him when she saw it was he who was walking about the room, was some remark of a reproachful and angry nature touching the plainness, or inferior execution, or faulty likeness of her portrait; something in disparagement of his efforts.

Gardelle was provoked, and speaking English but imperfectly, told her, in lieu of some more guarded expression, that *she was an impertinent woman!*

This threw her into a transport of rage, and she gave him a violent blow with her fist on the breast, so violent, that he said he "could not have thought such a blow could have been struck by a woman." As soon as the blow had fallen she drew back a little, and at the same instant he laid his hand on her shoulder, and pushed her from him, rather in contempt than in anger, or with a design to hurt her. At this juncture her foot happened to trip in the floor-cloth. She fell backwards, and her head came with great force against the corner of the bedstead. The blood immediately gushed from her mouth, not in a continued stream, but as if by different strokes of a pump. He instantly ran to her, and stooped to raise her, expressing his concern at the accident; but she pushed him away, and threatened, though in a feeble and faltering voice, to punish him for what he had done. He was, he said, terrified exceedingly at the thought of being condemned for a criminal act upon her accusation, and again attempted to raise her up, as the blood still gushed from her mouth in large quantities; but she exerted all her strength to keep him off, and continued to cry out, mixing threats with her screams. He then seized an ivory comb with a sharp taper point, which she used for adjusting the curls of her hair, and which lay upon her toilet, and threatened, in his turn, to prevent her crying out; but she continuing to scream, though her voice became fainter and fainter, he struck her with the comb, probably in the throat, upon which the blood flowed from her mouth in yet greater quantities, and her voice was quite choked. He then drew the bed-clothes over her, to prevent her blood from spreading on the floor, and to hide her from his sight. He stood some time motionless before her, and then fell down by her side in a swoon. When he came to himself he perceived that the maid had

returned, and therefore left the room without examining the body to see if the unhappy woman was quite dead; his confusion was then so great, that he staggered against the wainscot, and struck his head so violently as to raise a bump over his eye. As no person was in the house but the murdered and the murderer while the deed was committed, nothing can be known respecting it except from Gardelle's own lips. These details contain the substance of what he related both in his defence, and in the account which he drew up in French to leave behind him.

All was quiet when the servant-girl, Annie, returned, which, she says, was in a quarter of an hour. She went first into the parlour, where Gardelle had promised to wait till she came back, and saw nobody; she had paid three shillings and ninepence out of the guinea at the snuff-shop where she delivered one of the letters, to the other she had no answer, and she laid the change and the snuff-box, with the snuff she had fetched in it, upon the table; she then went up into Gardelle's room and found nobody, and by turns she went into every room in the house, except her mistress's chamber, *which she never entered unsummoned*; visit what room she would she found nobody: she then heated some water in the kitchen, made some buttered toast, and sat down to breakfast. Presently she heard some one walking about over-head, in the parlour or passage, and thence mount the stairs. Busy with her breakfast, she did not trouble herself to ascertain who it was. Her meal finished, Annie went and stirred up the fire in her mistress's sitting-room, and then perceived that the snuff and change had been taken from the table where she had laid them. She then went up stairs to Gardelle's room to arrange it as she was accustomed to do: the morning had now advanced; the hour of eleven was at no great distance; soon afterwards Gardelle came down from the garret (Pelsey's room) into his bed-chamber; this somewhat surprised her, as he could have no business whatever in the garret, which belonged exclusively to Pelsey, Mr. Wright's valet. On looking at Gardelle he seemed greatly confused, coloured a good deal, and she then perceived a large bump over his eye, partly concealed by a black patch of the size of a shilling; he had also changed his dress, and had written another letter; with this he sent her into Great Suffolk-street, and

ordered her to wait for an answer. She went at once, and when she returned, which was within a quarter of an hour, she found him sitting in the front parlour, and gave him a verbal reply to his letter to this effect, that the gentleman written to would be there in the evening. He then told her that during her absence a visitor had called upon her mistress, that she had seen him, and that they had just left the house together in a hackney-coach.

This statement of Gardelle's the servant-girl disbelieved; she had not been absent, that she well knew, more than a quarter of an hour: she had left her mistress in bed; the interval was too brief for her to rise, dress, attend to her visitor, order a coach to be procured, and go out in it.

Gardelle's statement she therefore knew must be incorrect, and his uttering it gave rise for the moment to a passing suspicion: it soon, however, vanished; but she again went to her mistress's chamber, tried the door which opened into it out of the front sitting-room, and again found it locked. The day had now advanced to one o'clock at noon. At this hour Mr. Wright's servant, Thomas Pelsey, came, and *without going into the house*, told the maid that the beds must be got ready, because his master intended returning that same evening to Leicester-square. Having delivered this message Pelsey turned away. The maid still wondered that her mistress did not appear, but no suspicion of her fate seems as yet to have arisen.

Gardelle in the meantime was often up and down stairs, and about three o'clock sent her with a letter to a person named Broshet, at the Eagle and Pearl, in Suffolk-street. As he knew that it would be extremely difficult to conceal the murder if the maid continued in the house, he determined that he would, if possible, discharge her; but as the girl could not write, and as he was not sufficiently acquainted with our language to draw up a proper receipt, he requested Mr. Broshet, in this letter, to write a receipt for him, and get the maid to sign it, directing her to deliver it to him when he paid her; with his *real* design he did not however acquaint her.

When Mr. Broshet had read the letter, he asked the maid-servant if she knew that Mr. Gardelle was about to discharge her? She said "she was not."

"It seems," says he, "that Mrs. King

is gone out, and has given Mr. Gardelle orders to discharge you; for she is to bring a woman-servant home with her."

At this the girl was surprised, and smiled, telling Broshet that she "well knew that her mistress was at home."

She returned between three and four in the afternoon to Gardelle, whom she found sitting in the parlour with a gentleman whose name she did not know. She continued in the house till between six and seven in the evening, and then Gardelle paid her six shillings for a fortnight and two days' wages, and gave her five or six shillings over, upon which she delivered him the receipt that Broshet had written, took her box, and went away.

As she was going out, Mr. Wright's servant came again to the door. She spoke to him: told him that she was discharged and going away; that her mistress had been all day in her bed-room without food; and that if he remained a short time after she was gone he might see her come out. The man, however, could not stay; and Gardelle, about seven o'clock in the evening of the day of the murder, *was left ALONE in the house!*

The first thing he did was to go into the chamber of his unhappy victim, whom, upon examination, he found to be quite dead. He then tore off the bed the sheets and blankets with which the body was enveloped, and put them into the water-tub to soak. His own clothes—now stained and discoloured by his frightful employment—he pulled off and locked up carefully in a drawer of his bureau.

When all this was done, he went and sat down in the parlour, and soon afterwards, the time being now advanced to nine in the evening, Mr. Wright's valet came in, but without his master. That gentleman had changed his mind, and had taken up his quarters at a friend's house in Castle-street. The valet went up into his own room, the garret, and there remained till about eleven o'clock. He then came down, and finding Gardelle still in the sitting-room, inquired of him "if Mrs. King was returned; and if not, who must sit up for her?"

Gardelle replied that "Mrs. King was not come home, but that HE would sit up for her."

Friday came.

Pelsey's first question on coming down stairs early this morning was to this effect—"Has Mrs. King returned?" Gardelle told him that she had been at home, but was gone out again. Pelsey then inquired

how he "met with that injury on his eye?" The murderer replied, "by cutting some wood to light the fire in the morning." The valet then went out to attend to his master, and at night was again let in by Gardelle, who, upon being asked, said he "would sit up for Mrs. King that night also."

Saturday came.

In the morning Pelsey again inquired after the absentee, and Gardelle, though he had professed to sit up for her but the night before, now told him she was "gone to Bath or Bristol;" yet, strange as it may seem, not the slightest suspicion of murder appears up to this moment to have been entertained.

In the afternoon of Saturday, Mozier, one of Gardelle's acquaintance, and also an acquaintance of Mrs. King—who had passed the evening before the murder in her company—came by appointment about two or three o'clock to fulfil an engagement of *accompanying the deceased that very evening to the opera!* He was admitted by Gardelle, who told him that Mrs. King was gone to Bath or Bristol; the statement, in fact, which he had again and again made to Pelsey. This man and another of Gardelle's acquaintance, observing his uncontrollable dejection, imagined it to be caused by Mrs. King's absence, by the solitude which pervaded the house, and the discomfort apparent in every part of it. They proposed to remedy "*his chagrin!*" by sending him a party to take charge of the house. Gardelle gave an unwilling assent: a woman of the name of Sarah Walker presented herself. Gardelle made some apology for the confusion in which the house appeared, and Mozier asked her if she would temporarily superintend it. She assented; and Gardelle acquiescing in the arrangement, the point was considered settled. Gardelle asked this woman Walker, how she gained her livelihood. She said by plain work. He then told her that he had some linen which required repairing; she should do it, and he would recompense her for her trouble.

All this time the body of the murdered woman remained precisely as he had left it on the Thursday night. Nor had he once been in the room since that time. But on this Saturday night, Pelsey being in bed, and Walker also being in bed, the criminal first conceived the idea of concealing or destroying the dead body piecemeal, and went downstairs to put his design into execution. But the semp-

stress—Sarah Walker—roused by the noise of his movements, arose and followed him. So watched, he postponed his scheme for a few hours, returned upstairs, and again sought his bed.

The following morning, *Sunday!* he rose between seven and eight; nor did Walker see anything of him till ten. The probability is, that in the meantime he was prosecuting his horrid task upon the body; for when Walker came down between ten and eleven, he was but beginning to kindle the sitting-room fire.

He had spoken to her the night before about getting a charwoman to assist her; and when she came upon him in the sitting-room, he was so much confused and startled that he did not ask her to stay breakfast. She went out, therefore, and hired a party named Pritchard as charwoman at a shilling a-day: in the afternoon she brought Pritchard to the house, and found with Gardelle a party consisting of two or three men and two women. Gardelle went up with her and watched her—the *bureau*, it will be remembered, *was in this room*—while she made his bed. This done, the party, Gardelle included, went out together *in quest of amusement*. The charwoman, Pritchard, kept the house; and about ten o'clock at night—*Sunday night!*—they returned *and supped in Gardelle's room*. She (Pritchard) was then dismissed for the night, and ordered to come the next morning at eight. The following morning (Monday) instructions were given to the charwoman Pritchard to this effect: she was directed to inform Pelsey the valet, that Sarah Walker the sempstress was a relation of Mrs. King, and her business was to remain in the house and take care of Mrs. King's property till that lady returned.

On Monday night Pelsey again inquired after Mrs. King, and Gardelle told him she “was either at Bath or Bristol, he did not know which:” he varied much in the account he gave of her whereabouts, but no suspicion of murder was yet entertained.

On Tuesday morning Pelsey, who was going up to his master's room, became sensible of a most offensive smell, and asked Gardelle, who was at the moment endeavouring to open the staircase window, if he perceived it, and what it was.

Gardelle replied—

“Somebody had put a bone in the fire.”

The truth was, that while Walker was employed in mending and making some

linen in the parlour, he had been burning some of Mrs. King's bones in the garret.

At night Pelsey renewed his inquiries after the hostess; and Gardelle answered, with seeming impatience—

“Me not know of Mrs. King; she give me a great deal of trouble; but me shall hear of her Wednesday or Thursday.”

Yet he still talked of sitting up for her; and all this while nobody seems to have suspected a murder.

On Tuesday night he informed Walker, the sempstress, that he would sit up till Mrs. King should come home, though he had before told her that the missing party was out of town, and desired Walker to go to rest, which she did. As soon as she was safe in her room, he renewed his horrid task of dismembering the body, and secreting it piecemeal. In this fiendish employment he laboured till about two in the morning, when Walker interrupted him. She was either sleepless herself or alarmed by hearing sounds for which she could not account; be the cause what it might, she got up and went down to the lower floor. There she found Gardelle standing upon the stairs: he overruled her apprehensions, and she returned to bed.

Wednesday passed like the preceding days, and on Thursday he told Walker that he expected Mrs. King to return in the evening, and therefore desired that she would provide herself a lodging, giving her at the same time a portion of Mrs. King's clothes, and being thus dismissed she went away.

Pritchard, the charwoman, still continued in her office. The water having failed in the cistern on the Tuesday, she had recourse to that which was contained in the water-tub in the back kitchen. Upon removing the spiggot, a little water flowed forth; but as there appeared to be more, she got upon a ledge, and putting her hand down she felt something soft; she then fetched a poker, and pressing down the contents of the tub, she got water in a pail. This circumstance was related to Pelsey, and they agreed the first opportunity to examine the contents of the water-tub. Yet, so languid was their curiosity, and so indifferent were they as to the event, that Thursday arrived before they carried their determination into effect. They found, on examination, the blankets, sheets, and coverlet, which Gardelle had put in it to soak; after spreading, shaking, and looking at them, they put them again into the tub, and

the next morning, when Pelsey came down he saw the curtain hanging on the banisters of the kitchen stairs; upon looking again he saw Gardelle standing at the wash-house door, close by the spot where the tub stood.

When Pritchard, the charwoman, came up, he inquired if she "had been taking the curtain out of the tub?"

She replied, "No."

She then went and looked in the tub, and found the sheets had been wrung out. *Upon this the first step was taken towards inquiring after the unhappy woman who had now lain dead more than a week in the house!*

Pelsey found out the female servant, Annie, whom Gardelle had dismissed, and asked her if she "had put any clothes or linen in water to soak?"

She replied, "No," and seemed a good deal alarmed. Her terror communicated itself to Pelsey, who forthwith laid his fears before his master.

Meanwhile these suspicious circumstances came to the knowledge of a Mr. Barron, a medical man in the neighbourhood, who went the same day to Mrs. King's house, and inquired of Gardelle "where she was?"

The culprit trembled; and replied with great confusion of manner that she "was gone to Bath."

Barron wholly discredited the statement; and the next day carried the maid-servant, Annie, before Sir John Fielding, the police magistrate, to make her deposition, and at the same time asked for a warrant to take Gardelle into custody.

When the warrant was obtained, Mr. Barron, with the constable and others, went to the house, where they found Gardelle, and charged him with the murder.

He denied it; but soon afterwards dropped down in a swoon.

When he recovered, they demanded the key of Mrs. King's bedchamber. He said "he had it not; for she had taken it with her into the country." Upon this the window was forced, the constable entered, and then opened the door which communicated with the sitting-room.

On this all the party went in.

They found upon the bed a pair of blankets wet, and a pair of new sheets; the curtain also was there which Pelsey and the charwoman had seen—first in the water-tub, and then on the banisters—this was found put up in its place wet. On removing the clothes, the bed ap-

peared stained with blood: so were also the blankets; and traces of blood appeared in other places.

Having taken his keys, they went up into his room; where, on examining his bureau, they found clothes belonging to the deceased, as well as to himself, saturated with blood.

The prisoner, with all these tokens of his guilt, was then carried before the magistrate, Sir John Fielding, and though he stoutly denied the fact, was committed. On the Monday following, a carpenter and bricklayer were sent to search the house for the body, and Mr. Barron, the medical man before alluded to, accompanied them. In an out-house and in the cock-loft they found—dissevered and scattered about—the mutilated remains of this unhappy woman. They perceived also that there had been a fire in the garret, and some fragments of bones half-consumed, were discovered in the chimney, so large as to be known to be human.

On the previous Thursday, the prisoner had carried an oval chipbox to one Perroneau, a painter in enamel, who had employed him in copying, and pretending that it contained colours of great value, desired him to keep it, saying he was uneasy to leave it at Mrs. King's while she was absent at Bath. Perroneau on hearing of Gardelle's apprehension, opened the box, and found in it a gold watch and chain, a pair of bracelets, and a pair of earrings, which were known to have belonged to Mrs. King.

To the pressure of this accumulated evidence Gardelle at length gave way. He admitted the fact, but signed no confession; he was sent to the Compter, where he attempted to destroy himself by swallowing some opium, which he had kept several years by him. Of this he took at one dose forty grains, which was so far from answering his purpose that it did not even procure him sleep; though he declared *that he had not once slept since the commission of the deed*; nor did he sleep for more than a fortnight after his committal.

When he found that opium did not produce the desired effect, he swallowed halfpence, to the number of twelve; but neither did these bring on any fatal symptoms, whatever pain or disorder they might cause, which is remarkable, because verdigris, the solution of copper, is a powerful and active poison, and the contents of the stomach would act as a dissolvent upon them.

On the 2nd of March he was brought to Newgate and diligently watched, to prevent any further attempts upon his life. He then showed some marks of penitence and contrition.

On Thursday, the 2nd of April, he was tried at the Old Bailey. In his defence he insisted that he had no malice to the deceased, and that her death was accidental, the result, in fact, of her fall.

He was convicted and sentenced to be executed on Saturday, the 4th.

The account which he wrote in prison and which is embodied in this narrative, is dated March 28th, though he did not communicate it till after his trial. During the night which immediately succeeded his condemnation, his behaviour was extravagant and outrageous. The next morning he was composed and

submissive, and said that he had had three or four hours' sleep. When asked why he did not escape, he answered, that he feared some innocent person might then suffer in his stead. He declared that he had no design to rob Mrs. King, but that he had removed some of her trinkets in order to give colour to the story of her journey to Bath.—As to any feelings of affection or jealousy towards that wretched woman he emphatically declared he had none.

He was executed, amidst the shouts and hisses of an indignant populace, in the Haymarket, near Panton-street, to which he was brought by a route that conducted him past Mrs. King's house. Here the cart stopped, and the wretched man gave one hasty glance at it—no more. His body was hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A FLINT.

EVERY flint is a repertory of great facts, a marvellous record of the past, and a museum well stored with remains of animals which ceased to exist long before the creation of man. To describe all these relics would fill a volume; we shall therefore only notice those which throw the most light on its production.

Flint is found in several parts of the earth's crust, but occurs in the greatest abundance in the chalk formation, particularly in its upper portion. Here it forms extensive beds, composed of irregular masses of various shapes, which measure from an inch to more than a yard in circumference, and are separated from each other by the chalk. Sometimes, however, it is found in thin flattened masses, forming veins. In either case the beds alternate with the chalk, as if they had been successively deposited at so many distant periods, and are horizontal or oblique, as at Greenwich and Gravesend, or perpendicular, as at Dover and in the chalk rocks between Brighton and Rottingdean.

The process which nature employs to form flint, and how it came originally in the chalk, are problems which geologists have never satisfactorily solved; but it is generally supposed that it was infiltrated in a state of solution in cavities formed

in the chalk, by the decomposition of organic remains which were imbedded at the time of its deposition. That flint was originally in a fluid state there cannot be the slightest doubt. If we pick up any flint and carefully examine it, we shall perceive that the chalk in which it was imbedded has imparted to it a white or yellowish coat, by having penetrated its surface from about the one-twelfth to the one-eighth of an inch in depth, which it could not have done if it had been deposited in a solid state; moreover, if we take flints fresh from their native bed before they have been subjected to violence, we shall find numerous shells, and other fossil remains, partially or entirely imbedded, appearing as if they had begun to sink, and had been suddenly arrested in their progress by the density of the semi-fluid mass.

The extreme gentleness with which some shells have been imbedded in flint is truly surprising, for they are sometimes found furnished with long spines as fine as a needle (*Plagiostoma*, *Dianchora*, *Cidaris*), completely inclosed without those delicate appendages being broken.

Myriads of remains of animals are preserved in every flint; for if we examine any fragment with an ordinary lens near its transparent edge, quantities of

little thorns or spiculæ, and occasionally a brown tissue, or net-work, are seen: these are portions of the skeletons of extinct sponges. The flint evidently incrusts the sponge while it was in a densely fluid state, and sometimes, after being thus inclosed, it became too friable to sustain the violence it was afterwards subjected to, and broke, or was reduced to a powder; and from this cause flints are occasionally found which rattle. Most beautiful specimens of hollow flints are found in different parts of Wiltshire, particularly Warminster. On giving them a gentle blow, they break, and in the inside appears a loose, fossil sponge, in fine preservation; sometimes two or three are found lying in distinct cells, divided from each other by thin walls, or partitions of flint, which are continuous with the outer envelope, and form a series of curious intermural interments. In these little sarcophagi the remains of the zoophytes are handed down to us in the most perfect condition from that very remote period when they grew in luxuriant colonies at the bottom of the sea, and were buried, perhaps suddenly, in the chalk. The various shapes of flints may generally be traced to the natural forms of existing sponges.

Microscopic shells of elegant structure, and numerous fossil animalculæ and infusoria, particularly the beautiful genus *Xanthidium*, abound in such quantities in flint, that on examination with a magnifying glass it frequently appears to be almost composed of them. Scales of fish and corals are also plentiful; but to examine a flint satisfactorily, it is desirable to have a thin polished slice prepared by a lapidary, and mounted upon glass, by which it will be rendered perfectly transparent; and with a microscopic power of about 120 linear, all its beauties may be observed. The *Xanthidea*, so named from their colour (Gr. *zanthos*, yellow), will appear like globular cases, furnished with numerous tubes, which are forked at the extremities, the number and shape of which serve to distinguish the different species. These minute skeletons were clothed with a transparent jelly of a brilliant green colour. They are stated by Ehrenberg to be analogous, and some of the species identical, with living forms which abound in boggy pools and ponds. Several of the recent kinds occur in the ponds on Clapham Common (where they were first observed by Dr. Mantell), and at Hampstead Heath, and

other places round London. Some of our most eminent botanists believe them not to belong to the animal kingdom, but to be vegetable structures (related to the *Desmidiaceæ*), or a genus of marine infusoria. Other genera are also very abundant, particularly the *Rotalia*, *Rotalina*, and *Textilaria*. According to Dr. Mantell, it is from the soft parts of these animalculæ that the pale yellowish brown or amber colour of many flints is derived. Another family of infusoria abounds in flint, named *Gaillonella*, from Gaillon, a French naturalist; they are so minute, that forty-one thousand millions of their skeletons would occupy but a cubic inch. They resemble under the microscope transparent tubes, divided into cells, like the small branches of the bamboo cane; at these joints they have the power of dividing themselves, and their powers of reproduction are so great that a single individual would yield a hundred and forty millions of millions in the course of twenty-four hours. We have noticed these minute beings because, like the remains of the sponges, they have played an important part in the formation of flint, which is often an agglomeration of them.

Flints, on being broken, often exhibit the sides of their cavities lined with sparkling crystals of quartz, which have the form of six-sided prisms, terminated by six-sided pyramids. In adhering to the flint they often seem to have imperceptibly incorporated themselves with it. These crystals, from their pretty glittering appearance, and their capability of scratching glass, are often mistaken by children and ignorant persons for diamonds. Larger crystals of quartz have occasionally deceived the learned. Humboldt relates of the great traveller, Nicolas Hortsman, of Hildersheim, that he looked down with a certain degree of contempt on all that fell in his way, from the great disappointment he experienced in mistaking a quantity of crystals of quartz for a diamond mine.

Flint passes by insensible degrees into agate and chalcedony, and the interior is often lined with the latter.

Near Poligni, in France, the cavities in the interior of flint contain sulphur; and a flint may be seen in the British Museum (north gallery, room 3, case 21), which contains water; it was found in digging a sewer at Hoxton. It is half polished, and about the size and form of a cricket-ball.

A singular variety of flint is found in

the chalk beds at St. Ouen, near Paris, which is so porous, or cellular, that it often swims on the surface of water till it has imbibed a certain quantity, and is therefore known by the name of swimming-flint. It sometimes contains a nucleus of common flint.

Yellowish and light-coloured flints do not afford so many sparks on being struck as those of a dark colour. Masses of flint, when fresh taken out of their beds, contain much moisture, and are more easily broken than after they have been exposed to the atmosphere.

Klaproth found on analysis that one hundred parts of flint consisted of ninety-eight of silica, the remainder being alumina, lime, oxide of iron, and water. It follows that flint may be correctly termed impure silica.

Silica enters more abundantly into the composition of the earth's crust than any other substance. Granite, which forms the foundation and axis of nearly all mountains, is chiefly composed of it, and is one of the component parts of many of the formations. It is an essential ingredient in most soils. Flints keep the ground warm by checking evaporation. As a building material, they were much used by the ancients, Pliny says they were used, both in Italy and Greece, covered with other stones, in the walls of

buildings. In our own country they were employed in considerable quantities in constructing the London Wall, and St. Olaves, in Southwark, portions of which still remain, and prove their power of withstanding the changes of weather. More recently the church of Turnham Green has been built almost wholly of flint; and the counties of Kent, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk contain many substantial specimens of flint masonry.

The use of gun-flints has greatly decreased since the introduction of percussion-caps; but they are still manufactured extensively in Norfolk and other parts.

Powdered and calcined flints enter into the composition of all sorts of fine pottery ware; with the addition of alkalies they are sometimes employed in the manufacture of glass. Seals, snuff-boxes, paperweights, &c., have been wrought out of flint, and when polished have a very handsome appearance; but the process, on account of the extreme hardness of the material, is too expensive to bring them into general use. The value of flint for Promethean purposes is too evident to require comment, and the ancients (the Wends, or Slavonians) were so struck with the fossils it contains, that they erected it on a stone called Flyntstein, and worshipped it as a god.

THE BOTANIST.

AN old man lean'd over his volume of plants,
And gazed on the flowers so wither'd;
Now dried up and shrivell'd, like corpses they lie,
Which once in their bloom he had gather'd.

They lie as he found them from year unto year,
Preserved in that book although faded;
Their colour is pale now, and white is his hair,
His brow at that thought becomes shaded.

One plant, as if nourish'd with dewdrops and rain,
Still brightly and fresh seems to blossom;
Yet it is but a little Forget-me-not,
Once placed by his love in his bosom!

HOOD'S HUMOUR.

THERE is so much of interest in the writings of Thomas Hood that one needs to read his complete works before he is satisfied to drop his acquaintance with the author. And when at last the delightful task is accomplished, a sigh will escape from the deepest chambers of his heart that one so genial, so kind, so charitable, so sparkling, so humorous in all his life, should have suffered so much from pain, curse, and anxiety while with us, wearing himself out in the prime of life, and to

“The peace and bliss beyond the grave.”

while yet much of the work which he had marked out for himself remained unaccomplished. All who know the poet and author will feel that in his death humanity sustained a great loss; will feel that generations may pass by before we shall have another poet who will sing for us “the Song of the Shirt,” the “Bridge of Sighs,” the “Lay of the Labourer;” will love to weave wreaths of laurel and forget-me-nots around the monument at Kensal Green; will go up and down the Rhine with more of interest and pleasure from remembering Hood’s many books written on the banks of that pleasure-seeking stream; while those who advocate the rights of authors, and believe in the law of copyright, will ever thank him for his *Athenæum* letters.

Hood was not altogether a “funny man.” We are apt, only knowing authors from their writings, to form very many ideas in relation to their real characters and feelings. Perhaps you would smile if I should tell you that Hood was a serious man; that his face had a sober, at times almost painful, expression; that when his picture was first given to the public there were doubts about its being received as genuine.

Writing to a friend, he says:—

“By-the-bye; did I ever tell you of my Italian teacher at Coblenz, and his emetic? He took it over night, but after an hour or so, feeling very comfortable, he began to get very uncomfortable; so he drank a quantity of tea which stayed with the emetic. Still more uncomfortable because he was so comfortable; he then took warm water at intervals, which made him as comfortably uncomfortable as ever. Then, getting a little nervous,

he took some wine. No discomfort except the comfort. Then warm water again. Still only mentally uncomfortable, till finally, having spent the night in this manner, he comfortably took his breakfast, which acted, as the sailors say, “like a stopper over all.”

That was a stomach to delight Franklin; for, as poor Robin says—

“Get what you can,
And what you get, hold!”

I wonder none of the quack doctors have got up an infallible nostrum against the sea malady. It would be sure, one would think, of a *sail*. One can almost fancy a little dialogue.

Passenger—“Well, doctor, I have tried your sea-sick remedy.”

Doctor—“Well, and how did it turn out?”

Having been sick, he writes to a friend:—

“Tom and Fanny”—(his children)—“are quite well; poor, dear things, they are the only comforts I have in my loneliness—namely, by making them sit still because I can’t walk about. And that is such a comfort (if you ask the philosophers) to crusty people. My poor legs! I must go and stick them in the sand, as the piles are, to get muscles to ‘em!”

It was one of Hood’s greatest delights to torment his wife, if that were a possible thing, for she bore all his humour and love for fun with the best of feelings. Among other things, if Mrs. Hood was so thoughtless as to leave a half-finished letter upon her writing-desk, or anywhere outside of a lock and key, Thomas would either finish it for her or interline it until the original sense was sadly perverted. Mrs. Hood commenced a letter to Lieut. De Franck; and leaving it unfinished, Hood wrote as follows:—

“Hood will copy at the end the directions to be sent on the box. I am pretty well—much the same as Hood; but my wife is not over-strong, neither is Jane; and Mrs. Hood seems to be no better than she is; but I expect she will mend, and so does Hood. As to Johnny, he is as well as can be expected; but Hood does not expect he shall ever be very strong again, so we must all make the best of it; the editor and all, who seem to sym-

pathize in his ailments with me, Hood and Johnny; but he cannot expect to be better than we are, for he and we have the same complaint, a sort of monthly eruption, which we think is better 'out' than in. My wife, Jane and Mrs. Hood, call it the 'Magazine.' It is a sort of black and white literary wash, of a poisoned nature, affecting the head. As yet none of the children have caught it." To this Mrs. Hood adds:—

"What a rigmarole Hood has written during my absence; but you are used to his tricks."

Another letter to De Franck shared a worse fate, for Hood peppered it all through with words of his own, as the following extract will show.

"MY DEAR FRANCK—We quite wonder at not hearing from you. I wrote to you at Ham (Hum) very soon after we were settled here, and begged (bagged) you to let us know the source (sauce) for sending you the 'Comic' (chronic) also to inquire what fishing (flirting) tackle you wished to have, or if the needles (noodles) would be too late. I repeat all this in case (cake) you may not have received my letter (butter). As you did not write, we began to speculate on the chance of your coming (coursing) over with his Majesty; and on the day of his arrival, and for one or two days after, we expected you to walk in. Hood even saw a Prussian (Parmesan) cloak (maggot) come down the road (mad) and made (snake) sure you were the man in it," &c.

In a letter written in 1843 to the secretaries of the bazaar committee, for the benefit of the Manchester Athenæum, Hood writes some very fine things, among others these.

"At the very least my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloons, with their degrading orgies. For the closest associate of Pope and Addison the mind, accustomed to the noble, though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slang. We reading animals will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessings that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow. How powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can atone for a meagre diet; rich fare

on the paper for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach, for many months, resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl. My appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous, and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish *table d'hôte*, I could still enjoy my 'Peregrine Pickle,' and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *à la tortue*, or sheep's heart; but I could relish Head *à la Brunnen*, and the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to sentence-fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician, to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-Law Commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinaflores, and waters polyanthus. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine. Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper. Forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then, as to strong beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk, against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my Butler; and in the absence of liquor, all the choice of spirits from Tom Brown to Tom Moore. Thus, though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France, Italy, Germany and Spain; the champagne of Moliere, the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. I passed bodily by the fluid that damps everything; I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is equal to the best gruel with rum in it."

So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils great and small in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart and the temper; bowels that will not roll right; well-laid schemes that will "gang a-gee," and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share. But still, paradox-

ical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly lightened by a load of books. The manner of this will be best understood by a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats who devoured each other, but it is not generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten; which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human mind, under vexation, is still like that kitten, for it is apt to prey upon itself unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling "History of the Great Plague," would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

Thomas Hood was a very interesting and happy writer for children—one of the most difficult of compositions. No author could interest children like the inimitable Hood. He writes thus to a friend of his:—

"MY DEAR MAY.—How do you do, and how do you like the sea? Not much, perhaps, it's 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer I would carry it all home to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the wights and May-flies. I remember that when I saw the sea it used sometimes to be very fussy and fidgetty, and didn't always wash itself quite clean; but it was always very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? If you want a joke, you might push Dannie into the sea, and then fish for him as they do for a jack. But don't go in yourself, and don't let the baby go in and swim away, although he is the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it that they keep drinking it all day long. Dip your little finger in and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you. The water of the sea is so saline I wonder that people don't catch salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was the first time, and the time before that; and, dear me, how I kicked and screamed, or at least meant

to scream; but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. I think I see you being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose into your mouth as you would put a button into a button-hole for fear of getting another smell and taste. By-the-bye, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry 'Quack?' Some animals can."

While Hood was the editor of a magazine he had a correspondent, Mr. Phillips, who fell from his horse while out riding one day. Hood laughed at him about it, as the following extract from a letter will show:—

"MY DEAR PHILLIPS.—What the devil do you mean? Have you no concern for the nerves of editors, the nourishment of magazine readers? It may be horse-play to you, but death to us. What business had you in the saddle at all? Have I not said in private that sedentary persons never have a good seat? Is it not notorious that authors, from Coleridge down to Pool, are bad riders? And you must go and prove it by being run away with; not by vanity, in a very writer-like way, but by the brute quadruped, never well pick-backed by seamen and the literati. Do you want a hole in your head as well as in your lungs? And are you not contented with the neck, crying 'lost, lost,' but you must break your own? Is your head no better than a pumpkin, that you must go pitching on it, and grazing the 'dome of thought and palace of the soul?' I think I see you getting up—not content with expectorating blood—spitting mud! And, plague take you, all through trotting on an earthly roadster, when you might have been soaring so celestially on Pegasus after his feed of 'husks and grain.' Do you really expect, though you die of riding, that you will get an equestrian statue for it at Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, or in front of the new Exchange? Not a bronze pony! Nor will you get a shilling a sheet the more from 'Hood's' or 'Blackwood's;' no, nor from any of the Sporting Magazines, for going at a gate without hounds or fox! And a father, too, with a baby, a boy and a young iad to bring up. And a friend with such friends as Blair, a Solomons, and a Hood, and all the Pratts, to expose himself to be kicked out of such society by a hoof. Oh! Phillippus, you deserve a Phillippic, and here it is.

Seriously, I am glad you escaped, and 'hope that you will not do so any more.' If you must run risks, do it on two legs, and at a walk. For such invalids a damp clothes-horse is danger enough. Or, if you must go pick-a-back, get acquainted with some sheriff that can lend you a quiet nag."

In his letters on copyright and copy-wrong Hood seems to have concentrated all his powers of wit, sarcasm, argument, and force of utterance, until the thoughts burn into our feelings like solar rays beneath a lens. He says:—

"If I have dwelt on the death of state patronage, public employments, honours and endowments (for literary men), it was principally to correct a vulgar error not noticed by Sir Thomas Browne—namely, that poets and their kind are 'marigolds in the sun's eye,' the world's favourite and pet children: whereas they are in reality its snubbed ones. It was to show that literature, neglected by the Government, and unprotected by the law, was placed in a false position, whereby its professors present such anomalous phenomena as high priest of knowledge without a surplus; enlarged minds in the King's Bench; school-magistrates obliged to be abroad; great scholars without a knife and fork and spoon; master minds at journey-work; moral magistrates greatly underpaid; immortals without a living: menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects begrudged their mite; great wits jumping into nothing good; ornaments to their country put on the shelf; constellations of genius under a cloud; eminent pens quite stumped up; great lights of the age with a thief in them; prophets to booksellers. My ink almost blushes from black to red whilst marking such associations of the Divine One with the earthly. But methinks 'tis the metal of one of their scales in which we are weighed and found wanting. Poverty is the badge of all our tribe, and its reproach."

In these days of fashionable extravagance, when the ladies of our country are thinking about giving up their silks and their diamonds that our poor soldiers may be comfortably provided for, it may be of interest to some to learn

what Thomas Hood says about the matter.

"They" (authors) "do not dress fashionably; for if they could afford it, they know better, in a race for immortal fame, than to be *outsiders*. Some, it has been alleged, have run through their estates, which might have been easily traversed at a walk; and one and all have neglected to save half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

"The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are unceremoniously worked up to furnish matter for their bold biographers. Accordingly, as soon as an author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian post-mortem trial, or rather a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a judge of assize, a commissioner of bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone-collector, a parish clerk, a school-master, and a reviewer for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyze, and appraise all the particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances of the departed.

"Secret drawers are searched; private and confidential letters are published; manuscripts intended for the fire are set in type; tavern bills and washing bills are compared with their receipts; copies of writs recopied; inventories taken of effects; wardrobes ticketed off by the tailor's accounts: by-gone toys of youth, billet-doux, snuff-boxes, canes exhibited; discarded hobby-horses are trotted out; perhaps even a dissecting surgeon is called to draw up a minute state of the corpse and its viscera. In short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoirs.

"Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration; for example, who will dare to say that we do not know at this very hour more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself?"

REVELATIONS OF MY LANDLADY.

ABOUT thirty years ago, and at the end of the fourth year of my medical studies in Edinburgh, I removed with my sister to one of the suburbs called Morningside, for the double purpose of health and seclusion. It was here that, as one of Dr. T——'s obstetric students, I was summoned one Sunday morning to attend a poor man's wife in one of the courts or wynds of the Upper Canongate. As the case was a tedious one, I preferred sitting by myself, till my services were more immediately required, in a small room on the ground floor, partitioned from what I afterwards discovered to be a small huckster's shop.

The thin lath and plaster that divided the two apartments had in some places crumbled off, so that, by looking through one of the apertures, I had a very distinct view of the adjoining premises. Over several of these intrusive breaches pieces of paper had been pasted by the opposite tenant, evidently to exclude impertinent curiosity and inquisitive eavesdropping. I know not whether it was the spirit of mischief, curiosity, or positive idleness, but some sudden whim tempted me to insert my finger, and depress one of the pieces of paper patchwork, by which I became as well acquainted with every article in the next premises as if I had actually been in them.

The conversation too it was my chance or misfortune to overhear truly verified the old adage, that "listeners hear no good of themselves," though I was as far from expecting to hear or see the person who maligned me as of meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Great Unknown. Having satisfied my curiosity, I should have withdrawn from my unlawful scrutiny; but at the moment the owner of the shop made her appearance from a back room, and opening a side door that looked into an obscure entry, deliberately pitched out a basin full of dirty water, when the abrupt exclamation of "Lord save us, Mistress Maconichie! ye were like to drown me," in the well-known voice of my landlady, excited all my attention.

Surprised, and wondering to find the person of my dissipated landlady so far removed from home, and so singularly near me, all my former spirit of mischief returned; and I accordingly posted my-

self, without much regard to the honour of the act, first at one, then at another opening, so as to witness all the movements, and hear the whole of the after dialogue.

"Lord save us, Mistress Maconichie! ye wer like to drown me," exclaimed an elderly female voice, which I had recognised as my landlady, as, in a black bonnet and shawl, the speaker came quickly forward, and without further ceremony entered the shop.

"Heich, sirs! Mistress Steel!" ejaculated the mistress of the shop, or Lucky Maconichie as her customers called her—for, in the native Doric of Scotland, Mrs. Maconichie had long been "a lone woman"—closing the outer door, and throwing open the one that led to the parlour, to cast more light on the visitor. "A sight o' you is guid for sair eyne! Dear me, I was nigh han' cawin the dirty water o'er ye. But come awa' ben, woman! And how's the guid man?"

"Brawly, thank ye for speiring," rejoined Mrs. Steel, as she followed her friend into the back parlour, and dropped seemingly exhausted into a chair; "and how are ye yersel? But I need no speir, yer looking uncommon weel. I never seed ye better; yer growing quite comely again, I declare—'deed are ye."

"Ah, whist, woman! nane o' yer jeers and daffin wi' me: I'm jest as the Lord made me," replied the hostess with pious resignation, and a pleased grin and inward chuckle at the compliment.

"'Deed I never spake truer words sine I was first coated and said my questions. Yer looking brawly! Heich, sirs!" and here Mrs. Steel heaved a profound sigh.

"Weel, weel, I'm glad to hear a freend say that, at ony rate. But hae ye had ony breakfast? It's a lang gait to Morningside, I trow; and ye hae walked it a', doubtless."

"'Deed hae I, Mistress Maconichie, and I'll no gainsay but I am a wee bit wearit. But I'll no tak ony brakfust, thank ye; my stimick's not a'thegither right. Heich, deer-a-me! I'm thinking the ca'v's inards we had for dinner o' Friday didna a'thegither suit me. I jest took a sup or twa o' the guid man's parrich afore I comed out, and that's a' the bit or sup I've had sine yestreen. I'm no jest right; and I thought a

change o' air for an hour or twa would do me guid. Heich, sirs!"—giving another deep-drawn expiration—"so says I to the guid man, says I, 'Sandy, I think I'll jest put on my bannet, and gang as far as Mistress Maconichie's, and speir how the honest woman is, and hear a' the news. I hae no seen her never sinsine Halloween, when I gid in to buy some nuts for the bairns' daffin'."

"Never sine Halloween, woman?"

"Deed, no. I've never set my fut o'er the door-stain, 'cept to kirk ance or twice on the Sabbath, till this blessed day, as sure as my name's Marget Steel. Heich, sir, pertect and guide us a'!" she concluded with a long sigh, as if overcome with fatigue or spiritual depression.

"Dear me! ye seem unco' tired, Mistress Steel," replied her friend, commiseratingly. "It's a lang walk and a cauld morning. Ye'd better hae a wee drap speerits to keep out the damp. I'm no jest so weel mysel' th' day as I should be, and I was thinking I'd tak a mouthfu' mysel' for the windy cholick that I'm whiles fashed wi'."

"Weel, I'll not say no. A drap guid speerits is a great blessing to a peur body when they dinna find themsels right, though I never tak' onything for ordnar but a sup o' cauld watter."

"Cauld watter!" rejoined her friend, with an intonation of censure and alarm, as she returned from the shop with a bright mutchkin measure full of the best Glenlivet; "that's very bad; ye should never do onything sae foolish. Cauld watter has been the death o' hunders. A drap guid whiskey, noo, put intult, maks a' the differ. There, woman! pree that. There's a bead for ye!" she added with pleasure, as, taking down two glasses from an open cupboard, she poured out part of the liquor into each, and pointed with complacent satisfaction to the bell that sparkled on the surface of both. "There's a pickter!"

"Beutitu'!" exclaimed Mrs. Steel, as her eyes brightened at the straw-coloured spirit before her; and taking up one of the glasses, added, before drinking, "Weel, Mistress Maconichie, here's wishing ye a' kinds o' happiness, and may ye never ken onything but the best o' comfort."

"Thank ye for yer guid wishes, and may the same betide yersel, and the Lord send it true!" and with this benison the two women emptied their glasses together, and for an instant gazed

on each other with eyes sparkling with such intense satisfaction, as if for the moment their bliss was too supreme for the expression of words.

"How do you like *that*?" inquired Mrs. Maconichie, after a deep "hah!" of prolonged delight. "I've got five gallons on't jest for my ane partickler freends, and a wee drap whiles for mysel'. How do ye like it?"

"Oh, it's beutifu' speerits!—beutifu'!" rejoined her friend, with a calm felicity in every feature.

"Tak anither glass, woman; the mutchkin's afore ye," resumed the hostess, pleased.

"Ye dinna drink yersel," added her companion, complying with the advice to help herself, and drinking off another glass of the whiskey.

"Never heed me. I hae the brakfust things to clear awa first, and then I'll sit down and hear yer cracks. There's plenty mair where that comes frae, so dinna spare the mutchkin;" and drawing the measure to supply herself, said—

"Weel, and what shall I tell you, woman? Ay, but I was nigh forgettin'. How does yer lodger get on?"

"Ah! I wish he had never set his fut o'er my door-stain—him and his sister, indeed! I could manage weel eneuch wi' the man; but thae women dang a' thing. Ye canna tak a bit kitchen-fee, or a dad o' coal, or whiles a shave o' bread, a pickle tea when yer out on't yersel, or a slice o' butter, or ony ither wee thing ye want, but thae woman aye find it out, and mak sic a bother, as if a mistress had no a right to bit odds and ends o' that kind. But thae English folk are aye so fashious and partickler. Want twa towels, ane for him, and ane for her. Set them up, indeed! as if she couldna bide tull her brither had washit himself afore dighting her hands; but thae are jest a' o' the same breed."

"Ou, I ken! I wouldna hae ony English in my house, unless I wanted to gae clean daft. Tak a drap mair, woman."

"What do ye think the hizzy wanted me to do no farther gane than yester morn?" continued the injured woman, helping herself to a further supply.

"Something extrordnor, nae doubt."

"Naething less nor clean smaw put-taties."

"Clean smaw tatties!" iterated the hostess in amaze.

"Clean smaw puttaties!" almost shrieked the roused and offended Mrs. Steel, as the recollection of her wrongs rushed to her memory. "Wanted me to tak a clout and rub the skins off new puttaties! as if biling wouldna hae washit them clean eneuch; but that's no half I hae to put up wi'."

"Heich, sirs, what a life ye mun hae wi' sic troublesome folk!"

"Certies ye may say that, a life indeed! It's war nor purgatory, sending out this and that because—— What was that? Somebody chappin at the door?" observed Mrs. Steel, pausing in the list of her grievances.

The widow rose immediately, and pulling the room door close, proceeded into the darkened shop, and bending her head down to the keyhole, cried in a loud, shrill voice, "Wha's that chappin at my door o' the Lord's morning?"

Another voice almost instantly answered from without, in the sharp accents of a female utterance, "It's me, Mistress Maconichie. I'm wanting a quarter an unce o' tea for an unweel pareson!" With the humanity so peculiar to her nature, the widow opened the door to admit the messenger for so necessary an article of luxury for the sick and afflicted, when a little old woman, tidily dressed in black, with a neat-folded white handkerchief and Bible in her hand, entered quickly, and closing the door behind her, said in a thick, lisping voice—

"I seed ye open the door a while sine, so I thought I'd jest step in, and—— It's a very cauld day. What a nice shop ye hae gotten!"

"What's yer will, maum? I dinna open my shop o' Sabbath," replied the widow, somewhat displeased at the cheat practised by a stranger.

"Ou, yesh! I ken a' about that; but I've jest comed frae the kirk, and I'm sae cauld sittin' sae long, nigh froshen to death. Sae a glass o' yer whiskey, if ye pleash."

"I suppose ye've been to hear the doctor this morning?" remarked the widow, while her customer took breath and enjoyed the delight of her potation.

"Deed hae I. I've been there hever sinsine six this mornin'. There was sick a terrible squeash. I'll hae anither glass o' yer speerits, mum."

"What sort o' a minister is he?" inquired the widow, complying with the second demand.

"Maist shurprising—a perfect pro-

phet! That's beautifu' whiskey o' yours, mum; I'll hae anither glass, if you pleash."

"That maks three glasses," observed the widow, as the empty vessel was placed on the counter, and the old lady wiped the corners of her mouth with the folded handkerchief, preparatory to her departure. "Three glasses ye hae no paid me for."

"I paid ye for the firsth, mum," rejoined the customer.

"Yes, but ye dinna pay for the three last,"

"Lord, woman! I paid ye for the firsth."

"I'm no denying it," cried the other with some acerbity. "But ye had four, and only paid for ane o' them."

"Four! Deer me! did I hae four?"

"Deed did ye. Do ye no mind it?"

"Four glashes! Weel, I maun tak your word. And how much did I pay ye? But are ye sure it was four?"

"Yes; and ye paid a penny, and there's three standin'."

"Weel I never!" she exclaimed with assumed surprise, feeling in her empty pocket; "as sure as death, if I hae no come awa without ony mair siller. I put it a' into the kirk plate; but I'll leave ye my Bible till I come back th' morn."

"I dinna want yer Bible, I want the siller."

"I'll tak it out the morn, woman. Here, tak the book, and dinna mak ony stir about it."

"I'll not; I'll hae my siller," indignantly pushing back the proffered pledge across the counter. "Ye old guzzlin' bessom, to come to an honest woman's house, and hae no siller for what ye gollop down yer gapin' throttle! I'll no hae yer book—do you hear that?"

"Ye'll not tak the Bible, then?"

"No," was the surly and irritated answer.

"Why, woman, ye maun be a downright heathen no to tak the word o' God for three glashes o' speerits! But if ye dinna let me out, I'll tell the polishman yer selling whiskey on the Lord's day, and see how ye'll like that, mistress."

This was a clincher; and the prudent Mrs. Maconichie deemed it best to endure the loss of threepence rather than, by irritating the old cat, as she called her unprofitable customer, bring down the vigilance of the police on her humane Sunday traffic; and therefore, with an ill-will, and a hearty but suppressed

curse on her visitor, she opened the door, and, as the old woman passed through, slammed it so suddenly to again, that the sharp exclamation that succeeded from the passage convinced her that she had in part paid her customer for loss and annoyance by the pain she had inflicted.

When Mrs. Maconichie returned to her friend in the parlour, she brought with her another measure of whiskey, anticipating the inroads her guest would, in the interval of her long absence, have made on the first supply. And from my place of observation I could perceive that she strictly complied with the friendly recommendations of not sparing the mutchin; for, as if the labour of dealing out the spirit in glasses was not commensurate with the frequency of her appetite, she raised the polished pewter to her lips, and imbibed deep mouthfuls of the genial stimulant.

"I'll not open the door to anither soul this blessed day," cried the widow, filling her glass and drinking the contents. "Did ye hear how that hizzy served me? The drunken bessom! Tak yer speerits, woman!" pushing the measure to her friend.

"Deed did I—the blagart! I wonder ye didna dad something in her face, to rob a dacent woman like you that gait," replied Mrs. Steel, drinking off her fresh quantum, and refilling both glasses.

"I think a' folk try to vex and spit their spite at me," resumed the widow, setting down her glass and growing lachrymose under the remembrance of wrongs, real or imaginary. "Nae farther gane than yesterday auld Bobby Ald, wha gets out o' the poor-house every Saturday, and has comed for twanty years to my door, true as the sun at twa o'clock, and to whom I hae gi'en a penny every blessed week, till about a month sine—how do ye think he served me, the ungratefu', demented reprobate—how do ye think he served a lone woman?" she inquired, forcing a few tears from the corners of her eyelids, and pulling from under her seat the universal napkin.

"What did he do?" replied the other in stupid amazement, as if ready to burst thunder-clouds on the miscreant.

"I'll tell ye; that is, if I can, for it nurt me, believe me, Mistress Steel, it hurt me to the very soul, wounded me in the very pith o' my heart; ane I had been maist a mither to—for twanty long years had bestowed my aulms on—fed the—the — Oh, oh, oh! you'll say I am a

weak, auld dothery body; so I am—a lone woman, Mistress Steel, a widdy woman, with neither kith nor kin to protect her frae the ill-usage of the vicious and ungodly—a puir, defenceless, miser—able woman." And overcome by her crushing sensibility, Mrs. Maconichie blubbered herself into a hearty fit of spasmodic crying. "Weel, I'll try and tell ye. You must know, my dear Mistress Steel, I heard about a month sine that Bobby Ald was in the habit—in the reputed habit—of goin' to that backsliding and backbiting woman's house, down by, called the Three Pipers, kepit by that aforesaid evil-minded woman, Peggy Macfarlane; and there—I know you'll scarcely think it—spending my penny, what I gave the ungratefu' villain for food. Spending it on whiskey—whiskey, Mistress Steel—to pleasure his drunken stomick! For by the woman's known bad character, she's my opponent; and I do assure you, dear Marget, I felt the unkindness o' the unprincipled blagart mair than I can tell ye."

"I dinna wonder at it," replied her sympathizing and weeping friend. "I could rive the blackgart to shredlings for his disgracefu' conduct."

"Ou! jest wait a bit, and hear the end," added the afflicted widow, with a deep gulp, swallowing her feelings to give her strength to conclude the atrocity perpetrated by the town simpleton. "The next Saturday in comes Bobby at twa o'clock as ordinor, so I braks aff a stale penny brick, and I puts it down on the counter, and says I, 'There!' 'Where?' says he. 'There,' says I, pinting to the breed. So after glowering at me for a minit, as if he did no exactly ken what to think, he puts the brick in his pocket, and marches out o' the shop wi' never a thank ye."

"Weel, to mak a long story short, he cam yesterday as ordinor, as glum and surly as a bear wi' a sair fut; and when I hands him down a penny bap—for I was out o' bricks—he looks up in my face as savage as twa sticks, and girning like a monkey, and takin' up the bap in his fist, he shook it, jest that way, right in my teeth; and says he—jest bilin o'er wi' passion—says he, 'I'll tell ye what, mistress, I dinna ken what you mean by this conduct, but I'll tak it this time to obleege ye; but curse ye, ye auld faggit, dinna mak a practice o't!' And wi' that he flings out o' the shop, dadding the door

ahint him jest as if I had been robbin' him o' his lawfu' rights."

"Save and pertect us! What a black-hearted scoundrel! I dinna wonder at yer greetin. What langage to speak to an honest woman! 'A cursed faggit! Peur soul to hae to put up wi' sic conduct!' And, affected to tears, Mrs. Steel drew from her pocket a rolled-up bit of rag, and opening one of the corners of the substituted handkerchief, began energetically to blow her nose and wipe her eyes, saying as she put up the dainty fragment, "Weel, weel, we've a' our troubles in this world, and we aye think our ane the warst to bear, and sairest to feel; but you'll hardly think what I had to gang through last week. My lodger, as ye ken, is a medical student, ane o' Knox's blackgarts; and when I gaed ben the parlour yae mornin' to kindle the fire and open the shutters, what do ye think I fund on the table—the very table they partickler folk eat their meat aff? What do ye think I saw lying beside the dirty plates they had o'ernight at supper?"

"Lord save us! what, woman?" inquired the widow.

"A heap of human banes!"

"Human banes!" iterated the visitor, more shrilly. "A hale lapfu'—legs, arms, hans, feet, oxter and collar banes—some o' Burk's handy work, I's warrant ye. Murdered banes in my house! I was sac dumbfounded ye might hae cawed me down wi' a straw. I didna ken whether I stud on my heed or my hans."

"Oh, the abominable villain!" exclaimed the other, when sufficiently recovered from her amazement. "What wer they like, Maggy?"

"Oh, awfu', awfu'! I canna tell ye what they wer like; but I upstairs to my gentleman, and rappit at the door loud eneuch, I's warrant ye. 'Wha's there?' says he. 'Me, sir,' says I; 'I want to speak tull ye.' 'What is it?' says he. 'You've human banes in my house,' says I. 'I know it,' says he, as impident as ye please. 'Out o' my house, you and yer banes—go this blessed minit!' cries I, chappin at the door. 'Go to ——!' You'll not guess where he telt me to gang; and I'll not hurt your feelin's wi' sayin' wha. 'Did ye wake me for that, ye stupid old woman?' He called me a stupid auld woman—he did, I assure ye, Bessy—me, me, wha never tastes a drap, 'cept wi' a freend like yersel ance in a way. Oh! ah! ou! Me stupid! Oh!"

"Ah! never heed it, Maggy; the men are a' alike. Here, peur soul, hae a drap mair to cheer ye up; we hae a' muckle to contend wi'."

"Ye are a real freend, Bessy dear, and can feel for a body's feelin's. Weel, weel! I'll take it, Bessy. Heaven knows I never drink speerits, nor custom mysel' to onything but tea or watter. I never kent till this blessed hour what comfort there is in a kind freend. Ah! a drap o' guid speerits is a cheery thing. It's beautifu'! Weel, as I was sayin', I gin him warnin', and comed awa downstairs, and jest keekit ben the room, for I durstna gang in till he cleared them awa; and what do ye think I saw then?"

"The Lord save us! what next?"

"I saw Lang Sandy Wood's Newfundland dog standin' on his hinder legs at the table, scarting at the wee banes as if he wer mad."

"The dog eating the human banes!" exclaimed the hostess, with strong symptoms of disgust and horror.

"True, I'm telling ye. 'Oh, sir!' says I, as loud as I could scirl at the stair fut, 'here's Sandy Wood's dog stealin' your banes;' for I had forgotten to steak the fore door, and I kent the peur beast was ill tended. 'At my banes!' roars he, jumpin' out o' his bed, and cuttin' downstairs in his night-sark and stockin' soles, and his breeks in his hand. But the dog was o'er quick for him; for catching up an oxter bane, the brute ran clean under his legs, and got out into the road. 'Stop him! stop him!' roars he, runnin' after him like mad down the road jest as he was, and the wind blowin' about him in a most shamefu' manner. 'Stop him! stop him! My beautifu' skeleton!' cries he. Out runs Kate Tampuson, the young hizzy, Mary Scott, and Jessie Gordon, forby Lizzy Black, and a' the auld women in the street, and they ran too; for they a' thought it was ane o' the men got out o' the 'sylum,* and there was sic a hubbub ye never heard; but the quicker they ran, the faster the dog gaed, till at last he clean distanced them, and got awa to the Braid Hills; and when the lassies got up to my lodger, and seed the way in which the wind was taking liberties wi' his garment, they gaed sic a scirl, ye might hae heard it at the Links; and awa they ran back into the houses, peeping out through the blinds as my gentleman was obleeged to walk back, putting on his breeks as he

* A private madhouse.

comed up the street. Ye never seed sic a sight in a' your born days. At last Lucky Johnston comes out, and says she, 'Dear sir, button yer claes; for the Lord's sake, never play sic daffin tricks again.' Dear me, I'm awfu' dry—I think I'll hae a drap mair;" and suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Steel emptied another glass of the whiskey, and after a moment's pause resumed her narrative. "And so, as proud as ye like, he comes stalkin' hame, swearin' awfu' oaths about infernal aties and vengeance. And when I said tull him, 'Oh, sir, how could ye expose yersel that gait afore folk?' 'Expose!' roars he, rivin at his heed; 'what do I care? I hae lost my banes, the best part of my subject,' stampin' on the grund wi' his bare feet. 'Death and furies, I've lost the whole o' my right articulation!' 'Deed, sir,' says I, 'I think ye've lost yer right senses, and name o' yer speech. Lord, sir, put in the tails o' yer sark,' quo' I, for he flung about at an awfu' rate. 'Ha'd yer tongue, ye damn'd bell!'—or bell-dam, I dinna ken which—he cried out as, wi' a terrible bounce, he flung into the parlour, and grippin' up his banes, cut awa upstairs intull his bed. But at last he was fain to tak my warning, and he's goin' awa next week, and glad I shall be to see the back o' him, and his starched-up sister. Heich, sirs! but ye dinna drink, woman. Ay, this is beutifu' speerits!"

At this interesting part of the conversation, which, despite the chagrin I still felt at the loss of the most beautiful skeleton student ever possessed, I found it difficult to keep my laughter within bounds, for the absurdity of my hasty pursuit after the dog down the quiet village had never before so forcibly struck me till now reminded of it in so ridiculous a manner; and had it not been for a hasty knock that summoned me to my professional duties, I must have exposed my listening position to the familiar and affectionate cronies.

When I returned about an hour afterwards to my place of observation, and looked through the broken plaster, I beheld the dear friends fast asleep in their chairs, and snoring with a volume of sound quite appalling. A third mutchkin stoop was on the table, the handle of which was firmly grasped by Mrs. Macornichie, as with her arm on the table, and

her chin buried on her breast, she lay huddled up in her chair. My landlady, the sober and moral Mrs. Steel, was stretched backwards, with her face elevated, the mouth wide open, and the head hanging over the back of her chair, and holding in her relaxed fingers an empty glass.

The picture was irresistibly comic, and actuated by the spirit of mischief and a little honest revenge, I cautiously removed a larger piece of the intervening paper, and inserting my walking-stick and hand through the opening, put the point into her inviting mouth, and rattled it against her teeth with a quick and vigorous oscillation. The effect was magical, and before I had well time to withdraw my hand and cane, Mrs. Steel jumped to her feet, dropping the glass from her fingers, and thrusting one hand into her mouth, withdrew from between her jaws the brass ferule, which I perceived had dropped from my stick, while with the other she seized one of the empty mutchkin-stoops, and springing on her aroused friend, exclaimed, "Ah, ye clarty bessom, I'll teach you to put thumbles down my throttle! Tak that, ye dirty faggit," dealing her quondam friend a blow on the head with the raised pewter.

"And tak you that, ye clarty roisterin' tramp—ye foul-mouthed bessom, tak that, and that!" screamed the infuriated widow, flinging the contents of her measure in her opponent's face, and following up the blinding deluge with a blow of the tankard. "Ye drunken slut!"

And with many other peculiar and energetic phrases banded from mouth to mouth, as each dealt blow and thrust, they at length, in a desperate struggle, staggered against the table, upsetting glasses, measures, and all, and falling to the ground in a mutual embrace among the ruins.

Taking the opportunity of their fall, I made as hasty a retreat as possible from the house, and was soon threading my way round the Meadows and over the Links to Morningside, where, about eleven o'clock, my landlady arrived, with her face tied up in her shawl, and with two ominously black eyes. And thus ended my landlady's revelations, and so concluded a "Sabbath passed wi' a freend in the Canongate o' Edinbro'."

THROUGH THE FIELDS.

A SUMMER STORY FOR BOYS.

WE had just issued from the forest, and at the right moment too, to see the sun slowly descending behind the blue range of mountains. Before us is the forester's house. How cozily it stands there beneath the firs and linden-trees on the skirt of the forest! how proudly the stag-horns on the gables and window-ledges stretch out their antlers in the air! The yard gate, with the owls nailed upon it, is open, and invites us to enter. There is old Frank, too, who has not noticed us yet. He is sitting comfortably beneath the wall, his mug of beer by his side, and is puffing out the smoke in dense clouds. Only see how Nero and Nimrod are barking round him, and they will not leave till he takes the whip to them. There is, too, honest old Marksman lying at his feet, too old now for such sport, and he never quits his master's side.

Hurrah! to-morrow will be a jolly day. We are going with Frank across the fields and through the woods, and he must explain to us all we see. I only hope he will adhere to the truth, for gamekeepers sometimes tell queer stories.

* * * * *

And now to start! how freshly the morning breeze rustles through the woods, how the dew glistens on grass and flowers! In the gamekeeper's own garden the morning music has already commenced. A party of merry, gaily-plumaged *tit-mice* have settled on a sunflower, which is to supply their breakfast. Then they hang on it, and chatter away and twitter, so that it is a pleasure to hear them.

And there in the fields you can hear the song of the *lark*. The old bird is brooding in her nest on the hill-side, while the male bird is rising with his song, even higher and higher, till he is lost to sight. But his cry still reaches our ear; and he seems to be saying—how sweet it is—how sweet—sweet—sweet!

See, too, above us the long flight of *cranes*, winging their way to distant lands! At the sight of them my feet begin to burn for impatience, for I should so much like to accompany them.

And now let us look at the mole-trap, which old Frank set last night. Ah! I thought so! there is worthy master *mole* swinging in the air, and the bees and

flies are mocking at him. The beauty of the world is to be found in the bright daylight, in the blessed sunshine, and the man who closes his eyes to them, and only digs and toils in the dark, fares in the end like poor blackskin here. He easily falls into the snares which crafty men have set for him.

Behind us there is a rustling in the corn-fields. A covey of *partridges* (as Frank calls them) is walking under the tall haums, as we should do through an avenue of trees. In front is the father with his mate; then follow the young ones and the relations. The careful old bird is looking cautiously round. Ah! he has seen us; he warns his friends of danger, and with a heavy flutter of wings the whole covey rises into the air.

We will now proceed to the lake, past the dung-heap. A couple of *peewits* are standing in the very midst of the dirt, and pecking away. Ah! you fine fellows with your gay clothes and grand crests ought to be ashamed of such goings on! But they do not appear to trouble themselves, and our presence does not disturb them. All the seeds they peck out they throw up in the air, and catch as they fall. The reason for this is that their tongues are so small.

Before us is the extensive blue lake glistening in the sunshine; the surface of the water is only rarely dimpled by a breath of wind, or by the plash of a fish, on which the *mew* swoops down with lightning speed.

Not a human being was about to be seen far and wide! only two *herons* stand motionless on the bank. They produce a solemn melancholy impression with their grey feathers! without stirring, they gaze constantly into the water, and have been doing so for a long time—suddenly snap! and one of them has caught a frog, which it greedily swallows. So, then, those thoughtful faces were only put on for the sake of a dainty meal—it is too often so in the world.

A terrible noise and commotion is heard at this moment among the reeds. A falcon has swept down from the sky on the young ducks, which timidly creep beneath the wings of the old bird. They cry and defend their young as well as

they can. But it is all of no use; their broad bills are too blunt and the robber too quick in his movements. His powerful claws and sharp beak pounce on the prey, and the clumsy old birds cannot cause him any fear! Poor parents!

Now all is quiet once more: in the distance *swans* are floating with upraised wings across the lake, and leaving broad rings on the water behind them. All at once an *otter* comes up from the water close by us, intending to devour quietly on land the fish it has just caught. It possesses no other likeness to the cat, except that in eating they close their eyes in the same way. Frank told us of a couple of otters he once tamed and trained to catch fish, and I knew that he spoke the truth.

While crossing a hill during the afternoon, we saw in the distance a flock of large, wild birds, with gay plumage, which were strange to me; they seemed heavy and clumsy. At the side of the beak they had long drooping feathers, which resembled mustachios. They caught sight of us directly, and ran across the fields with extraordinary speed. Frank called them *bustards*. They can only be caught on horseback and with greyhounds, but at night a dark lantern is employed to dazzle them. Though they may be so clever and cautious, there is not a single animal which man cannot surpass in stratagem.

After passing through the fields we saw a strange sight: two rat-like animals of the same genus met; they were grey on the back, with black bellies, and white spots on their throat and breast. Their necks seemed amazingly swollen. They were *German moles* just returned from gleaning, and their broad cheek-pouches were choked with grain. Scarce had they surveyed each other with their glistening little eyes, than they began passing a paw over their cheeks. In a second the pouches were in this way emptied of seeds, and they began fighting so desperately that one soon lay dead on the ground. But, for all that, the victor did not retire; and was just going to gnaw its dead enemy, when old Marksman sprang upon it. We fancied that the mole would fly now, but on the contrary, it rose bold on its hind legs, and sprang, with gnashing teeth, on the dog. Frank was obliged to shoot the savage animal or it would certainly have fixed its sharp teeth in the poor old dog. Soon after we found the mole's abode in the ground.

It had two entrances, one perpendicular, the other, sloping. The mole rushes down the former, if pursued, but by the other when there is no danger. The whole is composed of several holes, in one of which the food is stored. We found close on ten pounds of wheat in this one. The German mole sleeps through the whole winter like a dormouse.

At a later hour we saw a fight of a different description in the air. A *hawk* had carried off a chicken, and was incessantly pursued by *crows*, *ravens*, *jackdaws* and *swallows*. We watched the bold bird force its way through its swarm of raging enemies, but not leaving hold of its prey. The birds that attacked the hawk were no better than itself, for they nearly all lived by plunder, but they would not let the bigger robber off scot-free. Envy is generally found to accompany low, selfish natures.

The said crows fared rather badly presently. They treated the owl fastened on the top of the shooting-hut in the same way they had done the hawk. But while they were plucking away at its feathers, Frank, who had concealed himself in the hut, fired both barrels among them, and they met with their reward.

"He steals like a raven" is an old saying; but the *magpie* (which is a species of raven) steals even worse. Whenever it sees anything glistening, it carries the article off to its nest, where old birds and young birds amuse themselves with it. Once on a time a man was hanged on suspicion of having stolen a ring. After his death it was proved that a magpie was the thief, for the ring was found in its nest.

Evening is drawing in. The trees cast long shadows across the road, the air is growing cool, and all is peaceful around us. Only a few *blackbirds* are singing their evening song, and the *quail* cries in the corn, "Good-night, good night!"

A couple of *hares* bound across the path toward the wood, but make a halt in a clover-field to enjoy their supper. The sun pours its parting beams through the trees across the fields.

What a noise there is up in that ash tree! With rapid rustling flight, a flock of *silk-tails* is sporting round the tree like children who grow most merry when they are ordered to bed. On hearing the disturbance you fancy war has broken out, but it is only in fun. These silk-tails are peaceful, harmless birds; how clean and tidy they always keep their pretty

gay plumage! Their black throats and tails, their spotted yellow, white, and red wings—everything is graceful about them!

The *sparrows* down below among the corn are even noisier than the silktails. But they are not such good friends together, for they are always quarrelling and fighting, and their cleanly habits are not so praiseworthy. At length the disturbance ceases and all retire to their nests.

And now the sun has disappeared behind the mist and night is advancing over the hills; the sound of the evening chimes has died away, and the *nightingale* alone is still singing in the gamekeeper's garden. To hear it distinctly, we crept close to the bush on which its nest was built. Suddenly the song ceased, and directly after both birds, male and female, uttered a shrill note. We looked for the cause, and could distinctly see in the twilight a snake clambering up to the nest; but the birds defended themselves bravely. One blow of Frank's stick and the snake was dead; the poor birds were liberated from their fear. At a late hour, when we were lying half asleep, their song echoed through the silent night, as if they were desirous to thank us. How gently it lulled us to sleep!

[THROUGH THE WOODS.]

It had rained during the night; when we entered the wood, the young beech trees glistened again, like children coming from the nursery freshly clothed and washed. The green of the leaves and grass was twice as brilliant as usual. A fresh and strengthening morning breeze was blowing across the mountain and bearing to us the fragrance of the forest.

The first animals we saluted were a couple of active *squirrels*. They looked down curiously upon us from the oak branch on which they were sitting, and then leaped with graceful bounds from branch to branch. How nice it would be to live up there like them, and be able to go up and down so rapidly!

The song of the wood-birds commenced in the trees around us, and at intervals could be heard the *woodpeckers* tapping with their sharp bills against the trunks of the trees. They care little whether they keep in tune or not, and yet it is a glorious sound! The woodpeckers do not tap the trees merely for amusement. Beneath the bark are insects which they enjoy. It is a pretty sight to notice the

woodpecker climbing straight up a tree, as it hangs for a second at any spot, and peers with its sharp eyes into the cracks.

At one portion of the wood there was a glorious echo. Some wood-cutters were felling trees, and each stroke of the axe was re-echoed thrice. Then they began to saw the trunk, when suddenly a voice was heard from an adjoining bush, taking great pains to imitate the sound of the saw. "That is the *blue jay*," the wood-cutters said; "it behaves in the woods just like a parrot does in the town. If a foal neighs, or a cuckoo shrieks, it must imitate it, though it does not succeed very well." In the bush we saw the pair seated on their nest; they were pretty birds, of a greyish red, with blue wings and white and black stripes. Their feathers were remarkably silky in appearance.

But now we were about to have an unexpected treat. On the summit of a hillock, and on a low, straight stump, stood a very large bird. It was a *mountain-cock*. The bird was performing a regular comedy to amuse its wives, who sat round it on the ground and looked very stupid. The cock stretched out its neck, put up its tail like a turkey, and let its wings hang down. Then it sprang from the tree, tripped about on the ground mincingly, or twisted its eyes about, and smacked its tongue more rapidly every moment. After this it uttered a loud hissing cry, which cost it great trouble, and ended by turning round and round at full speed; the other birds looking on and apparently growing more and more stupid. But, in spite of their stupidity, they had noticed our approach, and flew off. The old posturer, however, had grown so blind and deaf through his antics that he did not notice us till we came close up to him. He flew savagely at us with outstretched wings; but Frank saw the danger that menaced, and brought the ferocious bird down with a sure shot.

We now proceeded further into the wood, through thickets and creepers. A thorn bush we passed was most strangely adorned; on the thorns were chafers of every description, even young birds and frogs were spiked upon them. Only a man could have done this—how strange! but we soon discovered our mistake. A bird of moderate size flew up, with a grasshopper in its beak, which it spitted on a thorn, and then began eating one of the others. This bird, called a *shrike*, or butcher bird, is one of the most cruel and

spiteful known. In winter it will join a party of sparrows and yellow-hammers quite harmlessly: it pretends to be their best friend, imitates their voice and twitters like them, only to attract a larger company. All at once, before they can prevent it, the wretch pounces on one of his playmates, murders, and eats him.

As among men, so among animals, there are good and bad, cruel and kind, bold and cowardly creatures—yes, even robbers and cunning thieves. Still we must not forget the distinction, that the animal is left to follow its own impulses, and hence is innocent. Man, however, must from his earliest youth overcome every animal propensity; for that purpose he was gifted with reason, to distinguish good from bad, and the free-will to do what is right, and leave undone what is wrong. If he does the opposite, he seeks far deeper than the unreasoning, savage butcher bird.

No bird offers such an instance of low, vulgar, and cowardly impudence as the *cuckoo*. Too lazy to build its own nest, it looks for one ready made, in which to lay its eggs. With considerable cleverness it chooses the nests of the smallest birds. However much the latter may shriek, when their eggs are thrown out, and though they open their beaks wide, the large, powerful cuckoo with its strong beak has no cause to be afraid of them: what harm can the poor little things do it? In that tree you may notice a cuckoo throwing the eggs on the ground from a stray nest, and yet the good-natured little hedge-sparrow will presently sit on the robber's eggs, and bring the young cuckoos to life, which, while quite young, will greedily snap the finest insects away from their foster-parents. Though I like to hear the cuckoo's cry so much, yet, when I think of this piece of impudence, I cannot bear it.

The sunbeams were now pouring fiercely on our heads, and we rested in a cool grot high up in the rocks. The prospect was superb of the valley below; we enjoyed our simple meal of bread-and-cheese and desired nothing better. A *martin* close by seemed however to be of a different opinion, and was seeking daintier fare. It crawled like a snake through the branches of an old oak to the nest where a couple of *wood-pigeons* were feeding their young. With one bound it entered the nest and enjoyed a hearty meal, not at all disturbed by the cries of the old birds.

A magnificent *eagle* was indulging in an equally luxurious meal, on a pinnacle of rock opposite our grot. It had carried off in its powerful claws a young lamb from the flocks in the valley below, and was greedily rending it asunder. How often do the most fearful contrasts present themselves at the same spot and at the same moment! While the robbers were satisfying their hunger, the parents of the poor victims were filling the air with their lamentations.

But we were destined to witness another scene of lamentation from our lofty station. While on one side peace brooded over the lovely valleys beneath us, we saw on the other, at the foot of a hill, a small farmhouse burst into flames.

The inhabitants seemed to have saved themselves; but the young brood of *storks* in the nest on the outhouse roof perished in the flames, while the old birds flew round them with shrieks of despair. It was a melancholy sight! It has often been said that a stork can always foresee a fire, and flies away; but that is merely an old piece of superstition.

We now descended through a gloomy pine wood, over blocks of quartz and small streams. In a snug clearing some young *foxes* were playing most merrily, rolling on their backs, and smoothing their pretty, reddish-yellow brushes. The old mother was sitting in the shade of the roots at the entrance of the hole and looking craftily around. She noticed us when still a long way off, as in a second they all disappeared.

Frank was telling us the strange stories about the clever way in which the fox makes its hole, how it deceives dogs and sportsmen by feigning death, how cleverly it avoids traps, &c., when barking of dogs was heard near us, there was a rustling through the bushes, and a splendid *stag* crossed the path, with a dog close at his heels—they disappeared in the woods, and all was quiet again. Soon after a shot was heard, and a loud shout announced to us that the stag was laid low.

At another spot lay a huge boar, quite dead, bedded in furze, and guarded by two dogs. The owner of the estate had a large shooting party out on this day.

We walked along the bank of the lake toward the gamekeeper's. While the chase was being pursued in the woods we had recently left, all was quite peaceful here. A *roe-deer*, with its two young kids, walked from the forest to the lake to enjoy a draught of water before re-

tiring to bed. The grateful animals regarded us kindly.

Beautiful *pheasants* were marching through the shrubs; their plumage, reflecting every hue, glistened gloriously in the light of the evening sun. They had just returned from the fields, and were looking round for trees and shrubs on which to take their night's rest.

The night fell upon us just as we reached an old ruined castle. All grew more silent and gloomy around us. Bats and screech-owls were coming out of their hovels, the frogs in the marsh began their monotonous croak, and the cry of an *owl* sounded almost frightfully. The ugly, heavy bird drew nearer to us with

a gentle flapping of its wings, and sat upon the highest part of the wall. The moon now rose majestically over the forest, and lit up the roots and boughs around us, so that we fancied we could distinguish pixies crouching among them. It was a splendid sight to survey the old walls, and Frank told us all sorts of tales of the knights who had lived in the castle, and sportsmen who had hunted in the woods. Thus, midnight at length arrived—we returned home. It was long ere I fell asleep; and, when I did so, it was to dream till morning of all we had seen this day, and the marvels of the woods.

L. W.

TRUE COURAGE.

"No, it is not at all remarkable, my dear. A man of Alan's make is not easily content to stand idly by and watch others striving for fame without his having a share in the race or in the spoils."

"Oh, do you think that his motive?"

"Not altogether, perhaps; he has fine traits, fine ability—Alan's well-fitted to succeed. Pity he married so early, great pity: his wife was not of the right stamp. Hand me the grapes, dear. Where's Gracie?"

"In the library with Alan; he came to borrow a book for his mother. I like that devotion of his: he thinks no woman in the world her equal."

"What all sons ought to believe faithfully."

"I wish Grace would keep some of her high-flown ideas a little in check. I am sure she is talking war with all her might to Alan, and he has been excited enough ever since he came back. Have you noticed how moody and absorbed he is?"

"That is because his mind is not fully decided. Then, too, those three months unsettled his business arrangements."

"These grapes are very fine. Charles, do you think Alan has any idea of asking us for Gracie?"

There was a slight shrug, a half-anxious smile on the paternal visage as Mr. Redwood responded.

"How can I tell, my love? Stranger things have happened."

"Fancy Grace a stepmother! I should not like it at all."

"Ah, it would come home to us!" said Mr. Redwood, smiling. "No, I have no wish either to be an antiquated grandparent quite so suddenly. Besides, Gracie would grace a fortune which Alan could not give her."

"Oh, as for that, if they loved each other——"

"The woman will out," interrupted Mr. Redwood; "all for love, without a thought of the needful lucre."

"Yes; I have not improved since my youthful days," said the wife, demurely.

It was getting dusky in the luxurious parlour; "shadows from the fitful fire-light" were already dancing on the wall. With twilight comes that dreamy lingering over the past; joys and sorrows are seen through a mellow mist of indistinctness: and so sat Mr. Redwood and his wife, quite forgetful of the present, talking over old and happy days which the wife's light allusion had recalled; forgetful, too, of the two younger people who, not far off, were quite as pleasantly employed.

The golden autumnal sunset deepening to crimson was slanting in the library windows, which, open to the ground, gave glimpses of garden paths brownly matted with fallen leaves. The faint breath of asters, purple and pink, white and yellow, came in with the freshening air. Far off, the hills now darkening, at mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

At a door of the book-cases stood Grace, her slight, small stature looking

slighter and smaller for the athlete beside her, whose brown face was intent upon a book as he listened to her rapid, forceful words. Her face was full of *verve*, life, activity; even her delicate fingers were busy, and the dark wool with its bright border was fast being fashioned into something wearable.

"Oh, Alan," she was saying, "it makes me impatient to hear people sighing over the times! I think this a grand age, a noble era, when Good and Evil have met, like knights of old, to test the prowess of their followers. Who can doubt the final triumph? Good must win: this we all believe."

Her companion assented silently, not caring to check her flow of thought; and she went on, her whole face lighting, her proudly curved lips enunciating every word with a clearness which was musical, like the swift fall of nuts on a still day in the woods.

"If our ancestors could have been gifted with prescience, I really think they would have been glad to know that this day was coming; not for the bitter strife, nor for the bloodshed, but for the grandeur of a people rising in their might to redeem their country from treachery and error. My ancestors, you know"—and the little pride of accent did not mar the sweet smile which rose—"were of the best blood; and as I look at Rufus, I often think my brother a fit representative of a noble race. But had he shirked his duty at this time, had he not been so nobly eager for the fray with so earnest a purpose, I could hardly have hidden my scorn."

Alan glanced up quickly as if stung; unconsciously Grace netted on briskly, her eyes now on her work. There was a little tinge of sarcasm in Alan's tone, as he replied—

"You then would be like the one, Grace, who, when

'Home they brought her warrior dead,
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.'"

A shadow crept over Grace's brow, which, in animation, had kept true time to her words.

"I don't know—it is a glorious death," she said, very gently and slowly, Alan's face changing its expression as she spoke. "I should not regret that he had chosen it; but, Alan, you remember that at last—

'Like summer tempest came her tears.'"

"And even now I see a glistening drop.

Dear Grace, forgive me—I was cruel; but—I don't know whether you meant it or not; yet your words seem to reflect on my actions."

The glistening drop was swept instantly away.

"I know you better, Alan. I am sure you told me that you wanted to go—that you would go."

"But——"

"There must be no *but* in the way, Alan. Don't you know that this is a recruiting station? I have induced a number of enlistments."

For all her playfulness her companion still looked serious; he began too to stride slowly up and down the room with the forgotten book in his hands. Grace looked admiringly at his strong, manly frame; of all her *preux chevaliers* Alan was her chosen one for dauntless courage and resolve. She longed to see him still more her hero.

"You told me, Alan, that it would be no very difficult work for you to raise a regiment; and you know with what *élan* men would fight under the command of one so nobly fitted to lead them."

The praise was so gently offered, with such persuasiveness, that Alan could not resist it. He stopped in his walk, and faced the winning demoiselle.

"Grace, do you really think all duties subservient to this of fighting for one's country?"

"Certainly, Alan," answered the enthusiast.

"Can you imagine nothing which demands a man's life and honour quite as much?"

"Not at this time."

Alan again walked the floor, speaking as he did so.

"I am so nearly of your mind, Grace, that I cannot conscientiously argue for the other side. Besides—— Oh, I *must* go! I believe, as you say, that I can have some little influence; and certainly I owe my share of toil and hardship and danger. I long for it; God knows it is not a craven spirit which has made me hesitate."

He was roused from his moody quietude; but Grace did not quail at the fire she had evoked. More than ever she admired him. Suddenly he turned and said—

"My motherless children, Grace, who can I leave them with? My mother is too old to be burdened with the care of them, and if I die——"

Swiftly two hands grasped his in their firm but velvet touch, and an eager face looked up at him.

"Leave them with me, Alan."

"You, Grace, you?"

"Do you doubt my ability?"

"Are you willing to be a stepmother, Grace?"

"Oh, Alan!"—and the hands relaxed their hold, but did not fall, for now Alan had them fast and close—"I did not mean *that*."

"Of course not, Gracie; but that is what it amounts to. Do not struggle so; your fingers have a way of restlessness that is not good for them—they will be hurt. Now you must listen. You have told me my duty, let me tell you yours. I want some one to bid me go forth and win fame as well as fight bravely. I want some one to be thinking of me, and praying for me while I am gone. Yes, I am just so selfish; and I want that person to be one whom I love better than any one in this world or any other."

"Hush, Alan! you forget you ever had a wife."

"Indeed not, Grace, I remember that four years I was bound to one who loved me not so much as the poodle she petted in her arms—one who, though dead, I dare to say was not a true woman. Never let her name again come between us, Grace. Silence only can heal such painful memories. Grace, are you too proud to be a poor man's wife?" Alan asked, softly, as she stood with eyes cast down and wrists still turning uneasily.

"No, Alan, nor—a stepmother, if in this way I can aid the good cause," she answered, with a half smile.

"But, Grace, is your love to be the guerdon for only my soldier career?"

"I shall be so proud, Alan, if it can be."

Only half satisfied, he drew her nearer, nearer. Nor did she shrink away timidly. The spirit of old romance and days of chivalry shone in the light of her clear eyes. His kisses fell softly on her brow, "royal with the truth," and, as in a dream, they stood silently watching the darkening garden paths, not heeding the growing chilliness of the air, or the dead leaves which fluttered in at their feet.

"Now, mother mine, you know all. How does it please you?" said Alan, drawing his chair close to the one where sat in rather stately uprightness an old lady, who for nobility of feature matched the one beside her. But the older voice

trembled, the older eyes were dimmer, and looked farther back than forward.

"Alan, dear, you know that I love Grace, and that I long to see you happy with one so well fitted to render your home all that you wish; yet the compact does not please me."

"What compact, mother?"

"It is evident that Grace wishes you to go to the war."

"Certainly; she spurs me on to what I most desire."

"Have you told her how you are situated?"

A darkening shade gathered over Alan's face, as he replied, somewhat impetuously—

"Why should I? She thinks as I do—that nothing so much demands a man's life and honour as his country."

"Alan, 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The storm had been brooding all the afternoon; now it broke angrily; the words came like dashing, driving rain.

"Not those of brawny muscle, and each nerve strung for action—not men born to do and dare, to lead and fight and conquer. Mother, why have you so long combated me? I have no right to refuse this second call. Had the women of the Revolution your spirit where would we have been now? Did they not urge on their sons and husbands? Look! I am a soldier, every inch of me. Military science has been my passion for years. I have influence. I can go into the ranks with twice the power of ordinary men. My example has some weight; and the cause could not be nobler. Why do you persist in opposing me?"

"Because, Alan"—and the fragile form grew more erect, the dim eye calmer, steadier than ever in its gaze upon her excited son—"because God's hand points to a different path for you. My son, listen patiently to me. Years ago you spurned my advice, and rushed on recklessly to sorrow—rushed on to that which now is hindering you at every step. Listen. Alan, my son, God blessed you with many gifts, with health, strength, and intellect. Life began for you very auspiciously; but you remember, dear, how rashly, from one imprudence to another, beginning with your loveless marriage, from one extravagance to another, you went blindly forward—not blindly either, but wilfully—until you were so involved that there was but one course for you to pursue, if ever your errors were to be

redeemed. Nobly you paused, and determined to begin anew; unselfishly you bowed to your burden; and, my son, you have so far retrieved the past as to convince all that your honour is above reproach. But, Alan, all is not yet accomplished; your debts are yet heavy; it will take years of hard work for you to redeem your obligations; and the penalty, though severe, is just. Wilful rashness and folly led you to assume them; wilful determination to do your duty must rid you of them. I know you will cry out at me, but, believe me, it is *your* duty to stay at home and work. The principle is just as imperative as the country's need, though less heroic in the world's view."

"And what if all men and all mothers should think as you?" asked Alan, whose head was bowed between his hands.

"Each must decide for himself, Alan. The time may come, the peril be so great that I should say even to you, Go! but it has not yet; men and treasure are pouring forth. Then, Alan, your children, God gave them to you. My life is not worth much; do they not need you to guide them, to support and educate them?"

There was no answer, only a smothered groan.

The mother's heart overflowed, tears streamed down her aged cheeks as she rose and drew Alan's head down on her shoulder.

"Alan, my boy, do not grieve; God's way is the best way always. I honour your patriotism. I share it, darling! You have forgotten that I sent your brother, who even now may be suffering or dead."

"Mother, I am a brute! I don't ask you to forgive me. I acknowledge that ambition had blinded me; my motive was not the purest patriotism."

"Hush, Alan! you do yourself injustice. I know your brave, proud spirit; but, darling, you see which way lies your path, do you not? Even to-day a letter from your uncle speaks of a position soon at your command, in which, with your youth and energy, you may sooner than you think be untrammelled."

There was utter silence. The storm had quieted. Alan's face was stern and pale; but as he rose to leave the room he bent for a moment over the chair which his mother had again resumed. The look and gentle caress which accompanied it assured the victory.

Grace was skimming down stairs to the blithe tripping notes of "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" as Alan stalked in the hall the following morning; but she stopped suddenly with a vivid blush as she met his dark eyes and quiet salutation. She had involuntarily expected a little more ardour from her lover; but though they found the library unoccupied, Alan still maintained his cool gravity, not so much as offering to kiss her dainty little hand, where gleamed his own seal ring, with its crest and motto of "*Au vrai courage, rien impossible.*" Alan broke silence, however, at once.

"Grace, I have come to release you from yesterday's promise, to ask your pardon for my rashness."

He seemed to think a quick plunge better than any slower procedure. Grace looked steadily and silently up at him, unprepared and incredulous, waiting for a fuller meaning of his words. His task was not easy; the very presence of the little Joan d'Arc, as he had often called her, made it hard for him to quell the aim which for months had been tightening its power.

"Reasons which have restrained me this long fled while in your persuasive presence yesterday, Grace, and I told you that which I ought not to have done—a share of the perils and glories of our time is not for me, nor the guerdon which you promised; since I cannot fight I must not claim the reward."

Slowly, rather bitterly he spoke. Slowly, rather sadly she replied:

"*'Au vrai courage, rien impossible,'*" slipping off the ring as she quoted its motto. The bauble fell with a tinkle on the hearth. Alan stooped to pick it up, his eyes flashing, the veins in his temples swelling. Did she mean to taunt him; was it not enough that he was enduring the sacrifice of his great desire without this added pain?

He was hurt, angry, and proud. Swiftly reviewing the past, as his mother had done, in a few words to Grace he explained himself, she listening with downcast eyes. Hurriedly he went on, not defending himself, not arguing his case, merely telling her what he thought she had the right to know. Then he rose, and very gracefully, with manly earnestness and feeling, thanked Grace for her willingness to share his duties, relinquishing at the same time the cherished hope which for a few short hours had made him a happy man.

It was a dark, lowering day, and the

wind was rising. The library seemed to grow darker, the air chillier. Grace shivered a little. In her eyes was an absent, dreary, disappointed expression. She was looking down still, and her hands were clasped listlessly before her. Again she murmured, "*Au vrai courage, rien impossible.*" Again Alan's eyes flashed, but his voice was calm and low. Though a conqueror, he was wounded, but nothing now could make him flinch from his determination.

"What is *vrai courage*, Grace?"

She looked up at him. "I was thinking, Alan."

Her voice was so sweet and sad that the thought of her taunting him seemed an ignoble suspicion. Eager words were rising to his lips, but he paused as he saw the absent, pained expression fading from her eyes and a clearer light dawning under the fringed lids. She was so beautiful, and he so loved her, that for one moment he longed to say, "Grace, honour, duty, life itself is at your disposal. Command what you will, I obey;" but the man in him was too strong, too vital for that.

"No," he thought, "I can give her up too. I have done it—the struggle is over; cost what it may, duty shall win."

Grace stood still with clasped hands, but the little fingers were no longer list-

less; her proud little head was poised dauntlessly as she spoke—

"Yes, Alan, I was thinking over that motto; for once the man who bears it on his shield proves it in his life."

Alan started. Had he heard aright? Was he in his sane, sober senses?

Still, with the same *verve* in face and speech as on the previous day, she went on—

"Courage to deny yourself fame and honour, courage to choose the humbler duty, and courage to give up what seemed to be dear to you"—blushing exquisitely and modestly as she spoke so of herself—"that is *vrai courage*. I honour you, Alan, for possessing it as much as I do the soldier who bleeds for our country."

Alan's voice for a moment could not find steady utterance; his stern resolve and self-denial, with the forlorn prospect of a loveless life before him, had so fixed themselves in his mind that he looked at Grace mentally as one does actually at strong sunshine after being in the dark; but her earnest admiration and glance of warm regard brought him quickly to her side.

"What, Grace, is it true? Can you, then, love me, though not your warrior hero?"

For all answer she let his arms encircle her and buried her face in his bosom.

BEGGARS.

COULD our influence be extended beyond the limits of our domestic circle, we would have indelibly written in the statute-book, a law making it a punishable offence for any one to beg without a licence. Some persons—philanthropists who dwell in attics, and consequently know nothing whatever of the nuisance—may differ from us; with such we have no desire to enter into a controversy; we pass them by with the hope that no more serious misfortune than housekeeping may ever befall them. Others, as sensible and unfortunate as we are, coincide with us in our idea; and it is these we would address.

A piece of human weakness it is, we know, when persons similarly affected, group together for the purpose of comparing notes and exchanging sympathies;

nevertheless, it is very consolatory to those interested. The fact of its being so, we hope, will so satisfy the disinterested that they will not begrudge us the trifling amount of consolation we expect to receive from relating our experience.

Once upon a time—never mind when, though 'tis not so long ago that we cannot distinctly remember it—having nothing upon our mind but a wife, and plenty of time, we indulged in that delightful but rather expensive experiment, housekeeping. It does not fall within the province of our sketch to say how this experiment succeeded, and even if it did, we would run over it as rapidly as we would over any other painful subject.

It is undisputed, we believe, that in youthful hands an experiment is always made at the expense of material; at all

events it was so in our case, and as beef-steaks were very rarely underdone, and bread and biscuit very rarely overdone, we always had something in the house with which to practise charity. Well, we did practise charity, and that was only the beginning of it.

Perhaps some of the attic philosophers will inform us, with philosophical gravity, that as we encouraged beggars by always having something ready to give, we should not be the one to raise our voice against them. As we have before said, we have no desire to enter into any discussion with individuals who dwell among the clouds; but in the matter of encouraging beggars, let us make this assertion, which, based on the experience of six months' housekeeping, is entitled to respect, if not belief. Give a beggar a crust of bread, and he will visit you daily for a month; give a beggar nothing, and he will visit you till you give him something—and longer.

Beggars pursue their peculiar avocation either from choice or necessity. Those whom the former has enlisted in the calling greatly predominate, and it is to them exclusively that we devote this sketch.

Professional beggars may be divided into Vulgar, Loquacious, Eccentric, and Refined.

Vulgar beggars, though the lowest in point of intelligence and address, occupy the first position in point of number, constituting nearly three-fifths of all known beggars; they are an ignorant, not to say stupid class—coarse in speech, slovenly in dress, repulsive in appearance. They depend upon no great exertion of their own to procure what they desire, in fact, they make no exertion whatever; so that the term "begging," when applied to any act of theirs, is certainly a misnomer; they shuffle along the street with great baskets under their arms; they contrive to push themselves down the basement steps of some house; they ring the bell or knock at the door, and, if the door be partly glass, they flatten their noses against one of the panes. If any of the inmates of the house say "No!" or "Nothing!" it produces no visible effect upon these vulgar beggars. They are deaf from both policy and principle, and the only way to get rid of them, for the time being, is to answer their summons personally. When the door is opened they say nothing; it would be an unnecessary expenditure of voice to say anything, in-

asmuch as their business can be read in the baskets they carry. If they have the good luck to receive anything, they take it as a matter of course, and, after scrutinizing it, leave.

This class, which might be called the cold-victual class, is composed almost exclusively of women and children. The amount of refuse food daily collected by them is enormous, and it is a wonder to everybody where mouths sufficient are found to exhaust it.

It is this class of beggars which is the plague of housekeepers, and all manner of schemes have been devised by the unfortunate victims to rid themselves of their oppressors, but to no purpose.

We recollect hearing, some years ago, of a gentleman who was extremely annoyed by a pedler. Though he had never bought anything of the itinerant, and had repeatedly turned him from the door with angry expressions, the fellow persisted in presenting himself periodically at the house. The gentleman, seeing that the pedler's visits were made at the instigation of malicious mischief, determined to read him a lesson and get rid of him at the same time.

Upon the pedler's next appearance he was accosted by his victim, who asked him if he had in his basket such and such a thing, naming an article which no pedler would dream of carrying. Of course the vender of small wares was without the desired article, but he promised the gentleman to have it in his basket next time he came. And so he did; but the gentleman, instead of buying it, merely remarked that he was glad the pedler had it, and though it was not much in use at that time, he would, possibly, in the course of his wanderings, meet with some one who would just be in need of it; then, closing the door, he imagined he had settled his persecutor.

Not so; again came the pedler; and the gentleman, in the last stage of desperation, handed him half-a-crown, and asked him to get it changed. The pedler left, and was heard of no more.

We don't pretend to advise any one annoyed by beggars to do as the gentleman did. Half-a-crown a head for beggars would make a millionaire tremble. We relate the story simply to show what desperate remedies have to be employed to cure these desperate diseases.

The second class of professional beggars, the Loquacious, are several degrees higher in point of cleanliness and intel-

ligence than are those of the previous class; and, unlike them, they depend upon their own address for the furtherance of their success in obtaining charity. The loquacious beggar is an individual of few ideas and many words; a small thinker and a prodigious talker. He—though to generalize we should say she, as women form the bulk of the class—he has a story at the tip of his tongue, and that story does and does not resemble a circle; in the one case it has a beginning, in the other it has no end. The first loquacious beggar must have been a worn-out stump orator, for the reason that the entire class seems gifted with the peculiar powers which characterize a member of that profession. They eschew brevity and perspicuity, and strive to gain their points, not by any brilliant oratorical dash, but by completely wearying their auditors.

The loquacious beggar is always the victim of "hard times." He once was a respectable hard-working individual, but hard times had lost him his situation, and hard times wouldn't let him get another, and hard times turned him out of his snug apartments; in fact, hard times exercised over him a power so tyrannical, that it wouldn't let him do anything but beg. It is a singular thing, but its universality preserves it from doubt, that the loquacious beggar is always the possessor of a family, and, as a general rule, the number of his children is limited to six. It is pleasing to hear from his own mouth his devotion to his young—they are invariably young—offspring. He tells you that for himself he doesn't care a ha'porth, but it's the childer, God bless 'em! that's a troubling him.

Next in order we have Eccentric beggars, and these are the most curious and most interesting of all the professionals. They are made up of both sexes, and, as their name would indicate, possess some oddity which alike distinguishes them from other beggars, and makes profitable their calling. Of individual eccentric beggars, from memoranda of our own, we cite the following:—

An old woman presented herself at the door. Her face bore that honest, good-natured expression which is found, probably, in one out of a hundred women. Her clothing, though of the plainest and poorest materials, was remarkably neat, and the large tin can, which she carried on her arm, was polished to a degree of perfection rarely attained even by professed scullions. There was no mistaking

her nativity; the "Isle of the West" rolled from her tongue with the first sentence she uttered.

"God bliss ye! But it's a poor ould woman that I am!"

Poor? poor in what? Not in health, not in cheerfulness, not in speech. In what, then? In the matter of carrying an empty can which should have been full.

The way she went about filling that can was her eccentricity.

"Av ye plaze, seeing it's an old woman I am, av ye throuble yerself to kape all the could vittles ye have, widout givin' 'em to nobody at all, wid God's marcy I'll dhrop in fur 'em in the evening."

The old lady's generous request was not acceded to, but her memory was so diseased that she came in the evening, and asked for the "vittles" that we had promised to preserve for her.

The "dispensary bottle" is another individual eccentricity, which we in common with a host of others, have recorded.

A woman will stretch the bell-wire to its utmost, or do her best to put her fist through the panel of the door, and, upon being answered, with woe-begone expression and quivering voice, tells a long story about a sick child, terminating with the request to furnish her with a bottle with which she may go to the dispensary and obtain some medicine. So small a favour, asked upon so plausible a pretext, eight times out of ten is granted, and eight times out of ten the sympathizing entertains not the slightest idea of having been deceived.

In what they have been deceived may readily be guessed, when we say that bottles are worth from two to six cents a-piece. As their sale is certain, the dodge is one of considerable pecuniary value.

Probably as remarkable an eccentricity as we can mention is that of the Irishman who begs for "one raw potato." He stoutly refuses to receive anything save the solitary potato; it is proper, however, to add, that we had not confidence enough to offer him anything hot—or cold, without. What he does with the potato after it is given him, or what benefit he derives from it, we are unable positively to say. He might collect a bushel of potatoes in a day; if so, it is evident that by turning them into money he realizes a handsome sum.

Transition carries us to the fourth and last head into which we have divided

our theme; and what of refined beggars? As intelligence and neatness are qualities they are obliged to possess, they are few in number. They stand before the basement door, never; it is the upper door that receives them, and they are certain to ask, in the most approved of polite language, for an audience with the lady or gentleman of the house. Like the vulgar beggar, they admit of no refusal; like the loquacious beggar, they have a long story to tell; like the eccentric beggar, they harp upon some peculiarity; like themselves, their deportment is as though the drawing-room was their home. They have been unfortunate. Born of wealthy and noble parents, reared in the midst of luxury, every want appeased, every wish gratified, they were cheerful, contented, and happy. But their sun, though never created to set, was obscured by a great black cloud, and, blinded, they fell into a chasm from which they can escape only by the assistance of some sympathizing hand.

Included in the ranks of refined beggars are those very disinterested, self-sacrificing individuals, whose tongues are exceeded in length only by the subscription papers in whose service they are. These individuals are always about to do something charitable, but either their lives or their memories are short, for the charitable something always remains in the future tense, a sort of visionary monument to what never will be.

To individualize the class we have only to glance at our memoranda, and in bold relief we perceive some well-known

faces. There's the tall, lanky, sober-faced, scanty-haired, oily-tongued man, with close-buttoned coat and white kerchief, who desires a donation of a few dollars to aid him in building a church, or erecting a monument to some fellow-hero's memory, or providing savages with Bibles that they couldn't read, even were there a chance of their getting them. There is the short, pale-visaged, mysterious woman in black, who goes about doing good—to herself—by collecting as much as she can for destitute children who have never seen the light, and never will, for charitable institutions which employ no travelling agents, and the like. There's the man of foreign aspect whom you cannot coax or force to speak English, probably for the reason that he has spoken it for so many years as to become disgusted with it. He carries a much worn piece of writing, endorsed by a reverend doctor, stating that the bearer was banished from his native land for the enormous offence of having placed his foot upon the top of his Majesty's pet corn, or something of the kind.

As our sketch is devoted to visiting beggars, we make no allusion to the street beggars which infest our cities further than to say that they will admit of a like division into vulgar, loquacious, eccentric and refined. Though in many respects they are more annoying than those who call upon you when at home, they are more readily disposed of. You have only to get a policeman—threatening to get one wont avail you—and the street beggar speedily relieves you of his presence.

BARRY O'BYRNE.

By the Author of "Sir Victor's Choice," "Lady Lorme," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE COUNTESS OF KILCORRAN SHOWS THAT THERE IS SOME TRUTH IN THAT ASSERTION OF TENNYSON'S ABOUT WOMEN, THAT "NATURE GAVE THEM BLINDER MOTIONS—BOUNDED IN A SHALLOWER BRAIN."

WHEN the self-accused stepped forward in this way, the prisoner uttered an exclamation that was clearly not of pleasure or of gratified surprise. But he checked his emotions, whatever they might have been, immediately, and folded his arms and bent his eyes gravely—sternly, almost—on the ground, in determined avoidance as it seemed of the new witness who kept on throwing imploring glances at his old master.

Barry had hoped that this poor fellow, who had, as he imagined, jeopardized his life to serve him (Barry), was far away by this time, and that in clearing himself, as, when it came to the point, he had little doubt of doing, he would not be imperilling Tim's neck. But here now Tim had come forward, for no end as it seemed, to imperil his own neck, by declaring himself to be the man who had done the deed. There were several other witnesses to be examined; servants of the house who had heard, or who had not heard, or who had fancied that they had heard—as the case might be—cries from the dead woman's room in the night, or thumps on the floor, or mysterious footsteps, or yells, that made them say their prayers with rapidity, under the impression that it was the banshee of O'Byrne who was abroad; and labourers who, going to their early work, had seen a figure that wasn't that of a labourer, somewhere or other within a radius of five miles of the scene of the murder, and that, therefore, must have been Barry O'Byrne. There were many of this calibre to be examined, but the hearing of them was deferred till all that this man had to say had been listened to—this man who looked broken-spirited and abjectly miserable, and who yet had had the courage to come into court and denounce himself.

He told the first part of his story with little or no hesitation—the story of his foster-brotherhood and early devotion to

the O'Byrne, of his servitude, and the abrupt termination of the same through the machinations of the woman, who (God rest her soul!) would never put the affront on the master again. He told the story of her sway over Barry, and of Mary's discovery of the secret of her sway over anybody being in that little deal box. He told of the oath he had made to gain possession of the same. All this he told coherently enough; but when he came to the recital of how he had taken service with the Countess of Kilcorran according to his late master's desire, he blundered and floundered and lost himself in a labyrinth of contradiction, and when sharply ordered to be careful, he plunged into so hopeless a quagmire that it seemed a futile thing to anticipate his extrication.

"This man's evidence is untrustworthy," the counsel for the prosecution said, with emphatic earnestness; "his ignorance and fidelity have been worked upon in order to induce him to sacrifice himself for his foster-brother; we know how strong the tie is, and how readily acknowledged by the lower orders; but unsupported sentiment is out of place here, and I object to his longer occupation of the witness-box as an interruption to regular proceedings."

There was a murmur of satisfaction from the crowd, the tide of popular feeling is easily turned in impressionable Ireland, and Barry, a favourite but a moment before, was no sooner looked upon as being willing to save his own life at the risk of Tim's, than it turned dead against him.

"For the Lord's sake, hear me, sir!" Tim cried, passionately. "My master never wanted me to stay, the O'Byrne thought me far away and safe; he'd never have spoken the word that could clear himself and hang me, maybe. I knew that—so I've come to speak it myself."

Barry put up a short prayer to be preserved for the future, should any sublunary future of any duration worth praying for be granted him—to be saved from his friends and their ill-advised efforts in his behalf. Here was Tim who had already done a deed (he thought) in hopes of its being of service to Barry, whereas it had been detrimental to him

in every way, now admitting by implication that Barry was accessory to the commission of that deed.

"What reason had the prisoner for desiring your absence upon the night of the second of January?" the opposing counsel asked, as a general feeling seemed to pervade the court that Tim should at least be heard.

"Swear the witness before he gives an answer to that question," Barry's counsel interposed; and Tim was sworn accordingly; the question was then repeated, and he answered—

"None, my lord—none, yer honour, for himself, that is; he knew nothing about it, he——"

"What did he know nothing about? Remember your oath!"

Tim did remember it, but how could he speak with even the semblance of truth, poor fellow, when he was mentally saying fifty paters all the while to be forgiven the lies he was trying to tell?

"He knew nothing about my getting the papers or meaning to get the papers till I got them."

Barry stifled a groan. "God! it will all come out now," he muttered; and then he averted his head more sternly from men's gaze than before. Her name—the name of the idol of his life—the name of the woman who, from the time he had known what passion was—had been his passion, was going to be dragged forward and handled in the loathsome atmosphere of a criminal police court.

Tim faltered for a moment, then despite the wrath in his master's eyes he strung himself up to speak; for he knew what Barry did not, that unless judgment could be brought to deem him guilty, the countess's fair head would be brought still lower than by the mention that must unavoidably be made of her share in the transaction now.

"The papers!" This is an admission, an important one, my lord!" the opposing counsel said, eagerly. "You say he knew nothing of your meaning to get the papers? they were papers then of value which were contained in the small brass-hinged box known to have belonged to the deceased—afterwards found in the prisoner's possession?"

Tim nodded.

"Speak out; you are on your oath!"

"At last I thought they were of value," Tim said mournfully.

"How did you become aware of their

existence? and how did you learn that they were in that place?"

"I didn't know they were papers; the young woman" (he looked sorrowfully towards Mary, as he spoke) "has told you how I know."

"And you endorse the young woman's statement of the means by which you became acquainted with the fact of something of value to Miss Feltome and importance to the prisoner being in that box?"

"The young lady spoke the truth," Tim said, hazily. He had turned his eyes towards the further end of the gallery, and he kept them there fixedly with an expression of imploring agony.

"Look at me, sir, and be careful. When did you take the resolution to gain possession of the contents of that box? and what reason had you for thinking that your doing so would serve your master?"

"I took it," Tim said, resolutely, "the day the ould woman put the slight on the O'Byrne of making him part with one he'd vowed to his mother by his name not to part with. I was the one, yer honour, and I said then I'd tear her secret that she weighed him down with from her, dead or living, and I kept my word." His voice faltered again as he said this—faltered strangely, but not with fear, and again he cast that look of imploring anguish up towards the gallery.

Barry's counsel now rose and addressed the witness.

"Where were you on the night of the second of January?" he asked; which seemed rather an unnecessary expenditure of words, since Tim had already asserted that he had been at O'Byrne Castle stealing Miss Feltome's little box.

"At O'Byrne Castle, from twelve o'clock to four in the morning."

"What were you doing during that time? Were you in the house, and if you were, how did you gain admission?"

Tim hesitated a moment, then he said, stoutly—

"I waited outside, under the left-hand tower, till two o'clock; then——" He paused again, and threw that fearful glance up into the gallery—"then I climbed up along the broken wall, and got in at Miss Feltome's window, and took the box with the papers from her; but I niver hurt the ould lady."

"There were signs of violence on her forehead. Remember, witness, it is a charge of murder, and what you say will be used against yourself."

"I only took it," Tim repeated, sullenly; "she killed herself with fright, the ould divil—nothing else."

"Describe her room, and the position she occupied in it when you entered."

"It was dark—only lighted by moonbeams."

"Was she in bed?"

"No—up," said Tim, hurriedly.

"Remember, you're on your oath," the counsel for the prosecution said, sternly. "She was found in such a position that proved that she had fallen dead from some cause still to be discovered, in the act of rising from her bed. Your assertion therefore that she was up is palpably false, and savours of the desire I imputed to you at first, of saving the prisoner at your own expense."

"He cannot tell the disposition of the furniture, or Miss Feltome's position in the room on the night of the second of January," a clear voice said, softly; "but I can and will, for I alone was there. I gained possession of her treasured box of papers."

And then there was an almost audible throbbing in the hearts of the multitude—they beat like one organ—and Barry O'Byrne sank down with a cry of horror as a lady in deep mourning came steadily forward, and gave her name as the Countess of Kilcorran.

It was the sight of her up in the gallery that had so interfered with Tim's work of self-abnegation.

Barry did not for one moment credit her assertion; but there was something grotesquely horrible to him, despite its folly, as he thought, and inutility, in her making it. That Tim's judgment had been perverted by his revenge and affection to the degree of his committing a felonious *fiasco*, Barry thought he had good and sufficient proof of. That sensible Kathleen, whose head was, as he well knew, wont to govern her heart—that she had been guilty of this idle, weak, futile folly, no proof that could be offered him, he swore to himself, as he rose to his feet again, and strove to manfully face this hardest blow of all, would make him believe.

It is an awful thing for a man who loves a woman to feel that she is ridiculous as well as blameable in her conduct. The error may be cancelled, and the wound it made healed so cunningly as to be imperceptible to the world; but the echo of the laugh that has been against a woman rarely dies out in the

mind of the man to whom she is dear.

There were weightier matters one would have thought pressing on Barry O'Byrne's mind with a force that might have been powerful enough to crush out the tingling mortification he experienced when the vulgar grin spread from face to face, as she who had been Kathleen Daly came forward in the light of day, and declared herself guilty of a feeble piece of feminine folly and mischief committed on behalf of himself, Barry O'Byrne, to whom all knew she had once been betrothed. But the weightier matters did not crush out the mortification!

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOUBTED.

It went the round of the papers with rapidity, and Barry nearly broke his heart over the thought that she herself had made her name the by-word and scorn he feared it would be. He scarcely dared to hope that her beauty and fascination would turn men from the contemplation of the dark side of her mistake, and cause them to look on its generous, foolish, loving chivalry—the thoroughly womanly chivalry which injures its possessor and does not serve the one it is displayed about usually. The lady who had been known as the Countess of Kilcorran told her tale with the not-to-be-shaken force and strength of truth. She had learnt from her groom how Barry O'Byrne was steeped in the waters of mortification daily and almost hourly, and this not so much through the agency of the rich old wife he had married, as through that wife's friend. She had sifted Tim thoroughly of all that he knew, and as soon as she learnt that in some mysterious way or other she was menaced by Miss Feltome if Barry O'Byrne did not continue to bend his neck to the yoke patiently, she took the resolution of removing the incubus from his shoulders and gaining a knowledge of Miss Feltome's secret. Knowing that Miss Feltome was superstitious, she had determined on presenting herself before that unfortunate lady in the character of the Banshee of O'Byrne, and in that character demanding that whatever was detrimental or hurtful to the favourite of her race should be given up immediately into her ethereal hands. For this

purpose she had robed herself in diaphanous garments of white barège, and had quietly got away in the dark night from Drumleyne, and made Tim show her the nearest way over the hills on a sure-footed pony to Castle O'Byrne. She told the story of her ascent into the room of the defunct, and imitated the sepulchral tones she had assumed for the furtherance of her point with considerable *esprit*. But when she came to the recital of how Miss Feltome had said, in reply to her question of where was that which gave her power over the O'Byrnes? "In the box—take it. O God! save me!" and had then fallen forward in what she deemed merely a faint, her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

It is useless dwelling at greater length on this part of my story. Everybody knew half an hour after the countess appeared in court what had been Miss Feltome's secret, and why Barry O'Byrne had bent his head to her yoke. The papers were old letters addressed by Arthur Blayney, Earl of Kilcorran, to Agnes Blayney, his wife, together with the certificate of their marriage, which had been performed in Italy by a Catholic priest.

"But I swear," continued the Countess of Kilcorran, with fierce energy, "that I saw amongst them—before I gave them to Tim Sullivan, first to show to Barry O'Byrne, and then to hand to the earl—a special bull divorcing them. Barry O'Byrne believed that woman to be the earl's wife, but she was only his divorced wife; but, alas! alas! those papers are not to be found."

There was great inquiry and search made, and it was generally supposed that the countess had fabricated the story of there being a divorce. The rest of her tale was credited; indeed it was told in such a manner, and bore too unmistakably the evidence of truth, for a doubt as to its credibility to exist in the minds of any. But the divorce was not believed in, for Lady Gertrude Thynne came forward with the voluntary statement of having been aware thirty years before of her brother having committed a matrimonial *fiasco* with a woman of obscure origin, named Agnes Ferrers, and of his having afterwards informed her that the woman was dead. Of the divorce she averred she had never heard a syllable, and the pontiff who had granted dispensation thirty years ago was no more in this world to be applied to.

So it came to this in the end, that when the trial and all its hideous horrors were over, and a verdict of "Not Guilty" had been given him, and the woman he adored had, in consideration of the circumstances, been acquitted of everything but folly, that this worst and bitterest trial had still to be borne—viz., that Kathleen was denied all legal claim to the title of the Countess of Kilcorran. It was transferred from her, the living, proud, injured woman, to the tombstone that was erected over the body of her who had died of the banshee—the woman we have known as Miss Feltome.

Kathleen went home to her father's house, and would not take the pity and sympathy, or income, that was pressed upon her, or assurances of "continued regard," from the new earl or any of the late earl's family. "I am a disgraced woman, but I'm not a dishonoured one," she said, proudly, when her father met her with half pitying and half furious reproach. "By my soul I swear that I saw that which leaves me a wife. To myself I am an honourable woman still, but as it cannot be found, I am not such to the world. That being the case, I will only ask for the shelter of your roof till my name ceases to reverberate throughout the length and breadth of the land. My story will be but a nine days' wonder, and then I'll remove the presence that can no longer redound to your credit, and fight my battle for life in some place where the memories of the better things I might have known wont be constantly obtruded upon me."

"I was so proud of you, my girl," her father whimpered; "didn't I tell to everybody what a well-bred one you were, though you came from no racing stock, and never had the training that does sometimes place a colt well that isn't thorough-bred—didn't I tell it to everybody, and now you're brought so low, so low!"

"God help me, don't I know it?" she replied, bitterly; "don't I know that I'm looked upon as the last trifle a hoary old sinner took for his toy and ruined? It's hard enough to bear, father, without—"

"You're always throwing it at her, Tom Daly," his wife interrupted, coming forward with her imperial dignity and her untidy dress, showing herself in the light of poor Kate's misfortunes to be the thorough true-hearted woman she was. "It's you who made the marriage for her, however it's turned out; and now she

has come back to us no better and no worse than when she left, I'll not be the one to forget that while she was the countess and had the power, she didn't forget that my children were her brothers and sisters."

Kathleen turned and kissed her step-mother suddenly on the brow; it was the first time she had ever given or taken a caress from her. "Thank you," she said, simply. "You're a better-hearted woman than I am; and you judge me more lovingly than those I have loved better than I have you do. Thank you for it."

The thing that rankled her wound most was this:—Barry O'Byrne, though he uttered no expression of disbelief, clearly did not believe her statement of having seen amongst Miss Feltome's papers that special dispensation. Tim Sullivan had brought those papers to him in the grey dawn that followed the night of the second of January. He had told Barry, in an apparent agony of remorse, that in getting them (he knew not what they were) he had frightened Miss Feltome into a faint. Barry had glanced at them, and that glance had shown him nothing that invalidated Miss Feltome's statement; therefore, he was distressed at the commission of so desperate an act. He had bidden Tim return them with all speed to the place from whence he had taken them. "And then leave the country at once," he added; "for, my fellow, your neck won't be safe here when this night's work comes to light—and common humanity obliges me to take care that it comes to light as soon as you're out of the house. We must see if the wretched woman is ill." Barry had been half-maddened by the thought of the perpetration of so rash a piece of folly. Miss Feltome could speak out and hurl Kathleen down, whether her marriage certificate was stolen from her or not.

Now, though he said nothing in contradiction of her assertion that he in his hurry had passed over that which would have freed him from Miss Feltome's sway, if she had lived, he did not believe, but pitied her as an injured woman striving to right herself at the cost of truth, Barry O'Byrne loved her still, but Barry O'Byrne thought that her troubles had warped her honour and her veracity. And she knew that he thought so, and was more wounded by this knowledge than by aught else that had befallen her.

She put off her widow's weeds the moment the trial was over. "I'm denied

the title, and I don't feel inclined to pretend to the woe; therefore," she said, "I'll come back and be 'Miss Kate,' for I've no right to any other name it seems. The world won't acknowledge that I'm Kathleen Blayney, Countess of Kilcorran, and I'll never do myself the wrong of acknowledging that I'm Kathleen Daly still."

She waited at home till, as she had said, her story had ceased to reverberate throughout the land, and then she bid adieu to Ireland, and went off to seek some obscure niche which she could fill without attracting notice or being regarded with pitying suspicion. But before she left she had a visitor in the person of Miss Thynne. When her visitor was announced she rose with an air of defiance mingled with her old one of pride. A good deal of the winning fascination was gone from her manner. It is easy to be seductively agreeable when the sun of fortune gilds every action with its own peculiarly glorious grace; but when one is under a cloud all the rough edges of one's manner are apt to be clearly discernible to one's friends through there being no external illusory toning down. Miss Thynne, however, cared as little for the defiance now as she had in days of yore for the fascination.

"We leave Drumleyne to-morrow," she began at once, advancing and holding out her hand to Kathleen with such a frank warmth that the latter was constrained to take it with a semblance of the same; "and I could not go away without coming to tell you how heartily I sympathize with you, and how firmly I believe you. My uncle, weak as he was in some respects, was too true a gentleman ever to have brought such degradation upon a woman to whom he had given his name, through aught but carelessness. He knew that the poor woman who is now dead had no legal claim upon him when he married you—I'm sure of it."

"And I am sure of it too," Kathleen said, gravely; "but your conviction, though gratifying, is valueless."

Miss Thynne coloured. Had Kathleen been still under the sun of prosperity, the rebuff, though slight, would have been amply sufficient; but as it was the clouds of adversity were lowering over Kathleen's head, and Miss Thynne, despite her acidity, was not one to follow suit when the mass of lovers and friends deserted a person.

"I know that it is valueless," she re-

plied; "but so strong is it, nevertheless, that it has impressed the new owner of Drumleyne; he has promised that the most careful search shall be made for it at Drumleyne, and that if it exists it shall be found. Ah! I see," she continued, "that you look upon it as a forlorn hope, but there is a hope still, and I would come to give it to you."

"You are very kind," Kate said more graciously; "very kind indeed to come and speak in this way to one out of whose presence your mother hurried your sister, as if there was a taint in the air that might mar the brightness of her virtue. You are a kind woman, Miss Thynne, and a brave woman to come to me in this way. Do you know that your mother has spoken of me as her 'late brother's mistress.'"

Miss Thynne coloured again more vividly than before. "It's weakness to be wroth with weakness," she said, hurriedly, "that's all I can say about mamma and her conduct; don't imagine I share her sentiments, and—keep a good heart, Lady Kilcorran. I hope heartily, and will not doubt that by-and-by those who have had the meanness to give a helping hand in pushing you down, shall recognise you in a high position again, and own that you have a spotless name. You are going away from here I understand. Will you let me have your address? Will you write to me?"

Kathleen shook her head.

"No, Miss Thynne," she said, "I'm not sycophant or grateful enough to do that; we never liked each other. You never affected to like me, and I admired you for your honesty, but did not like you, when the rest of the world was very fair to me outwardly. Now it is the reverse. I am not humble-minded, or good-hearted, or mean-spirited enough to accept what was withheld then."

"Good-bye, then!" Miss Thynne said. "When the world is fair to you again, you'll be considerably more amenable to my advances; and I shall make them again, for your friendship is worth having, I fancy. You don't offer it to everybody without the smallest provocation."

Kathleen felt, when her visitor departed, that if one who ought to have known her better than Miss Thynne did, had come and shown such simple faith in her as Miss Thynne had shown, she would not have rejected that lady's proffered friendship so contumeliously. But that other one did not come, and her

nature went on hardening day by day.

Barry O'Byrne did not come for two or three reasons that were valid enough, if only Kate could have known them. In the first place, he had heard what she had not—hard things said of her, viz., in connexion with his name. Anything that could now be misconstrued to her further discredit, would be so misconstrued he knew; and he dreaded lest a renewal of intercourse between them now might not be capable of such misconstruction. So he kept away from her, sorely against the dictates of his heart; for he knew how hers would ache at this appearance of cessation of regard. "So much of her name as I can save I will, poor girl!" he thought; "and if ever the time comes that I can tell her why I did it, with honour, I will; but I dare not for her sake go near her now."

Another reason was that he was no longer in Ireland, and therefore not liable to the strong temptation of going to see her that propinquity would have laid upon him. Horatia Bray had, as her sister desired, waited only to hear the result of the trial; directly that was known, she tore herself away from Mrs. O'Byrne, and went back to Theynham, leaving that lady in a state of abjectly miserable depression at the prospect of a solitary meeting with her husband. "I can't think what I shall say to him, my dear," she pleaded, holding on to Horatia's hands, when the latter was taking her leave. "Do stay and help me over it, for I shall feel so awkward I shan't know what to say."

"Oh! you'll find words fast enough if they're wanted," Horatia replied. "I daresay poor Barry won't want to say much, or to hear much either; and if you can't say anything, you can keep silence, you know—that's always becoming. At all events I can't stay and help you out of your dilemma, for I'm wanted at home—poor Lolly is ill."

"Well, I shall soon follow you to Greystoke," Mrs. O'Byrne said; and so she did, taking Barry with her, as was meet and well; and that was another reason why Kate wearied for his coming, and he came not.

Laura Bray had confessed in a letter to her sister that she was ill; and her sister had started for home in a state of alarm about her, for Laura was not wont to complain about nothing. And when she reached home, and Laura came not

to meet her, she was more alarmed still.

"My darling Lolly," she began, "you are——"

"Don't tell me what I am, Horatia, dear," the girl answered quickly; "I'm not quite so fat as I was, perhaps; but I'm very well, thank you; you'll see what a colour I have presently."

She seemed to have fever upon her—a fever that was painless, but that was burning her up. Her eyes were too bright, and her cheeks and brow even were flushed with too vivid a crimson, and yet for all its brilliant colouring there was such a worn, harassed look about what had been such a bright, young face but the other day.

"And she nearly snaps a fellow's head off; as unlike Lolly as possible," Gerald said, in reply to his elder sister's question of how long Laura had been like this. "If you hint she doesn't look well, she goes off and over-exerts herself directly to prove that she is as strong as a horse."

"What shall we do with her, Gerald?"

Gerald looked moody for a minute or two, then he looked up with a crimson brow and flashing eyes—"You don't think that that fellow was scoundrel enough to go making love to my sister, after his doing so could only make her miserable, do you, Horatia?"

She shook her head.

"No, no, Gerald, dismiss that thought; it's unjust both to Barry and Laura; still I hope, to use her own words, that we have done with these O'Byrnes for years to come, if not for ever."

Horatia knew her hope to be futile in a few days, when she heard that the O'Byrnes were back at Greystoke, for she felt that Mrs. O'Byrne would seek them, and that if they strove to avoid her, it would be like bespeaking the attention of the world to the cause of Laura's altered looks. But Barry, after the first unavoidable meeting, seemed to share her feeling that it would be well Laura and himself should not see much of one another. On the occasion of this meeting Laura had bravely touched on a topic that it was well should be spoken about once and then laid to rest. She told him what grief and horror she had experienced when the news came of the countess's romantic act, and of the humiliating disclosures to which that act had led. "But it shows how great her love for you must have been, Barry," she said, in a very

low voice; "come what will you must never forget that; it did no good, but it was a great piece of devotion. She hoped to serve you."

"I'd give my life for it not to have happened, Laura," he replied; "but it has happened, and there's an end of it."

"Have you seen her since?" she asked with that falter in her voice that comes from jealousy without right, that greater foe to the retention of one's faculties than jealousy without reason even.

No, he told her he was not likely to see her again ever. And though the pain with which he said it smote her heart with a sense of aching pity for him, she could not help the relieved bound it gave when Barry O'Byrne told her that the Irish siren had not crossed his path since she had made her love for him patent to all men.

Life at Greystoke was a very different thing now to what it had been under Miss Feltome's *régime*. Mrs. O'Byrne made over everything to him, absolutely without the smallest reservation, and only asked one thing of him in return, that he would show himself to be what he was—master of all.

"You've suffered a great deal through me and my poor friend that's dead, Barry," she said, nervously; "but that's over now, and I hope you forgive it all, and will be able to think kindly of me when I am gone."

And Barry, who grew rather tired of responding to the constant allusions she made to a departure she never took, would say—

"Oh, yes," and "Oh, no;" and "You'll live a good many years yet, I hope, Charlotte, and don't say any more about what is over, please—I can't stand it."

—Mrs. O'Byrne would promise not to do so in good faith, and keep her promise for the remainder of the day, and break it the next, with the best intentions, and the most obtuse disregard of his feelings imaginable. And when his face would cloud over with the gloomy sorrow he could not repress, she would ask him, in piteously lachrymose accents—

"Is it that you're sorry to think you may lose me soon, Barry?"

And he would answer—

"Yes, of course, Lottie," and inwardly pray God to forgive him the lie humanity caused him to tell.

There are few things more trying to the constitution and the nerves than this habit some people have of drawing bills

in advance on our regrets for their demise. To be constantly told that "You'll be sorry for this when I am gone," is a thing to reduce a person to the depths of incapable melancholy. We ought to feel sorry, for death even in the future is a sorrowful thing, but we cannot howl in anticipation over the corpse while the one who hurls it at us is in the enjoyment of health as perfect as our own may be. It is a most unfair appeal to our feelings, for very likely we know that we should repent the small sin if we bore it in our memory till the one who is aggrieved at it is dead; but so would he, or ought he to feel sorry too, if we were dead for having thus lacerated our feelings. If people once get into the way of using this spur, they are rarely generous enough to see how you will go without it; they touch you up with it gently whenever your affection for or devotion to them subsides from the gallop of enthusiasm to the hand-canter of reason. Not unfrequently it ends in your wishing, with all the fervour in your nature, that they would give you a speedy opportunity of testing the extent of your remorse for many things; but you can't tell them this—few, that is to say, are either honest enough, or heartless enough, may be, to say to the one who tells them that they'll "be sorry for such and such a thing when I'm gone"—

"I wish to heaven you'd go!"

The once gay, *débonnaire* soldier, grew very thoughtful and grave in those days. I have said that after the first unavoidable meeting with Laura Bray, after his return to Greystoke, he kept entirely aloof from the girl whose friendship and sympathy had been so warmly offered to him, and frankly received by him in days gone by. Nor was Laura Bray the only pleasure of the past from which he abstained now. He left off driving his mail phaeton about Theynham and its environs; and though he was now a free agent, his old messmates saw even less of him than when Miss Feltome had been there to interfere with the liberty of the subject. The sole exercise he made of his new and hardly achieved power indeed, was in taking Tim Sullivan back into his service, when Tim, despite the consolations Mary was prompt to offer, saddened visibly at the change that had come over things. The horses stood in their stalls and eat their heads off, and grew fat unrebuked. Barry's heart was evidently no longer in the lounge of inspection he still from

habit took every morning through the stables. Whether the big hunter turned up his nose over his corn, or the bay mare developed an inclination to become a roarer, it was all one to Barry.

"I don't mean to hunt, and I never drive now," he said; "let them go for what they'll fetch, Tim."

He was glad indeed of an excuse for getting rid of these horses that his wife—the woman he could not love—maintained. It was bad enough to be himself kept at her cost. But he knew that if he escaped that degradation, as he now felt it to be, the world would dub him a vicious brute, for he could only do it by leaving her. He cursed himself for the madness which had been in possession of his mind when he made this marriage, which had been a source of bitter repentance and unmitigated woe to all concerned in it in any way. With his strong, ardent, excitable temperament, remorse was but a snare to draw him down yet lower; he could not frankly as of old meet the eyes of women who admired and men who liked him. His own set were too *au fait* at his trials and misfortunes of various kinds; they had pitied him, and speculated about him, and now that he was come through after all, there was an air in their greeting that always seemed to say, "We were invariably generous enough to think you a good fellow when things looked remarkably black against you, and we deserve some credit for having stuck to you when your reputation was decidedly not such as to add to the reputation of those who remained faithful to you."

There was always—or he fancied that there was—this air about the greeting of those old friends with whom he came in contact; and Barry O'Byrne found that it was a change of air that did not do him good. So he came in contact with them as rarely as possible, and sedulously avoided their haunts and eschewed their society; but his was an ardent, excitable temperament—the hot Irish blood could not be chilled into total asceticism and abnegation of everything more thrilling than sitting by the domestic hearth, and listening to the croaking of his wife, and the purring of her pet cat. He took the first step on the downward path, by drowning the misery of the present and the memories of the past in copious draughts of a vintage with the fire and warm sparkle of the south in it. And then shame crimsoned his brow and bent

his head that he should have fallen so low as this; and the madness was on him still, and he strove to drown the shame.

Gradually he came to be away in London a great deal, and from men who met him casually, reports came down to Theynham that half broke Laura Bray's heart. The excitement of wine was not enough for him now; he was gaining a name as a wildly reckless gambler, and his career altogether was such as caused the indiscretions of his earlier manhood to shine with the lambent light of mildness in comparison. He seemed to be unable to come down the ladder fast enough, this once gallant, noble young fellow who had been the pet of the whole brigade. The truth was he was reckless; while Kate had been in an honoured position he had bravely borne his own troubles, and made no sign of the sorrow that was sapping his frank, joyous nature. But when she was hurled down, he felt as if the motive power were gone from his life—the mainspring which had urged him to a nobler course of action broken.

Even now he could not tear his heart away from her. She had made the misery of his life and her own by letting her pride and ambition, under the names of filial duty and obedience, stand in the way, when he had implored her to risk everything and trust to his great love for her to make her future smooth and pleasant. She had refused the risk and the love, and had shown herself colder and more interested than so fondly adored a woman should have been; but still he loved her, and the uncertainty of her fate preyed upon his mind and made him curse the bonds that for her sake he must observe—which bound him from following her, and telling her that even yet there was time to test that love she had once refused. Men said that there was surely a woman at the bottom of Barry O'Byrne's recklessness and dissipation; and so there was, but it was only the memory of one. He was far from the "Sir Galahad" Horatia Bray had once said Laura thought him, but no lighter loves were indulged in by him now—wine was the only mistress his lips sought.

So I leave them here for a while in the midst of the winter of their fortunes—that bright trio who started in my story under far different auspices and a more brilliant sky. Laura ill of that wasting fever of heart which medicine cannot relieve; Kathleen gone away into some dark corner of the world, where her beauty

will not blazon her misfortunes forth to the eyes of all men; and Barry fallen into habits that the woman who loves him best could better bear to hear he was dead than guilty of.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FALLEN.

"I DON'T hold Vyvyan up as a type of intellectual superiority or moral excellence, or any other nonsense of the day; but, this I must say, Laura, that he deserves a straightforward answer, whether it be bad or good, from you."

The time was seven o'clock, on a lovely May evening; the scene was the deep embrasure of one of the windows in the large drawing-room at The Friars, and the speaker was Mr. Gerald Bray.

"And a straightforward answer he shall have, Gerald, if only he will ask for it. I presume you scarcely blame me for not accepting or refusing Mr. Laurence Vyvyan before he has given me an opportunity of doing so?"

"My dearest Lolly, now don't! the opportunity has not been wanting if only you had chosen to avail yourself of it; and though, as I said before, I don't cite Laurence Vyvyan as an example of all that man should be, still he isn't a beastly, romantic, selfish humbug about women, and he deserves at least honest treatment at your hands."

Laura Bray was sitting on a low ottoman, with her head partially shrouded in the curtains; her brother could not see the expression of her face as she replied—

"Honest treatment he has had, and shall have, Gerald; I am not deceiving him."

Her brother could not see the expression of her face, but the sorrowful tone of her voice was not lost upon him. He bent down and pressed his lips on the young brow that had worn such a cloud during these last few months—pressed his lips to it with a passionate, yearning, fond, brotherly love, that was, alas! powerless to ease the pain that had clouded it.

"My darling Lolly! my dear little pet sister! how long is this to last?"

She put her arms up round his neck, and laid her cheek against his.

"How long is what to last, Gerald, dear? My being blind to Vyvyan's charms and fascinations to the extent of preferring to remain here at The Friars,

do you mean? You don't want to get rid of me, do you, Gerald, just yet? Now Horatia is gone I shall be of more consequence than ever, as Miss Bray of 'Theynham," she continued, with a little forced laugh. "I can't give up my honours, even for matrimonial ones."

"I didn't mean your being blind to Vyvyan's good qualities (don't laugh, he has some), Lolly. When I asked how long this was to last, I meant——"

"Hush, Gerald," she cried, putting her hand over his lips. "My boy! don't press on a scar. I can see that you were going to do it by the look of your eyes; and don't, for it's dangerous. Let me 'shelter a wee,' Gerald, under the brow of the mountain of satisfaction you ought to feel in Horatia's marriage; and don't propose for Vyvyan before Vyvyan is ready to do it for himself."

"I always anticipated your going off before Horatia some way or other, Lolly," he replied, "so her marrying before you isn't such a mountain of satisfaction to me as you seem to think it. I intended that you should marry jolly well, and that I should come and live with you till I had a wife of my own, and you've frustrated these delightful plans of mine for an idea."

He was treating the subject hilariously now, consequently Laura was better able to cope with him than when his fraternal tenderness wrung her heart with sorrow that she should be an object of pity even to Gerald.

"Well, Gerald, it was a pity; but I couldn't help it. Mr. Blagden was deaf to my voice when I tried to charm, and blind to my attractions (very naturally) when he saw Horatia; and it's all very right that he was so, for though he is a dear, good, excellent man, I shouldn't have liked him, and Horatia does. She wouldn't change him for the world, and I'd have been willing to change him for anybody."

"I didn't mean that I wanted you to marry Blagden; but seriously, Laura, I wish you'd give up wearing the willow for——"

"Stop, Gerald, don't say that, we shall quarrel if you do. I wouldn't sit and listen to such words from my father even, and I went from you."

And then some of their usual evening guests came in, and Laura rose and went through the form of greeting them with a *bonhomme* that did not come sparkling forth naturally as of old; but that her

brother perceived was forced and hardly come by.

Laurence Vyvyan was one of the earliest who came in on this evening. He had been in love, on and off, with Laura Bray ever since he had been quartered at Theynham, and the last few months, during which she had shown herself more than careless of his passion, had deepened it. He had no Arcadian notions about winning an untouched heart, and he would not have believed any girl who swore to him, however solemnly, that he was the first loved by her. Therefore, the knowledge that Laura Bray had been in love with Barry O'Byrne was nothing to him; it did not depreciate her worth for one moment in his eyes. It was the fear, that only seemed too well grounded, that she was still attached to Barry, which made Vyvyan go, as he phrased it, gently over the stones, and halt and linger on the path to the knowledge of his fate till he could be better assured as to what that fate would be. He had, as I have said, no Arcadian notions about first and only love, for, with all his faults, he was no fool; but he did shrink from the thought even of winning a girl's promise to be his wife while her heart beat more warmly than was well for another man. "Laura's no hypocrite!" he thought; "she won't pretend to care for me till she does, and she won't pretend not to care for Barry till she doesn't, so I am safe in waiting."

He had waited the march of events with, what Gerald considered, the most exemplary and admirable patience; but Gerald over-rated the merit of Vyvyan's quiescent devotion; he was a man to whom it was no trial to wait; he could have gone on doing it for anything good all his life, provided he had plenty to eat and drink in the interim. He was in love with Laura Bray, but the postponement of his hopes respecting her never interfered with his appetite or with the enjoyment he derived from other sources. I do not say that his was a noble nature, but it was undoubtedly a very satisfactory one, for it enabled him to take the goods the gods gave and make the best of what was going. Gerald felt a great deal more concern for the dubious position Vyvyan occupied with regard to Laura than he did himself; he was satisfied with the fact that at any rate if he had not gained ground in Laura's affections, he had at least not lost, and for the rest he could wait.

There had been safety in waiting, for

if he had been unable to rival and supplant Barry O'Byrne, so undoubtedly had every other man who had come upon the surface of Theynham society since Barry's marriage. There were always plenty of eligible men at large in the various cliques and circles, for Theynham in its united character of garrison and cathedral town was the centre of two streams of hospitable gaiety, with well marked differences, that were always flowing. There was the sombre, heavy, well-reputed clerical dissipation of stately dinners and grand evening parties; and there was the lighter, brighter, more graceful style of thing that emanated from the barracks, and (of old) from The Friars itself. And to both these forms of entertaining gaiety the Brays subscribed heartily, and Laura was not a girl to pass unnoticed through it all. But palpably as yet—as Vyvyan remarked to his satisfaction—no one had eclipsed him, or supplanted Barry O'Byrne.

Horatia had been married for a month or two to a man who had come with a considerable amount of annunciation to stay with the dean, and it was rumoured to fall in love with the dean's daughter. But instead of doing that he fell in love with Horatia Bray, and married her after a short courtship, but one that was so redolent of wealth and devotion that the rest of young lady Theynham suffered excruciating torments during its continuance—torments that could only be alleviated by a continual reference to that "unfortunate affair of Mrs. Bray's other daughter, who was so dreadfully in love with Barry O'Byrne, you know." However, now Horatia was gone away, and the onus of entertaining the guests in her father's house fell upon Laura, and Laura was scarcely up to the mark of doing so, it began to be observed.

Laurence Vyvyan, after speaking to Laura for a few minutes, went and placed himself upon the low ottoman in the window opposite to Gerald; and as he put his hand out, and commenced nervously pulling the bloom off a rose that was specially dear to the heart of Mrs. Bray, Gerald observed that the usually *nonchalant* young soldier looked agitated.

"Is there anything the matter, Vyvyan?" he asked. "Don't tear that flower to pieces, there's a good fellow. There's my mother making awful faces at me, and imagining other people don't see her doing it, which is a popular delusion

the dear old lady indulges in perpetually when she's signalizing to her filial brood."

"Has Laura heard anything? She seemed rather excited, I thought, when I came in; and I can't flatter myself that it was on my account," Vyvyan said, without attending to Gerald's request about the flower.

"Heard anything? not that I know of. She was a little excited, I daresay, for we'd been talking about Horatia, and one or two other things."

Vyvyan leant forward with his arms upon his knees, and his eyes and cheeks sparkled with animation as he said—

"I heard a report this morning that Mrs. O'Byrne's awfully ill—dangerously so, and no mistake, over at Greystoke; and that Barry isn't at home as usual now. We sent an orderly over to inquire,—two or three of us who've dined there once or twice—and it's true, by Jove!"

The two men looked at one another fixedly for a minute or two; then Gerald spoke—

"Why the deuce should you in any way connect the fact of my sister looking excited with Mrs. O'Byrne's illness? Laura hasn't heard of it, I know; and as it can't interest her one way or the other, it's just as well not to tell her, I think."

Vyvyan made no answer, but bit meditatively at the end of his moustache, as his eyes travelled away in search of Laura, who had just performed an arduous piece of duty in a most satisfactory manner. She had planted, that is to say, a young subaltern who thought he had a fine tenor organ, at the piano with a girl who thought herself in love with him. So having pleased two people thoroughly (not too common an event in life), she felt free to please herself, and get into a quiet corner, where she was alone, and could be silent.

Without being at all inclined to sentimental retrospection, Laura found these evenings hard things to endure. Barry had been such a very prominent figure at them at one time, and she knew now in looking back, though she had been scarcely conscious of it then, that it was his presence had made all the music and the brightness. He had always been at her side, ready to sing with her or to her, to aid her in amusing a person who required amusement; even ready to flirt with somebody else at her bidding when she elected to be generous, and dispense for

awhile with the services of her peerless cavalier. All this she remembered now; and remembering it, she found these evenings very hard to endure.

She was sensitively alive to any allusion being made to him, and it was only natural that allusions should be frequent. She shrank from witnessing the same programme in which he had played so prominent a part, and the same programme was being constantly unfolded before her. She grew nervously irritable every day at dinner when the moment approached for that inevitable remark to be made, "I wonder who'll come down from the barracks to-night?" It used always to be answered in one way by either Horatia or herself: "Oh, Barry O'Byrne, of course; the rest are not worth speculating about!" And now Barry was gone away out of her orbit, and those who were not worth it were the only ones left to speculate about. She was grateful to Vyvyan for one thing—his attentions were never obtrusive, and yet they were sufficiently marked and recognised for his brother officers to abstain from pressing theirs upon her. This was a great point, for Vyvyan didn't care generally about being talked to, and some of his brother officers required a good deal of conversation made for them in return for the boon of their proffered devotion.

Vyvyan rose after a few minutes' silent gazing at Laura, and sauntered across the room, pausing to address one or two people, and picking up a ball of wool for Mrs. Bray, and idly turning over the leaves of a book that lay on a table, and displaying in various other ways that he was in no hurry to gain her side, and was perfectly at his ease. But he rather overdid his normal *nonchalance*, and by the time he gained her side Laura was palpitatingly conscious that he had come over to say something, and that he was more agitated than he would have liked anyone to perceive. Whatever he had to say she thought might be stopped, if she started some common-place subject, and kept it up with discretion; so she began at once—

"I'm enjoying a few minutes of well-earned repose, you see; you can't imagine what hard labour it is to persuade Mr. Ashby that he really wishes to sing very much indeed, and might as well begin at once. I know so precisely how many sentences of solicitation I have to frame, and how many exclamations of incapability I shall have to listen to, that I

think of writing down the whole formula, and asking him first to glance over it, in order to assure himself that we have both done our duty, and then to start off at once."

"Very good plan," Vyvyan answered, absently; he was clearly not thinking of Ashby, or what Laura had said. "Laura," he continued, suddenly, in a low voice, bending forward in an attitude that brought his face so low that she could feel his breath on her hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa against which he was leaning, "I have never said anything to you before, not because I didn't know what I meant myself, but because I thought you knew, and didn't want me to speak."

"You are very generous," she said, softly—"very generous, and very kind; and I am very much obliged to you for it. Generosity and kindness are not such common traits that their possessor's friendship should be undervalued. I shall be very glad to have yours, Mr. Vyvyan, always, I assure you. And now you must let me go; I have double work to do, you know, since Horatia's marriage."

"Not yet," he replied, more firmly than she had deemed it possible Laurence Vyvyan could speak—"not yet, Laura, till I have told you something, and you have answered it. I can't be generous and kind, as you call it, as I have been any longer. You offer me your friendship. I don't want that unless you can give me something else. Can't you give it to me, Laura," he continued, eagerly laying his hand upon hers as he spoke with a strong warm pressure; "don't say you can't. You don't know how I love you, and how I have kept back with awful difficulty, because I wouldn't hurry and disgust you while your heart——"

"Oh, stop!" she whispered, "Mr. Vyvyan; I can't! No; don't look so pained," she murmured, pleadingly, as his face grew very pale, and despite his self-control his lip quivered. He did not know how fond he was of this girl till now he seemed about to lose her definitely.

He had her hand in his still, and under cover of the music he almost groaned as he pressed it with a sort of frantic vehemence, as if he would have forced something like a warm pressure from it in return.

"Laura, don't say that," he murmured, with a tender earnestness he had hardly

given himself credit for being capable of before. "I can't give you up. You don't know how long I've cared for you, and how sure I've been that you'd care for me in the end."

"You make me so sorry, so miserable. You make me feel that I have been very wrong in letting you think that I would care for you eventually in the way you want me to care for you. I can't do it, and I'm wretched that you should ask me, because it's not worth asking for."

"It is given to some one else still, then, Laura," he said mournfully. "Don't look angry, I won't say a word that can annoy you, but I know no other fellow has stood better with you than I have since Barry O'Byrne left. Well, I can't blame you, Laura; but he won very easily what I have striven hard enough to gain, God knows."

He released her hand now and drew himself up to his full height. The man had acted honourably and fairly, and he looked like one who had done so. Laura looking up at him, presently felt that admiration was blending itself with the pity she had experienced for him before. Laurence Vyvyan, if he looked unhappy, looked at the same time dignified.

"There is nothing more for me to say, Mr. Vyvyan," she said, struggling hard to retain her self-possession which he had nearly overthrown by his reference to Barry. "I cannot combat your suppositions; I can only feel sorry that you have thought so lightly of me as to indulge in them."

"Thought lightly of you! Good heavens! do you think I should have prayed God to let you be my wife far more earnestly than I ever prayed for anything else in my life before if I thought lightly of you? I think better of you than I do of any woman in the world, or than I ever shall think of any other woman. I didn't mean to wound you by alluding to him. I don't blame you for liking him, but I do for all that feel bitterly that the thought of Barry O'Byrne is my rival still. You're too honest to deny it, and too good to indulge in it; but it's making you miserable, Laura, dear, and I hoped that I might be fortunate enough to make you forget him, and in time win the love that is so well worth having."

"I have none to give to any one," she said, hoarsely; "if I had, Vyvyan, I'd give it to you—I would indeed; but I seem to have no heart, and you deserve

something better than the show of one being given you."

"You won't, Laura, you won't reject me utterly?" he said, passionately bending down again. "I won't say anything more now, but let me see you still and try still to gain you; let me have the hope of winning something warmer than mere friendship from you in time; let me, Laura—say yes."

"Why should I deceive you?" she said, mournfully. "You've been so honest and frank with me that I can't do it. I can't pretend to think that I shall ever love you as you want me to—as the woman who marries ought to love you. Don't tempt my weak desire to end what is unpleasant now by deceiving you about what can never be."

"Then I'll ask for nothing," he said; "but, Laura, I can't give the hope up quite. You are too dear to me for me not to hope that by and by you'll think differently. You'll be far happier yourself when you can frankly and honestly say that you've got over what is holding you back from me now; you'll never say it till you have, for you're no shallow coquette with a heart for anybody who likes to take it. By G—d, you're one in a thousand to have stood to the one you have so long. Don't you think I can appreciate a consistent regard, Laura? I can, I assure you, though I am a sufferer by it in this instance."

She blushed hotly as she looked up at him again. The man touched her by this uncontrollable display of his generous faith and trust in her, despite his having made the discovery that she had sinned against a canon of religion, and morality, and conventionality, by loving her neighbour's husband.

"Mr. Vyvyan, I can't listen to you any longer if you will say such things," she said, firmly; "I can't, indeed, with any self-respect. You have permitted yourself to imply things that I should never have allowed my own heart to tell me unrebuted. I thank you for the honour you have done me, and for the generous trust you have shown, considering what you more than half accuse me of; but you had no right to make the accusation."

And then she rose and left him, with her colour heightened and her eyes flashing, and her brother saw with sorrow that it was not the glow and flash of happiness. "Anything wrong with Laura and you?" he asked, when Vyvyan came up to him presently, and said "Good-

night." "No," the latter told him, "nothing."

"Why did she bound up like an india-rubber ball, and what are you off so early for, then?" Gerald asked.

"Perhaps you had better ask her if you want to know," Vyvyan replied; "I really hardly know myself.—You needn't look suspicious, I didn't say a word about Mrs. O'Byrne's illness."

"Just as well you didn't—not that it would matter to Laura if you had," Gerald answered, in the contradictory spirit one is sure to speak in when mortally afraid of that which no one else must be suffered to suspect. He was half offended with Vyvyan for supposing that Mrs. O'Byrne's demise could possibly affect Laura in any way, and he was keenly conscious all the while that it would affect her far more than was well.

But Laura was to hear of Mrs. O'Byrne's illness, despite his fraternal precautions. Late that night, Spider came over from Greystoke with the information that Mrs. O'Byrne was going fast they thought, and that she had expressed a desire to see Mrs. Blagden and Miss Bray. Mrs. Blagden not being there, it was "clearly Laura's duty to go," Mrs. Bray said; "but, my poor child, you don't look fit for it—not to go alone; and I'm never good for anything at such times. Oh, dear! I wish Horatia was here."

Horatia was one of those women who are unceasing in doing kindnesses, and always ready on an emergency, and always capable of retaining her head. They missed her and wanted her there perpetually.

Laura was very much agitated; this was the first she had heard of any increase of ailment on poor Mrs. O'Byrne's part, and the shock of hearing that they thought she was "going fast," therefore, came upon her with staggering force. She dreaded meeting Barry, and yet to refuse to go would be inhuman. She felt hysterical, and waited for some one else to decide what she should do for her.

"Take the carriage and go, my child," her father said, heartily. "It's the least you can do, Lolly, to make so slight an exertion, if it can in any way conduce to the comfort of a dying fellow-creature."

"Beasts of servants always exaggerate," Gerald grumbled. "I daresay she will be all right in a day or two, and then Laura will have the satisfaction of feeling that she got up an excitement for

nothing again." (Gerald had never quite forgiven the burst of enthusiasm which had carried them all off to Ireland to visit Barry when he was under so heavy a cloud.) "Most likely Mrs. Barry is only bilious," he went on, "and chooses to fancy that it's all up with her because she can't eat her supper, and that gay husband of hers isn't at home. I don't see why Laura should be dragged out at unholy hours for a whim."

"Oh, Gerald, don't be hard-hearted, dear!" Laura said. "You say Barry isn't at home; well, then, I will go at once, mamma; for even if she only thinks herself very ill, it is horrible to think it alone. You know she has never been accustomed to suffice to herself in any way, and it must be awful to her now when she is suffering. You'll come with me, Gerald, won't you, dear?"

She kissed her brother, who muttered in reply—

"There you are, at it again; well, I suppose I must, Lolly, but these O'Byrnes and their possibly tragic terminations are precious nuisances."

Gerald took a more seemingly humane view of things when they reached Greystoke, and he heard from the surgeon—the same who had set Miss Feltome's arm when Vesper broke it—that the mistress of the mansion was really ill unto death.

"She's been in very sad case for a long time," he said, "but the end has come on with greater rapidity than I anticipated; it's pitiful to see a woman in the position of Mrs. O'Byrne, Mr. Gerald, dying without a friend or relation near her. Your sister is a kind young lady to have come. I heard Mrs. O'Byrne mention her name, and when I asked if I should send for Miss Bray, she said, 'Yes,' and seemed quite thankful."

"Haven't you telegraphed for her husband?"

"We don't know where he is; it seems when he goes off on these short trips to town that he leaves no address: I did suggest it, but all they can tell me in the house is that he generally puts up at some hotel in the West-end—that's very marginal, you know—and that when he went away, three days ago, he promised to be home again this night; it's very sad that Mr. O'Byrne should be absent—very sad, indeed."

"It's very disgraceful," Gerald replied, indignantly; "common decency might have taught the fellow to remain at home

when the poor woman who was weak enough to marry him was in this state. I had no idea—we none of us had any idea—that Mrs. O'Byrne was ill, or my mother and sister would have been to her before."

The surgeon looked grave and drew in his lips, with an air of having much knowledge of many things burdening his mind, which he would lay himself under the constraint of not making public. Then he sketchily stated that Mrs. O'Byrne had long suffered under some organic affection, which the excitement consequent on recent events had tended to develope. And then he elaborately explained, that in saying this he was far from being desirous of being understood to mean that it wouldn't have developed just as soon without the excitement consequent on recent events. And having hedged his opinions he withdrew to look at his patient, leaving Gerald Bray to a calm and uninterrupted consideration of Barry O'Byrne's various sins and offences against the dying wife and the living Laura.

The room he occupied was the always funereal dining-room, and it looked specially funereal on this occasion, only lighted as it was with one candle, which the doctor had brought down when he came to meet the Brays. There was a draught in the room, and the wretched little flame flickered wildly, and made the time-stained portraits on the oak-panelled wall seem to conduct themselves with ghastly levity, as it brought, with its dancing yellow glare, now a grin to the lip of a cavalier, or a leer to the eye of a puritan. Everything again that was not gloomily dark in this room was fearfully shiny; there were big salvers and cups, and tankards of silver on the black oak sideboard, and these gave forth strange reflections, and showed him his own face when he sauntered past them hideously distorted. The house seemed laden with a strange horror, and he grew chilled with a cold that struck him as being unnatural, and as having something to do with the cessation of the warm breath of life of the poor woman upstairs. "Heavens! I hope Laura won't stay here much longer," he thought, with a nervous gasp, as the candle went out, with a lot of cracks and a brilliant blaze, when it burnt to its securing paper. And then he went to the window, and after crushing his fingers with the heavy bars, and then dropping one of the same bars with precision on his toes, succeeded in opening

the shutters, and in letting in all of light that the cold, grey sky, where only a few stars shone, gave forth.

"I wish Lolly would come away," he thought, as he listened to the shrill yell of a railway whistle, which came ringing through the night-air like the cry of an evil spirit, causing his heart to thump audibly within his breast. "I can't stand this much longer: I shall find my way upstairs, and get a light, and a servant to give me some wine; it's awfully cold."

But in a minute or two a sound fell upon his ears that warmed him more than the wine he had had no time to seek would have done. Coming up from the road that led from the Theynham railway station to Greystoke, there rose the sound of a horse's hoofs in a fast regular trot. "It's the trot of that devil of a grey of Barry's," he thought, "so strong and sharp that it drowns the wheels; there's not another horse round here with such a pace."

He went out through the hall, and between some softly-shutting baize-covered doors, and finally arrived at the goal he sought—the servants' hall.

"What the deuce did you mean by leaving me without a light?" he said to one of the sleepy men-servants who roused up at his entrance. "And here! what horse does your master have to meet him at the station?"

"Tim Sullivan took the grey up in the trap to-night, sir," Spider said, coming forward from a dark corner.

"Was he to wait, or would he come home without his master?"

"No, sir, he'd wait, 'cos master might come by any train 'tween this and to-morrow night; when Tim's ordered up, he goes and waits till master comes."

"Then your master is coming now," said Gerald, "for I hear that grey's step on the road—he'll be here directly; bring a light forward to the hall; and where are all the women—I want to speak to Miss Bray."

A female servant was found and despatched with a message from Gerald to Laura; but Laura could not come to him; the dying woman had taken and retained Laura's hand in a grasp as firm as her failing strength would allow; and Laura—feeling bitterly that however little this woman, who was a wife, might be loved, another than herself should have been there now—had no heart to withdraw the only kindly touch that was in Mrs. O'Byrne's reach. Then Gerald sent up

again, as the trap stopped at the door, to say that Mr. O'Byrne was come, and to bid Laura prepare his wife to see him.

She needed no preparation from Laura, for she heard the announcement made, and her feebly muttered, "Thank God!" the first coherent words she had spoken for hours, proved that she had heard and understood. But before his message was delivered, and she had thanked God for letting her hear it, Gerald repented sorely that he had sent it at all.

Gerald stood in the hall ready to receive this man whom his favourite sister loved so unwisely and so well—this man who was unconscious of the fact that his wife was dying! And as he came in, Gerald almost groaned at the degradation which had come upon him.

He came in, supported by his groom, incapable—insensible, almost—debased and disfigured, by the effects of the foe he had poured into his mouth to steal away his wits. Gerald's judgment had grown to be severe on Barry of late, but he was touched with pity now; this man had been such a bright star! and he had fallen so low.

He went up and tried to reach Barry's mind through his arm,

"Rouse yourself," he said, as Barry reeled round, and sank down on one of the hall-chairs. Then a tide of something like loathing set in, and he exclaimed, with a choked passionate utterance to Tim Sullivan—

"For Heaven's sake give him something. Dip his head in water—do something to bring him to his senses. This is hideous, man—your mistress is dying!" and he caught Barry by the shoulder and shook him almost roughly.

"Don't, sir—don't, Mr. Gerald," Tim implored, as Barry started up with an oath and shook off the grasp of the indignant young fellow, who was enraged against the man who could so degrade himself—"don't, Mr. Gerald; be aisy, for he's mad with the brandy—he isn't himself—he isn't himself."

"Swine!" Gerald muttered. "Can't any one make him understand what is going on upstairs?—can't you make him feel, the block? Here, let us get him into another room. Take my arm, O'Byrne."

"It's the cold on the brandy," Tim murmured, apologetically, "and them blackguard trains that makes the head spin; and there's many that's always like this coming out of the night air."

Poor Tim! he was ready with a dozen causes for the fatal effect. He loved his master dearly, and could not bear to own the sorrowful truth even when it was apparent to all men.

"Oh, Barry!" Laura cried, running into the room where they had laid him on the sofa, "do make haste——" Then she stopped, the words dying off with a choking sound—stopped and clasped her hands tightly together, and looked from one to the other of the bewildered group around him. Then she sprang forward, and fell on her knees by his side. "Is he dead—hurt—what has happened?" she cried.

"Come out, and I will tell you," her brother replied, sternly.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT WAS IT?

THE moment Gerald Bray stooped down and put his arm round his sister's waist to raise her from the ground where she had fallen on her knees, she sprang to her feet without his aid, and backed with a burning brow out of the circle. The truth had flashed upon her—partly through the medium of Gerald's tone, and partly through the one hasty glance she had caught of Barry's face—the horrible truth had flashed upon her, and brought her to her feet and her senses in a moment. All her refinement and pure delicacy was in arms, and it battled against and beat down for the hour the love she had had for this man. "Better he were dead," she cried, passionately, "than in such a state at such a time."

Her voice rose clear and loud in its indignant protestation, and it penetrated through the mists of insensibility that were clouding the brain that had been so powerful and bright. He raised his head and tried to speak, and his eyes met hers with a stupid stare. As she looked at him for a moment, and saw the tangled hair hanging low over the brow, and the altered face pallid with a pallor that was new to her, a fierce rage sprang up in her heart, and cast out the pity. She could have stamped on that disfigured beauty. And when he half rose and murmured her name, she started back with an expression of fear, detestation, loathing, and contempt, that rang in his ears long after he had ceased to think of any of the other events of that night.

"It's no scene for you. Come out,

Lolly," her brother said, as he drew her out into the hall. "My pet, my darling! I wouldn't have had you see him so for the world, Laura," he continued, as she bent her head down on his shoulder and sobbed with convulsive force; "but what can we do now?" he went on, knowing that the only sure way of taking a woman off from the contemplation of a sorrow of her own is to give her something to do for other people—"what can we do?" "Hadn't you better go up to her again, poor woman?"

"Gerald, oh, I can't tell you how she's yearning for him to go to her; she has something to say to him, and it makes my heart bleed to hear her saying that she can't die till she's said it. How can I go back and say that he can't hear her—that he's lost to everything? Oh, Gerald, why—why did you send up to say he was come home when he'd come home like this?"

Laura seated herself on the bottom stair, and buried her face in her hands. She had never known what it was to experience a sense of shame before this night, when she had to experience so overwhelming a one for Barry O'Byrne, who had been, as I have said, such a god of beauty and refinement to her.

"That's right—like a woman—blame me," Gerald answered. "I sent up word before I saw him. I didn't know he was coming home in the middle of the night like a brute; he hadn't developed this trait when I knew most about him. But it's no good talking. What can we do, or what will you do?"

"Go and see if you can make him understand, Gerald," she pleaded. "Can't you sober him? He seemed to know my voice just now when I spoke; but I can't go near him again," and she shuddered visibly.

The doctor came hurrying down as she finished speaking.

"I understood that Mr. O'Byrne was come home," he said, with a puzzled air. "Has he not done so?"

Gerald told him yes; O'Byrne was in the dining-room.

"Really, he must come at once," the surgeon said, pushing open the door, and walking in, and the moment he entered he asked for no further explanation of Barry's non-appearance. "I've given him a good dose of something that's an antidote to alcohol," he said, passing the brother and sister rapidly on his way upstairs again—"enough to enable him to

come up directly. She'll see nothing, poor thing; she's past that, and almost past speaking, too."

"Oh, this is awful!" Laura said, a shuddering horror passing over her, like the simoom, leaving her white and trembling. "And I can do nothing, can I?" she asked, eagerly, catching the doctor's hand as he passed her.

"Nothing, my dear young lady. Keep her down, Mr. Gerald. Don't detain me; I must be there, though I can do no good."

Soon Laura rose with a low cry, and went and crouched where the shadows fell; she could not bear the light, when Barry came staggering through the hall, not sobered properly, or indeed at all, but shocked, as it were, into a partial comprehension of things. The indescribable air was over everything that a coming death invariably throws around; but the death was not the worst thing in the house that night, poor Laura thought, as she glanced unwittingly at Barry.

"Do come up, miss, if you can," Mrs. O'Byrne's maid said, coming down to Laura, with a startled look in her face, in addition to the one of deep gloom she had deemed it becoming to wear all along. "We can't, none of us, make out what poor dear missus is trying to say; and master, he's getting wild, and I feel scared to be up there with her breaking her heart to speak and not able to."

"I'll come with you, Lolly," Gerald whispered. "You're plucky enough, generally. Come, and try to hear and ease her, poor soul!"

Laura was a brave girl generally; her steadiness of nerve and hand had saved her neck a good many times, and her horses also for that matter; but now she quailed, and when she reached the door of the death chamber, she writhed away from it, and sank down on a little couch that stood outside.

"I'd rather die than go in. I can't, Gerald, it's too awful."

"She'll suffer more if I give way to her than if I drag her through," Gerald thought. "Besides, what was the good of her coming at all, if she doesn't do what she is wanted to do?" "Come along, Lolly," he said, aloud, "this is nonsense, you know, dear; you must come in, for you may do good."

He opened the door, and led his sister in and up to the side of the bed, where the dying woman lay struggling to utter

words that were void of sound and meaning to those around. Laura resolutely kept her eyes away from Barry, who stood on the opposite side with his head depressed to such a degree, that Gerald felt convinced a more than partial consciousness was his now. The scene, in fact, had sobered him.

Laura Bray bent over the bed, and took the little worn, wasted hand—the hand that had so rarely been touched in love, never perhaps since her mother died—in her own, and then she bent her ear down closer to the dying woman's lips, and tried with intensified earnestness to hear what she murmured.

"I can only catch your name," Laura said at last, passionately, glancing up at Barry, who only bent his head lower in reply; he seemed to have some difficulty in retaining his self-command, for his lip was working, and he had to bite fiercely at his moustache to steady it again. Then there was a silence in the room for a few minutes, broken by Laura exclaiming, "Take her hand in yours, Barry! Oh, take her hand!" for she saw that the moment was coming—had come.

Barry turned and left the room instantly, and Gerald followed him; Gerald could not bear, now that his wrath was over, that Barry should go away alone in his abasement, so he followed him and laid his hand on Barry's shoulder.

"Come down below with me, O'Byrne," he said, kindly. "I can't take my sister away till the morning; cheer up, there's a good fellow!"

People always say this when there is not the faintest present possibility of the so abjured doing anything of the kind; however it's a kind thing to say, so Gerald said it.

"Your sister will be glad enough to get away from the house that's defiled with the presence of such a beast as I have shown myself to be," Barry muttered. "No, Bray, I won't come down; she'll be coming down presently, and I can't face her."

"She's not likely to think about it after that," Gerald said, indicating the door of the room they had just left as he spoke; "she'll have forgotten all about it. Besides you're all right now."

Men are so much more lenient to these things when they are over than women are. Laura was very far from forgetting it, and was uncommonly likely to think about it to her sorrow for some time to come. To have had sentiments of dis-

gust created in her mind against Barry O'Byrne was far too painful a thing for her to forget it in a hurry. Besides, the cause of these sentiments was just the one thing a woman cannot forget, even if after a time she forgives it; the latter is a hard thing to do, the former is an impossibility. A combination of helplessness and folly in the place of the man she has been accustomed to see, and grown to cherish, is a thing that cannot be forgotten by a woman. Unless she be very tender and sweet indeed it casts out her love at once, and makes her feel that as she would rather have died than have seen this sight once, so now she would rather he died than show it to her a second time. But Laura was a very tender sweet woman, and for all that she was not likely to forget what she had witnessed to-night.

Fear—the natural excusable fear that youth feels in the presence of death—soon drove Laura out from the room where Mrs. O'Byrne's spirit had fled in agony as it seemed, at not being able to utter a something that it appeared imperative should be uttered. The bright May morning sun rose and sent a straggling beam or two into the corridor as she hurried along it on her way down to find her brother. "We will go home at once," she thought, "now it is day; I can't see Barry."

"Gerald, order the horse and let us go."

She stood in the doorway of the room in which Gerald and Barry were—the latter lying upon the sofa; and as Laura caught sight of him his couchant attitude brought the scene of the night before her, when he lay there like a creature bereft of humanity. She averted her eyes abruptly from him and repeated her request to her brother.

Barry sprang up and came forward to her side; he was Barry again now, and the hand that held the door began to tremble as he addressed her in his own accents.

"Laura, I can never thank you for what you have done," he said, in the gentle melancholy tones that fell with equal grace from his lips, as had in days of yore the brilliant flashing ones. "You have saved me one pang that would have added to my self-reproach; she did not die quite deserted. God bless you for coming."

"Oh, Barry!" Laura began, and then she found that she could not go on, that she could not say anything or do anything but just repeat those words—"Oh, Barry!"

and sob and cry. Dialogue on these occasions in real life is not as a rule wont to be brilliant, the few words that are said generally look remarkably foolish when reflected upon in cold blood.

Now Gerald Bray had all a true-born Englishman's horror of a scene; he liked everything to be nicely toned down, so that look upon it in whatever light you would, it would not be found ridiculous; he was very good-hearted, but he was also strong-headed, and he had a keen sense of the absurd. And it did strike him now that it was very absurd of Barry and Laura to stand there—the former nearly crying and the latter wholly so, openly bewailing a loss to which in honest truth both would be very well resigned, and inwardly lamenting an intoxication fit on the part of the now lachrymose gentleman. He was in an awkward position too as the third and dry-eyed one, and he was chilly and consequently rather cross; so with a touch of the true fraternal feeling he said rather unsympathetically to Laura—

"Make haste and put on your bonnet, dear, and we'll get home in time for breakfast. I'll go out and see to the horse being put to."

"Oh, Laura!" Barry said, the moment Gerald was out of the room, "I shall never hold up my head again. I shall never get over it."

"What, your loss?" Laura sobbed, hypocritically. "No, Barry, and I don't think you ought to either."

"It wasn't that loss I was meaning," Barry said; "though of course—that is—Well, Laura, it's hard; but I didn't mean that, I meant the loss of your good opinion, that's what I shall never get over. I can never win it back—how should I? you'll think of me now as a besotted brute."

"Don't, Barry, it's horrid, and I was nearly as sorry as if it had been Gerald—well! quite as sorry, then; but you must never speak of it, or seem to think that I think about it."

He took the hand that had been hanging down by her side and raised it to his lips, and as he did so he thought of the last time he had kissed a woman's hand. It was on the occasion of his tearing Kathleen from her saddle when poor little Vesper floundered away in the bog. And the thought robbed the kiss of the warmth that would have been in it otherwise. Laura was dear to him, and the loss of her good opinion and regard would have

been very painful, but Kathleen was dearer still, and he felt that he could not, even on so fair a foundation as Laura, build up a new romance. The ashes of the old were hot yet, and perfectly ready to rekindle and blaze forth on the smallest provocation. He knew this well, and the thought of it took the warmth out of the kiss he pressed on Laura Bray's hand.

She withdrew her hand from him quietly, and the necessity for being composed (histrionics she felt would be dangerous and unsatisfactory) composed her. The safest ground for her to take at this moment would be that which a mutual friend of his and his departed wife should occupy, so she took it.

"She tried so hard to tell us that 'something' that was weighing on her mind. What could it have been, Barry? I hope it was no request about any friend, of whom you know nothing, poor thing. She was so kind-hearted, that if she remembered anybody at the last whom she had forgotten for years, she would have been sure to wish to leave some token of her having done so. I hope it wasn't that, but only something about the property."

Barry was a man, and not at all therefore sublimely indifferent to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, or to the means being his by which he could obtain them. It was all very well for Laura Bray to talk about hoping that it might be only something respecting the property which was burdening Mrs. O'Byrne's mind at the last; but he rather preferred taking the other view of the case.

"Poor Charlotte! poor thing! she was so simple and true, that she wasn't likely to have any secret on her mind. It was always a marvel to me how she managed to keep the fact to herself of that woman being Countess of Kilcorran so long as she did. I don't fancy either that it can be about the property, for she made a will only two or three months ago, and I don't believe she's altered it."

"I hope not, if it was in your favour, Barry."

"It was in my favour, and I hope not too," he answered; and then conversation fell flat for a few minutes, till Laura gave it a feeble impetus again by saying—

"I wonder what it could have been? Before you came home she rambled a good deal, and kept on saying, 'she hoped Barry would forgive her the un-

truth; but that meant nothing because the doctor said she was delirious."

"And it wouldn't have meant anything if she hadn't been delirious," Barry said, moodily; "she'd far more to forgive than I had; but lately she has said that sort of thing once or twice. Don't talk about it, Laura; probably it wasn't anything of consequence, but it hurts me to think that I couldn't hear it whatever it was; it reminds me too sharply to be pleasant of what I'd like to forget you had seen."

Gerald came in now and hurried his sister's departure. "If we make haste, we shall be home in time for breakfast," he said, in pursuance of his plan of put-

ting as practical a face on things as was feasible, in order that he might not have to accuse himself in the future of having been in any way accessory to a scene. "Good-bye, O'Byrne. — Cheer up, old fellow, and I'll come over and see you to-morrow, if you like."

"Do, for God's sake," Barry said; "I suppose all Theynham would think I was on the brink of the bottomless pit if I rode over to The Friars!"

"I suppose they would," Laura replied, dubiously; she hoped he would come, but Gerald put a stop to it. "Oh yes, don't shock people's prejudices now, O'Byrne!"

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE BROOK.

WHEN all the world is sleeping,
Then I alone must wake,
For ever onward leaping,
Until the morn doth break.

When man from toil reclineth,
All lazily at rest,
When day to eve declineth,
With slumbers dew opprest,

Then I must go on singing
A gay song night and day,
And round on flow'rets flinging
My pearls like drops of spray.

What tho' the home I'm leaving,
Where first 'midst grass I played,
I have no time for grieving,
My journey must be made.

On, on, unto the ocean,
A dew-drop in a sea,
With never ceasing motion
Like hunted hare I flee!

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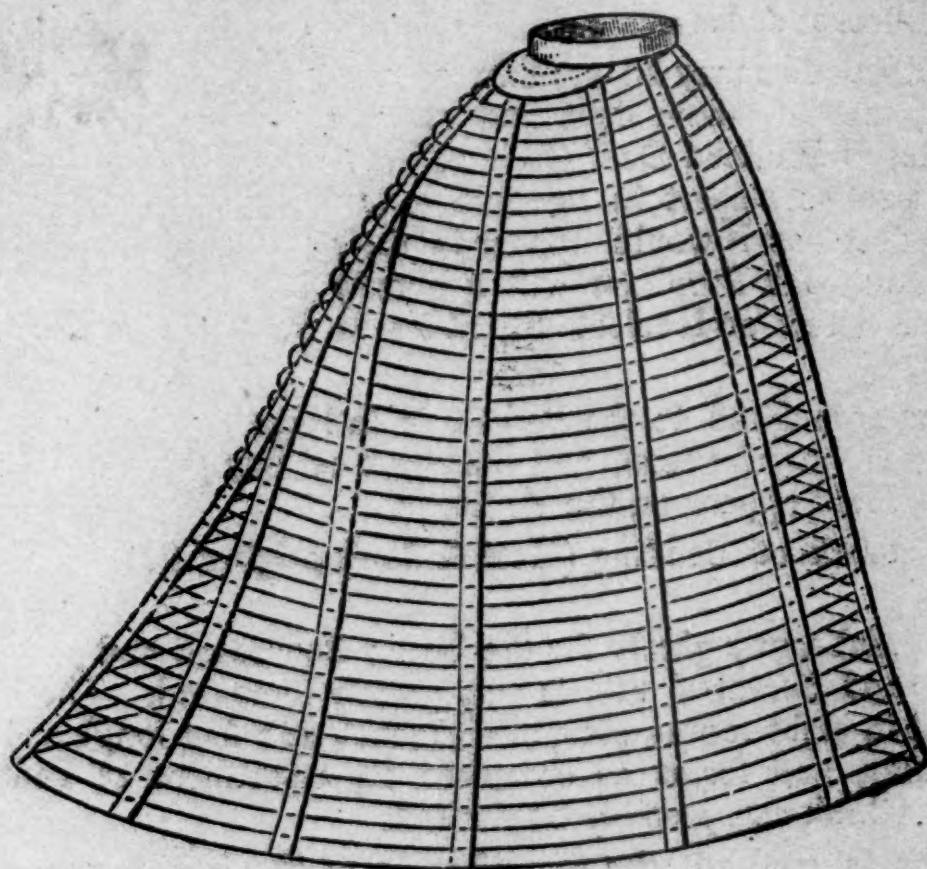
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